

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS



VOL. II. No. 12.]

DECEMBER, 1890.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

December 2nd, 1890.

THERE is a weird and terrible story in the Christmas number of *Atalanta* which reads horribly like a parable of recent history—especially of the history of the last month. It is a tale of the Northern lands, told by Clemence Housman, which makes the flesh creep and the blood run cold. To the Norse farmstead in winter time came the strange maiden whom men named White Fell. Tall she was, and very fair, graceful as Diana, and radiant with the beauty of strength; but in her eye there shone at times an awful light, and those whom she lured to kiss her by the hearthstone she subsequently devoured in the field. For White Fell was a Were-Wolf. The wild and fearful legend which tells that this fair creature could be transformed from the aspect as of a god, upright, free-handed, with brows and speech and laughter, into a palpably bestial brute, pawed, toothed, and shagged, and eared like the wolves of the fell, destined to bury its great black jowl in the bloody flank of the man whose lips had pressed the cheek of the transformed shape of this dreadful Thing, affords the groundwork of the story in *Atalanta*. In the tale, after devouring two victims, the third is saved by an act of heroic self-sacrifice. The twin brother of the doomed braves the deadly jealousy of his brother in order to pursue and slay the Were-Wolf woman. "You kissed Rol—and Rol is dead! You kissed Trella—and he is dead! You have kissed Sweyn, my brother, but he shall not die!" And then began the wild pursuit over the snowy wilds, the cruel blows which shattered his hands, the axe that smote his neck till the lifeblood gushed out; but after that came victory, for the Were-Wolf lay dead, and Christian, as he breathed his last by White Fell's corpse,

rejoiced with exceeding joy because he had saved his brother.

Mrs. O'Shea. That weird legend of the Northern lands is not more tragic or more pitiful than the story of the part played by women of late years in the great tragedy of contemporary history. The Strange Woman has played the Were-Wolf with a vengeance among the foremost men of our time. In my Character Sketch of General Boulanger I lightly ran through the list of some of her victims. They have kissed her, and have died—or they have met a worse fate than death in the living grave of universal contempt. Pleasant it is in the gloaming, when the rays from the fitful firelight gleam on the golden tresses of the fair white Thing that laughs and smiles and invites a long embrace; but it is not given to everyone to see the awful glee that lights the Were-Wolf's eyes, or to discern how soon from that soft clinging embrace will come a ghastly, deadly danger. Skobeleff perished that way, and Gambetta; Sir Charles Dilke went down alive into the pit; and last month it was the turn of Mr. Parnell. In the story Christian saved Sweyn from White Fell by dying for his sake. But not even the passionate efforts of a whole nation can save our Sweyn from the grasp of Mrs. O'Shea. The Were-Wolf Woman of Irish politics cannot be shaken off. Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant, but seldom have we had a more conspicuous illustration of the truth of the old saying: "Whoso committeth adultery with a woman lacketh understanding; he that doeth it destroyeth his own soul; a wound and dishonour shall he get; his reproach shall not be wiped away."

**The Future of
Parties.**

"He that doeth it destroyeth his own soul;" but if you do not believe you have a soul? Then to all such, it may be, the new rendering will be more important, "He that doeth it destroyeth his own party." General Boulanger sacrificed the Boulangists to Madame X. Sir Charles Dilke handed over the seat at Chelsea during his lifetime to the Conservatives. Don Carlos preferred an orgy to the crown of Spain. Skobelev blighted the hopes of the Slavonic world by a suicide of debauchery.

And now Mr. Parnell has trampled down the cause of Ireland underfoot for the sake of his neighbour's wife. As Mr. Labouchere says, "The Irish regret the facts, so do I. But regret for facts does not alter them." Their misfortune is that Mr. Labouchere and his friends on the Front Opposition Bench did not recognise that facts were facts until they had run the Liberal

ship on the rocks just as they were entering port. Last month I showed from the uniform rise of the Liberal poll in the by-elections that, "failing any convulsion of the Krakatoa order," the return of a majority pledged to Home Rule was practically assured. To-day no one ventures to predict anything. If the Irish will repudiate Mr. Parnell and follow loyally Mr. Sexton, or whosoever they may select as his successor, it is quite possible that the fiery ordeal through which the allied parties have passed may

kindle such a moral enthusiasm as will carry Home Rule by an even larger majority than if this incident had never happened. But unless the Irish follow Mr. Davitt's lead in this matter the Home Rule cause is undone. The Irish will be restored to their old position of a hopeless minority, chafing savagely against the resolute government of an overwhelming majority, the English Liberal party will be hopelessly divided, and the victory of the Unionists as the

only cohesive party will be assured at next election. And all this on account of Mrs. O'Shea! Well may one of my helpers in the North of England write:—

It seems horrible that the weakness of a woman old enough to take care of herself, and belonging to a class that should be refined and worthy of being called "the elite," should be able to ruin a career that, in every other respect, has been conspicuously brilliant and clear. It is such women as she who lead men into the belief that we are frail, weak dolls—virtuous only from fear, or for lack of opportunity to

be otherwise. I have not felt like myself since I read the report of the case. No one can tell what it feels like to be a woman and see the lash of shame falling on another's shoulders. One feels every quiver of it in one's own flesh.

Mrs. O'Shea is an ambitious woman, and it is believed that she counts upon becoming Mrs. Parnell. Had not the moral indignation of the British public exploded as it did she might have been the uncrowned Queen of Ireland, when adultery had been "consecrated" by matrimony.



MR. MCKINLEY, OF THE MCKINLEY TARIFF.

**The
Upset in
America.**

The violence of the transformation that has been effected in the prospects of British parties is hardly greater than the revolution which has been actually achieved in the United States. I do not remember ever having witnessed such a sudden and unexpected overturn in any country. When the November elections began the House of Representatives contained about 170 Republicans and 160 Democrats. The net result of the elections, if the Democrats had realized the full fruition of their hopes before the ballot boxes were opened, would have been to destroy the Republican majority of 10 and replace it by a Democratic majority of 16 or 18. They did not hope for more than that. When the polls closed they discovered that they had a majority of 138. Never was there so signal a collapse of a great political party. The Republicans who went to the country 170 strong came back only 97. The Democrats increased their numbers from 160 to 212, while twenty-three Farmers' Alliance members make up the balance. As the Farmers' Alliance men are as much against the Republicans as the Democrats, the Republicans are practically extinguished. They never dreamed that such a fate was in store for them. Universal suffrage can keep its secrets better than most despots. Nor was it only in the loss of their rank and file that the Republicans were sore hit. All their leaders, excepting Mr. Speaker Reed, went by the board. Mr. McKinley, whose famous tariff has made his name more familiar in Europe than that of any other American, was defeated in Ohio. Mr. Evarts was defeated at New York. The Republicans in Pennsylvania were simply knocked out of time. Everywhere, save in California and on the Pacific coast, the Democrats improved their position, and for the first time have a majority, without counting the South, where they, or the Farmers' Alliance, hold all seats but three.

"Not McKinley," says Mr. Carnegie, who is quite sure on the subject.

Mr. Carnegie is no doubt a great authority on this matter, but he is not unprejudiced. He is one of the millionaire ironmasters of whose wealth America can boast as one of the trophies of her protective system. According to him the elections had nothing whatever to do with the tariff. Americans are protectionists to-day as they have been in the past and will be to the end of time. On the other hand Mr. Bryce—whose admirable interview in the *Manchester Guardian* of November 25th

ought to have been reproduced in every paper in the English-speaking world—thinks the tariff influenced the elections to a considerable extent. Mr. Oakey Hall's attempt to prove that the McKinley Bill had nothing whatever to do with it is discounted by the admissions of McKinley himself, who complains that the elections were lost because the people had wrong ideas on the subject of his tariff. It was only intended to protect American industries. What it was believed to do was to raise the price of every article used by the American consumers. According to the *Times* correspondent its effect has been unmistakable. Here are a few of the prices of articles in



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

everyday use before and after the new tariff:—

	Before Tariff.	After Tariff.	Increase.
Corduroy trousers, per pair	8s.	10s. 5d.	2s. 5d.
Worsted woollen suit	40s.	54s.	14s.
Coffee pot	4s.	6s.	2s.
Oranges, each	1½d.	3d.	1½d.
Carving knife	3s.	3s. 10d.	10d.
Cigar	2½d.	5d.	2½d.
Coffee	£9	£14	£5

Such increases operated, no doubt, as powerful incentives to bring the opponents of the administration up to the poll. But although the voters do not like the new tariff, it will not be repealed or modified for a twelvemonth, and even then I see that Mr. Bryce does not expect that there will be any great change.

Other
Issues.

Looking at the matter from the extreme outside point of view, I should be inclined to think that the discomfiture of the Republicans was largely due to a growing feeling of dissatisfaction on the part of the voters with the Government. Edward Bellamy's following may not be very large, but the aspirations of the few are blossoms rooted in the discontent of the many." The present Administration has not visibly brought us nearer the millennium; nay, it has even perceptibly increased the cost of our corduroys. Away with it! Such an Administration is not fit to live." Mr. Speaker Reed's short way with obstructives, and the abortive attempts to carry a Force Bill for the regulation of the Southern ballot boxes by Federal authority, together with a genuine revolt against the corruption and jobbery and scandals inseparable from the working of the party machine, contributed to give impetus to a movement which has astonished no one so much as those who have profited by it most. The Farmers' Alliance in the South, with its dream of buying a through ticket to Paradise by cheap silver currency, and loans to farmers on their crops at 2 per cent., may be serious for a time. But when the through ticket gets them "no forrader," men are apt to be discouraged, and then Mr. S. Tillman is likely to have a bad time. It wants still two years to the Presidential election, but the Democrats have begun to count upon victory. At present Mr. Grover Cleveland is much spoken of as the Democratic candidate. Mr. Blaine, it is thought, will be put forward as the Republican, for he is not con-

tent with being the ruler—which he is at present—he must also wear the ruler's clothes.

The
Upset in
Honduras.

Honduras is only a small place comparatively, with very few inhabitants. But it may become very important if its uplands prove to be habitable by English-speaking men. Hence the interest that attaches to the recent

revolution. President Bogran, who is believed by many to be the coming statesman if not the dictator of Central America, was surprised by a military pronunciamiento headed by a rival competitor for the Presidency, General Sanchez. The President escaped from the capital and mustered his followers near by. As soon as he felt strong enough to attack he led his troops against General Sanchez. The half-breeds fight savagely, and many were killed on both sides before President Bogran regained possession of his capital. One barrack was still held by the usurper. On November 16 a telegram told the following story of the end of the revolution:—

President Bogran on Friday night stationed cannon in the vicinity of the barracks, and opened fire yesterday morning. General Sanchez and his companions fought desperately, but the artillery fire soon demolished the walls of the building, and the besiegers made a charge. A brief but fierce hand-to-hand struggle followed, and the revolutionists still remaining alive were taken prisoners.

General Sanchez and his chief officers were then taken to one of the principal squares and, without the formality of a court-martial, were shot in presence of several hundred people. Their bodies were exposed all day as a warning to all aspirants wishing to gain the Presidency by force.

President Bogran, therefore, is once more "the man on the horse" in Honduras—a stern and capable ruler evidently who does not hesitate to shoot.



PRESIDENT BOGRAN.



MAP OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

**Signor Crispi
Triumphant.**

Another statesman of the Latin race has achieved a conspicuous victory over his opponents. Signor Crispi, who began the month by welcoming Chancellor Caprivi to Milan, ended it by sweeping his opponents before him at the general election as chaff before the wind. He spoke at Turin on November 16 in defence of the Triple Alliance, and was elected for four constituencies. Out of a house of 600, the supporters of Signor Crispi have secured 410 seats. The majority will be too large. Parliamentary government is, however, such an exotic in Italy that it is doubtful whether the ordinary maxims of other constitutional countries hold good there. The Pope has, it is reported, been led to countenance a campaign among the Italian Catholics in favour of a modification of the famous watchword, "neither electors nor elected." It has not yet been decided to raise the boycott which the Church has placed on the

Italian Parliament, but there are signs that the Vatican is indisposed to prolong an attitude of impotent protest for a more vigorous campaign at the polling booth.

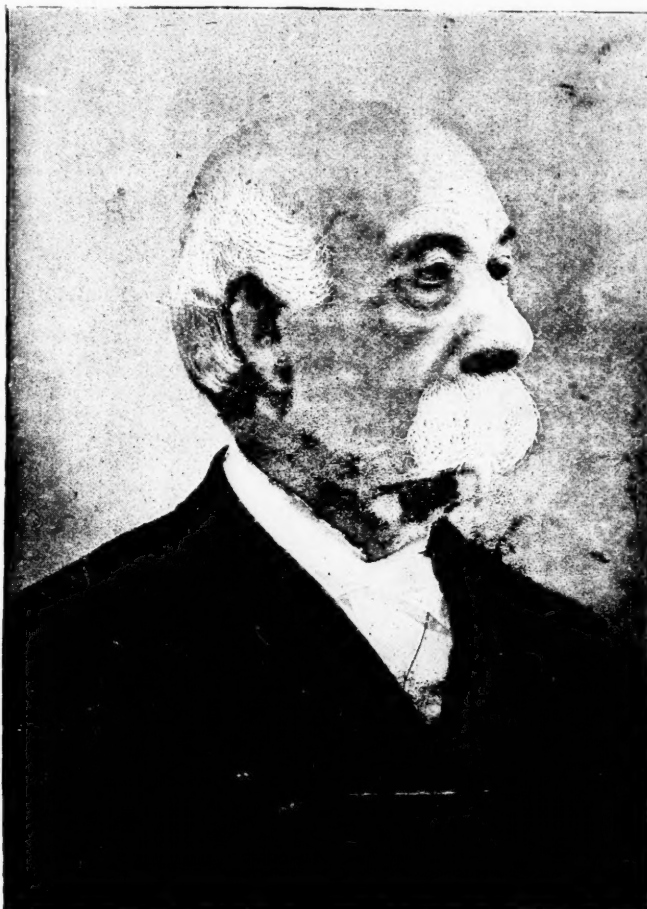
A Change of Front in France. The fact that the Pope is opening his eyes to the necessity of recognising the duties which are incumbent upon the chief pastors of the Catholic Church in this New Era is also brought home to us by the sensible speech and

circular of Cardinal Lavigerie. This great prince of the Church, who is best known in England as the author of the revived crusade against the Slave Trade, made a speech at a banquet at Algiers, which he gave to the officers of the French Mediterranean squadron, that deserves special attention. Cardinal Manning is always sighing for the coming of a day when the Church will cut itself adrift from dynasties and entrust its future to the people. That day seems to be close at hand in France if we may judge from the discourse of Cardinal Lavigerie. His speech, which he has subsequently issued to his clergy in a circular—it is said with the entire and express approval of the Pope—is the boldest and frankest declaration in favour of the Republic which has yet been heard from any prominent Bishop of the French Church. He said:—

When the will of a people has been distinctly affirmed; when the form of a government contains, as Leo XIII. has lately proclaimed, nothing contrary to the principles which alone can give vitality to civilized and Christian peo-

ples; when to save our country from threatening dangers adhesion without reserve to this form of government is absolutely necessary,—the moment has come to declare that the time of trial is over, and in order to end our divisions to make every sacrifice that conscience and honour allow, or rather command for the welfare of our country.

In other words, the Church in France must rally to the Republic. Pleasant reading this for the Comte de Paris, who has been telling an interviewer in Montreal that "the day is not far distant when



From a Photograph by]

SIGNOR CRISPI.

[Brogi, Florence.



THE CHILD QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.

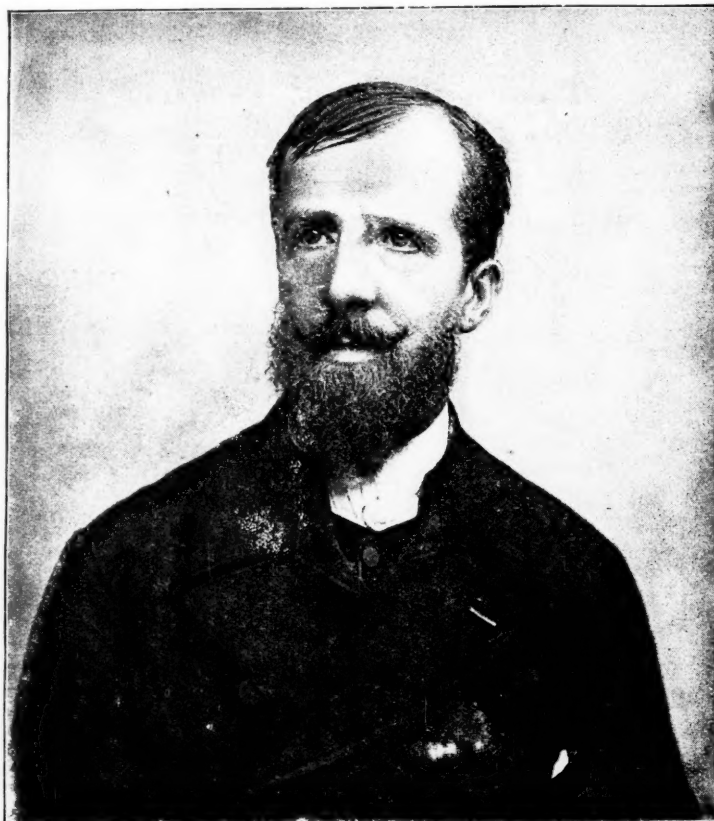


THE QUEEN OF SERVIA.

France will once more enjoy the blessings of freedom and of living under a Christian monarchy."

The End of the Boulangists. Questioned as to the alliance with the Boulangists, the Comte de Paris said that was only a strategic move, and was fought under the ordinary rules of legitimate warfare. General Boulanger, however, hardly seems to see things in that light, for he has just issued a manifesto—apparently to remind the world that although extinct he is not yet buried, declaring that he was wrong to have counted on the wisdom and good faith of those Monarchists who had trusted and exploited him. His followers, such of them as are left, are all at sixes and sevens. Some of them are shooting at each other, among others M. Déroulède and M. Laguerre. The former said of the latter: "Formerly an informer, now a traitor! Such is M. Laguerre, and that is the reason why I entertain for him the most profound contempt!" To atone for this

M. Déroulède allowed M. Laguerre to shoot at him twice, while he twice fired in the air. When M. Laguerre's second shot had missed, M. Déroulède went to M. Laguerre and said, "I have executed the old Boulangist, but I would not shoot the old friend." The duellists were then promptly arrested and locked up for a time in Charleroi to reflect upon the imbecility of the duel as a termination of controversy.



M. PAUL DÉROULEDE.

The Queens of Holland and of Servia. The King of Holland died at last, after a long and lingering illness, on Sunday, Nov. 23rd. He was not a man over whose tomb any one in Holland or out of it has shed a tear. He lived 73 years, and reigned 40. Both his sons died before him. One in morals, and the other in physique, might have furnished Ibsen with material for a second edition of his tragedy of heredity. In order to raise up an heir, the old man of 62 married the young sister of the Duchess of Albany, when she

was just out of her teens. By her he had a daughter, the Princess, now Queen Wilhelmina, who was born in 1880. Her mother, the Dowager Queen Emma, is Regent, and the succession, even in the case of the Duchy of Luxemburg—where it passes to the Duke Adolphus of Nassau—has taken place without disturbance. Another Queen—Natalie of Servia—whose spouse, although younger, was even less admirable than William of Holland, has

last month reminded the world that it has not yet heard the last of that iniquitous fraud, the divorce decreed by the subservient Metropolitan Theodosius in obedience to the behests of the shameless Milan. The present Metropolitan Michael has given his decision that his predecessor acted *ultra vires*. The Queen Natalie, armed with this authority, appealed to the Skuptschina, the Servian Parliament. The wire-



GEN. RICHTER, KEEPER OF THE TZAR'S LETTER BAG.

pullers who surround the boy king, having made him write, threatening not to see her again if she persisted in dragging family affairs before the Skuptschina, her Majesty replied:—

I would give much if you had not written the letter; but I excuse you, knowing as I do its indirect source. During twelve years I taught you to love and honour your father, hiding from you the misery of my life. Had King Milan comprehended the situation, he could have done likewise. Thus you observe the difference in our characters. In appealing to the Skuptschina I am exercising my sacred rights. Should you carry out your threat, the esteem of your people—nay, of the civilized world—will be lost to you. Even kings must have hearts. Your people will say, "He who has no heart for his mother cannot have a heart for us."

Queen Natalie, however, has withdrawn her appeal to the Skuptschina, but I am glad to hear is gaining ground in Servia. She has been most abominably treated, first by her husband and then by his creature Theodosius.

The Russia has Tzarewitch on so completely his Travels. ceased to disturb the peace of Europe and of Asia that even the alarmists are tranquil, and the general confidence in the pacific resolution of the Tzar is so profound that not even the departure of the Tzarewitch on a tour across Asia perceptibly deepens the universal conviction that there are no war clouds in the Eastern sky. The Tzarewitch, who received an excellent English education from one of the most worthy Englishmen in Russia, Mr. Charles Heath, of St. Petersburg, crossed Austria in November, received a friendly reception at Vienna, and embarked at Trieste for the East. He will spend Christmas in India, where he will be accompanied by Sir Mackenzie Wallace, author of the best English book on Russia, and Mr. Arthur Hardinge, formerly private secretary of Lord Salisbury, and now one of the most promising younger members of our Diplomatic Corps. From India he will go round, *via* the China ports, to Vladivostock, and then return across Siberia.

The Anglo-Russian Alliance Commenting on this journey the Spectator says:

Self-interest would drive the Russian, and the Englishman into an alliance of centuries' duration. Impelled through a hundred years by a force outside their own wills, to an unceasing advance, now made with a rush, and now again kept up at only glacier-speed, but never arrested for a day, Great Britain and Russia have at last arrived at a position in which, if they could but agree, the whole Continent of Asia—that ancient "Oriental world" which, if we are to count heads, as Radicals do, is the world, with a right to rule the remainder—would lie prostrate and powerless at their feet. There is nothing in Asia, not even the Chinese mass, which, were the two Powers united, or did they even understand and trust each other, could resist them for a week; nothing, indeed, unless it be the Tibetan Lamas, secure in their icy

plateau and their invincible ignorance, which would even make the attempt. From the Hellespont to Corea they would be unquestioned lords: and if they were not too oppressive, or too determined to "regenerate" earth in about a week, Asia, with her seven hundred millions, would sink into a slumber which might last till America and Australia broke the spell. Every motive which could impel conquerors, civilizers, or even tyrants, drives the two Powers towards this alliance; their subjects would welcome it as a relief from a nightmare; their "spheres of influence" are marked out as if by destiny; and yet we all know that it will not be, that the mutual distrust is incurable, and that when Lord Lansdowne shakes his Imperial guest by the hand both will equally recognise that between them stands an impalpable but impassable wall of separation.

I print this admission with some complacent satisfaction.

For twenty years I have been preaching, in season and out of season, the doctrine of the Anglo-Russian alliance. I was treated first as a traitor, then as a madman. Now I note that my contention is supported by every consideration of mutual interest, but is only opposed to "manifest destiny." That is all fee faw fum. Having now secured this admission that I was right in principle, that my policy is rational and just, and that any other is incompatible with the interests of the two nations, I may well thank God and take courage. We shall see the Anglo-Russian Alliance yet, despite all this pessimist fatalism.



MAJOR EDMUND BARTTELLOT.

Son of Sir Walter Barttelot, Commandant of the rear column of the Expedition, was born March 28, 1859. He served in the Afghan and Egyptian campaigns, and afterwards joined the Emin Pasha Expedition. He was killed by one of his carriers just after leaving the camp at Yambuya, July 19, 1888.



MR. W. BONNY

Acted as Surgeon to the Yambuya Camp. He was the only doctor left to meet Stanley on his return there.



J. Thomson]

MR. J. ROSE TROUP,

Who served for three years under Stanley in the Congo Free State; was Transport Officer of the Expedition. He was invalided home on account of ill-health in June, 1888.

70a, Grosvenor Street, W.



MR. WARD.

One of the officers of the Yambuya Camp. He was afterwards sent to the coast by Major Barttelot, and returned thence to England.



Messrs Window & Grove]

MR. J. S. JAMESON

Died of fever at Bangala. Major Barttelot wrote of him in one of his letters: "His alacrity, capacity, and willingness to work are unbounded, while his cheeriness and kindly disposition have endeared him to all."

[63, Baker Street, W.

If anyone in the City had been asked a year ago to illustrate by a financial equivalent the significance of the phrase "the earth's strong pillars shake," he would naturally have said that it meant something as bad as if Messrs. Baring Brothers were to stop payment. Mr. Parnell's collapse has not hit the political world harder than the stoppage of Baring's would have hit the world of finance and of business. Since Overend and Gurney failed in 1866 there has been nothing like the peril through which the City passed in the first part of November when it was announced in awe-struck accents that Baring's was in difficulties. To outsiders it seemed at first as wildly incredible as a rumour that the Bank of England was in the Bankruptcy Court; for Messrs. Baring Brothers have for several generations disputed with the Rothschilds the pride of place in the great world of British finance. "They have branches everywhere," as Mr. Wilson said in the *Standard*, the first English paper that dared to name the firm to whom the rumours referred:—

Messrs. Baring Brothers and Co. were by far the largest merchant bankers in the world. Their business ramifications touched "the very toes of the world," as the head of a leading discount house expressed it on Saturday. In India and China their name is supreme. All over the Continent of Europe a bill on Baring's is at least as good as a Bank of England note. They tower above every other European house in the United States as consignees of merchandise upon whom bills may be drawn, and they have long stood second to none in South America. No house in the whole history of English commerce has ever occupied such a position; in all probability, none will ever occupy it again.

For the great house of Baring has fallen, and in its stead, bolstered up with friendly capital by its rivals, stands a brand new limited liability company of Baring Brothers and Co., with a capital of £1,000,000, divided into 2,000 shares of £500 each.

The House Baring Brothers, which has its chief, Lord of Baring. Revelstoke, in the House of Lords, is one of the greatest of English institutions. Sir Evelyn



LORD REVELSTOKE.

Baring, the Grand Vizier of Egypt, is related to the House of Baring, and so is Lord Northbrook, who some years ago was First Lord of the Admiralty. At the time when the signal of distress went up, it had so many millions of bills out, that if it had suspended payment, business would have been paralyzed to an extent which would have brought black ruin into a thousand homes. The consequences, first financial, then social, would soon have become political. Lord Salisbury saw the danger and acted with a courage for which he has received but little credit in the press. Mr. Goschen, it is reported, shrank from interfering, fearing accusations, and feeling himself from his antecedents, to be more open to suspicion than Lord Salisbury, who is a great English noble, without connections with the Bourses of Europe. Lord Salisbury decided that whatever happened, the house of Baring must be kept going. After consultations between Mr. Goschen, the Governor of the Bank of England, and the Rothschilds, it was decided to form a guarantee fund, which in a few days reached the sum of £17,000,000, to cover the liabilities incurred by the Bank of England in advancing money to Messrs. Baring to save them from stoppage. Two millions of gold were drawn from the reserves of the Bank of France, £600,000 came from Brazil, other supplies came from Russia, and so it came to pass that after a

period of intense and wearing anxiety the crisis was passed. The house of Baring was kept standing, and a calamity averted which would have prostrated business all over the world.

How it came About.

The result of this perilous escape is that the Rothschilds are now the undisputed sovereigns of European finance. They have now not even a rival near their throne. The sceptre has passed once and for all to the hands of the compatriots of King Solomon. Messrs. Baring exist, and will, I hope, long continue to exist, but the prestige of the olden time is gone. Barings were as good as the Bank

once; now they are only a limited liability firm, saved from imminent destruction by guarantees, and preserved from death only because they were so big we dared not risk the chance of their disappearance. The cause of their catastrophe must be sought in the ends of the earth. When the Argentine revolution was in progress, and the rival soldieries were potting at each other from behind barricades, few people realized that they were playing ducks and drakes with one of the strongest of the pillars on which rested the superstructure of British credit. The Barings were crushed by the fall of Argentines. They saved the Republic from bankruptcy in 1876, and ever since that time they have been led deeper and deeper into the abyss of indebtedness. At last, when the Argentine crisis came, and when Uruguay also was affected, even the credit of Messrs. Baring could not stand the strain. Ominous reports gained currency, and, as usual, they helped to fulfil their own predictions; the Russian Government withdrew its deposits, and the crash came.

Mr. Stanley and his Rear Column. It is not only in the world of finance and of politics that November has been fatal to many reputations. If there

was one name to which this year all men paid homage, it was the name of Mr. Stanley. His great exploit in crossing Africa to rescue Emin made him the subject of universal adulation. He was received like a conqueror fresh from a great campaign. His book sold by thousands; he was presented with the freedom of the City; he was married in Westminster Abbey; and everything was done, short of a peerage, that the hero worship of a grateful people could suggest. Mr. Stanley, it was said, had added a fresh glory to the English name. Until the end of October he was probably one of the most popular of British worthies, and his expedition was regarded with affectionate pride by the whole civilized world. In November, however, a mephitic fog from the Yambuya camp has blotted everything else out save its own intolerable, malodorous stench. Mr. Stanley left Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson in charge of his rear column of some 400 natives, and it is the publication of the stories of what went on in this camp which has practically destroyed all the pride we had been taking in the Story of the Emin Relief Expedition. It is a long and terrible tale, full of unredeemed brutality, in which the conduct of our countrymen does not shine by contrast with that of the Africans. Of Major Barttelot it is charitable to assume that he was more or less mad, and perhaps the heaviest censure that Mr. Stanley incurs is for having put such a

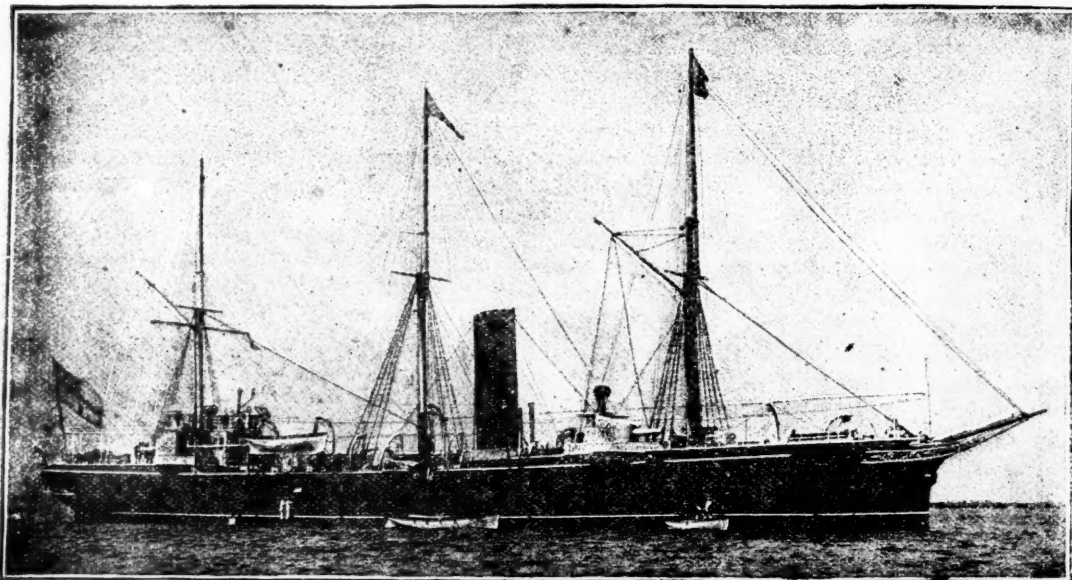
madman in charge of human lives. His record was not unknown. The only good resulting from the whole of this sad business is the awe which it may strike into the hearts of other young white ruffians whom we breed, equip, and let loose to slay and flog and violate the unfortunate aborigines. In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. J. Rose Troup deals briefly with the subject in a paper which leaves a very painful impression on the mind. It seems impossible to acquit Mr. Stanley of great carelessness, which he has defended with unscrupulous inconsistency.

The Cannibal Story.

The prejudice against cannibalism is so strong that there has been more uproar excited by Mr. Jameson's artistic reproduction of the result of his scientific investigations into the existence of the custom than by the story of the raids made to capture women in the forests as hostages, who, it is added, when captured were taken at night to the officers' quarters. Yet it is evident that the cannibal orgy was a mere bagatelle in cruelty, brutality, and human torture compared with the flogging to death that seems to have been only too common in the rear column. What happened is clear enough. Possessing the scientific temperament, Mr. Jameson, hearing stories of cannibalism, refused to believe what he had never seen. Sceptical, are you, said the cannibals; give us a piece of cloth and you shall see for yourself. Half wondering whether they were in jest or in earnest, Jameson determined to put it to the test, and gave them the cloth. Immediately they went out, bought a slave girl, and there and then killed and ate her before his eyes. He sketched the scene with the utilitarian nonchalance of a man of science. However shocked he might have been, it was too late to interfere. So he made the best of it, no doubt congratulating himself on his unique experience, and not realizing till afterwards what aspect his experiment would bear in Europe. His friends say that he made his sketches after the girl was eaten, in which case they lose some of their value and the incident none of its horror. The outcry, however, is absurd. If the girl had been merely flogged and killed, little would be said. Cannibalism, however, is unpopular. Yet to the poor child herself it mattered little what befell her carcase after her swift and painless death. The moral of the above grim tale is that when Europeans are left alone with no one to look after them, and nothing to do in the midst of a camp of savages, they are very apt to become savages themselves of a peculiarly brutal type. Mr. Stanley appears to have been free from all personal com-

plicity in the horrible brutalities of the Yambuya camp, but he does not appear to advantage in the controversy. He should not have appointed Barttelot

the new class of vessels that were built in order to replace the slow ships which have hitherto been on duty on the West African Coast. She left Devon-



From Photo by West and Son.]

H.M.S. "SERPENT"

[Southsea.]

in the first place; he should not have shielded him in the second place; and in the third place he should not subsequently have abused a dead man whom he had previously praised so highly the moment that man's journals showed Mr. Stanley in an unfavourable light.

The Loss of the "Serpent." November, in addition to the great catastrophes which have overtaken so many reputations and threatened with destruction so many institutions, has not been without those minor disasters which, if they had stood alone would have commanded universal attention; as it is, they are now almost forgotten in the exciting rush of events. One was the loss of H.M.S. *Serpent* off the Galician coast. The *Serpent* was a third-class cruiser of 1770 tons; she was one of



SCENE OF THE LOSS OF H.M.S. "SERPENT."

port on the afternoon of the 8th, to relieve the *Acorn* on the West African station. On Monday night the weather was dark and stormy, and the vessel seems to have been driven from her course in the storm. No blame seems to be attached to the officers and the crew, and all that is known is that she ran full speed on to the rocks over which a terrific sea was washing near to Cape Finisterre. Of all her company of 247 souls only three men escaped, all the others perished in the surf. At first there was some considerable indignation expressed owing to allega-

tions current about the unseaworthiness of the vessel and the reluctance of her crew to sail in her. It is, however, quite clear that the stoutest ship that was ever built would have been broken like a nutshell in that terrific sea, and the best officers are equally

of opinion that no blame was attached to the captain or the crew; the affair was one of those unfortunate instances which overtake those who "go down to the sea in ships."

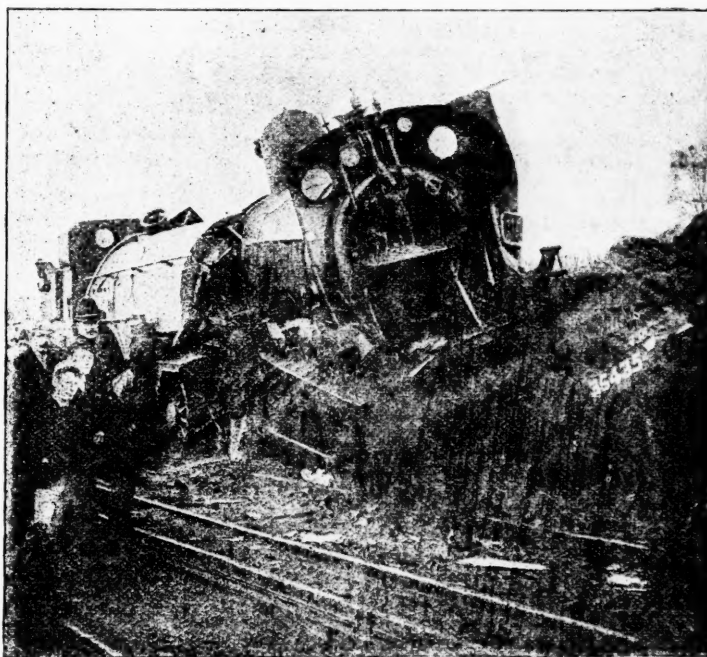
The Collision at Taunton. Another disaster which has shocked the public was the collision on the

Great Western Railway near Taunton. It is some time since we have had a first-class railway accident in this country, and there is nothing which more impresses the mind of the ability of commonplace people to carry out any combination work which from my experience would seem to be utterly impossible, than to stand at a great railway junction and watch the endless succession of trains which sweep by every hour of the day, without ever coming into collision or coming to grief. On the 11th November, however, this long comparative immunity of our railways was abruptly terminated by this disastrous collision near Taunton. A goods train was being shunted on the main line; the signalman, who had been twenty years in the service of the company, forgot to put up the signals; the "danger" lights were removed from the goods train, and the driver of the express, seeing that the line was signalled "clear," and no lights ahead, dashed at full speed into the goods train. The train was wrecked, and ten persons were killed. The signalman was tried for manslaughter, but was acquitted by a sympathetic jury.

French Rights, Wrongs. It has been reported repeatedly in the Newfoundland newspapers in the month of November that Lord Salisbury had succeeded in arranging another exchange of territory, this time with France. The story ran that France had waived

her rights in Newfoundland in exchange for the West African colony of Gambia. Such a bargain would be open to little objection. Gambia once had a great opportunity. It promised to be the gate to no small portion of Western Africa. We allowed the chance to slip. The French crept down behind our colony and cut us off from our natural Hinterland. All chance of growth inward was therefore cut off, and Gambia remained a mere strip of territory between French Africa and the sea. It will be well indeed if, by abandoning this useless colony without a future, we were able to finally extract the French thorn from the Newfoundlander's foot. Unfortunately the report has been contradicted. England has not, as reported,

offered to cede Gambia in exchange for the French shore. Newfoundland has not agreed to allow an arbitrator to decide on what is for her a question of life and death. The French refuse to discuss their boundary system, so that affairs seem to be as much at a dead-lock as ever. A correspondent, who writes me occasionally from the island, tells me that at the end of October the feeling against England was strong



G. Petherick.

THE TAUNTON COLLISION.

[Taunton.]

in Newfoundland. He wrote:—

Here in Newfoundland, the people of Irish descent (numbering about two-fifths of the population) have never been actively loyal to the Empire, and have always had a leaning towards union with the United States. Our French shore question has forced this matter to the front; and what is more surprising, the talk in favour of "annexation" is now stronger among those of English and Scotch blood than among those of Irish blood; and it was only the other day that one of our leading merchants, born in Ulster, and having a brother high in the service of the British Government in Ireland, told me that he was convinced that one of the best cards which could be played at the next general election would be a cry for annexation.

But it is not merely the French shore question that forces this question of secession and of union with the American Republic upon our notice. The French shore question seems in a fair way to be settled. But the question of annexation starts up where you least expect it. Take your row with Portugal about South African territory. What do we gain by British annexation of Africa? Yet we lose much. For Portugal has boycotted our cod-fish as being *British goods*; and now we cannot sell our solitary cod-fish in Portugal. It is true that Portugal is acting like a lunatic in trying commercial war with England. It is true that only supreme ignorance could hold us responsible for imperial policy in South Africa, or imagine that England could be coerced by their punishing us. But still there the fact is, we suffer by the British connection. Again, all our fish-merchants declare that our trade suffers in the markets of the South by the British-American connection, and they are anxious to get the market of the United States open to them at any *sentimental* price.

Articles on this subject have lately appeared in our local journals, which I do not quote because these avowedly address only the least intelligent classes. But one writer asks, "What is loyalty? Is it not absurd to ask poor little Newfoundland to make sacrifices for love of a great and powerful nation, if that nation does nothing in return? No amount of loyalty will stand the strain for ever if all the sacrifices are to be on *one side*."

The Meeting of Parliament.

Parliament re-assembled for the transaction of business, and the usual Ministerial programme was laid before the country in the Queen's Speech. From this, it was understood that the Ministers intend to pass, if they can, the Land Purchase Bill for Ireland, Tithes Bill for England and Wales, and a Bill establishing Free Education. A change was introduced in the form of the Address to the Crown in reply to the Speech from the Throne. It was shortened and simplified into a mere expression of thanks for the Royal Message. The Debate, however, collapsed, not on account of the change in the form of the Address, but because of the all-absorbing interest in the crisis occasioned by the O'Shea divorce case. The result of this diversion of public interest from legislative business to the fortunes of the Home Rule party was shown in the rapid progress in public business. The Address to the Crown, instead of being debated for a week, was carried in a night. The first reading of the Land Purchase Bill was taken after little more than a *formal* protest on the part of Mr. Labouchere and his friends. Government annexed the time of private members, and there seems every reason to believe, if things progress as they began, that the work of the Session will be far advanced before Christmas; but the cause for this is, of course, the temporary paralysis of the Opposition. I do not remember any time in which the misdeeds of one man reduced a whole party to such utter impotence.

The Judgment on the Bishop of Lincoln.

The Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced judgment in November upon the long-pending suit brought by the Church Association against the Bishop of Lincoln. For nearly two years, the Church has been in suspense on the subject, and the late Lord Carnarvon, at one time, was convinced that the prosecution would have most mischievous effects on the existing Establishment. The Archbishop has, however, succeeded in dancing so judiciously among the eggs which are plentifully strewn over the arena in which every ecclesiastical judge has to display his agility, that all danger of a crisis seems to be averted—at least for the present; but as the Church Association has given notice of its intention to appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the whole matter will come up again for consideration. To the actual workaday world the questions debated so gravely before the Archbishop has a strange air of unreality about it. All these questions concerning the mixing of water and wine, and the lighting of candles at noonday, or of this or that genuflection, seem strangely out of harmony with the practical questions which are absorbing the minds of men to-day. They have a certain intellectual interest, no doubt, but to the ordinary man who has to lead his ordinary life in this everyday world, they are about as vital as the conjugation of a Greek verb, or the deciphering of a written inscription on the back of one of the Assyrian bulls.

The Whites and Blacks in Natal.

One of the uses of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS—which next year I hope to develop somewhat—is to afford the English-speaking man or woman who occupies an isolated outpost in the vast expanses of distant continents an opportunity of communicating with the leaders of public opinion at home. No doubt these communications may often be prejudiced, and sometimes they may be misleading. But it is well in any case that those who direct the affairs of the Empire should know what our fellow-countrymen abroad are fearing and hoping. Here, for instance, is a distinctly valuable expression of opinion from an English lady who is living with her family in a far-distant corner of Natal. She is a strong advocate for responsible government—which was the issue on which the late election turned—but apart from politics her letter is interesting and suggestive. She writes on October 11th as follows:—

It seems to me that as matters go now there is every likelihood of Natal becoming a black colony. We shall be simply crushed out. We have now the greatest difficulty in getting labour to carry on our work. Some weeks ago my husband rode into the mountains twice,

for the whole long day seeking boys to come and plough this season. There are hundreds of Kafirs up there who do literally nothing but lie at the kraals and drink the beer they make. After a great deal of talking and persuasion, three boys promised to come in a week; everything was arranged—wages, &c. The boys never turned up, and to-day they have sent a message down to say they won't come. All our arrangements are overturned, and how we are to get this season's crops in I don't know. Nearly every farmer is more or less in the same fix. The Kafirs won't work, and, to meet the difficulty in the case of the coast industries, shoals of coolies have been introduced. But that has been badly managed: they are allowed to settle here when their time has expired, and, as they can live where an Englishman would starve, they have gradually driven all the small storekeepers and others out of existence.

It is time something was done, and the Imperial Government have shown they can or will do nothing.

It is getting impossible for the white man to live as a farmer. We can get no labour; the Kafir steals our sheep and goats, and we can get no redress. The laws are stringent enough, but to obtain conviction is well nigh impossible. The Government *will not* enforce the laws against the native; whether they are frightened of him or not, I don't know.

The natives are a fine race of people for savages, but it is well-known fact that they are deteriorating every year. They are drunk half their time. The men are losing all control over their children, who wander about the country to every beer drink, and often will not work even for their own fathers. They are becoming worse thieves year by year, and although naturally a law-abiding people, they are becoming intractable. The elder men among them fully see and acknowledge the evil, but "what can we do?" they say. The fact is the English Government has largely destroyed the power of the chiefs and tribal responsibility, and in return has given them only the shadow of law.

If this lady represents the views of the advocates of Responsible Government, it would seem that in their eyes responsibility is chiefly desired in order that they may settle their native question in their own way without interference from home. Writing on October 25th, the same correspondent adds:—

The Responsibles have a majority of four in the Council. The coast is anti-Responsible, on account of the coolie question and district of Maritzburg because they have the troops there, and they are afraid naturally that the withdrawal of the soldiers would be a loss to them. The mealie and forage interests, as the papers say, have been successful in the midlands. Durban, the whole of the up-country, and other parts, have supported the Forward Party. The September number of the REVIEW is just to hand. People here don't seem to share Joubert's uneasiness regarding Matabeleland. They are advertising now for men to join an expedition, and one of my brothers has already gone in charge of a prospecting party. The principal fear seems to be the fever. I heard of an expedition refusing one man because he was not "salted." The "Imperial Elizabethan" is not in good odour here. Natal has a dread of being absorbed by the Cape; indeed, that has been one of the motive powers of the recent election, and Mr. Rhodes takes the form

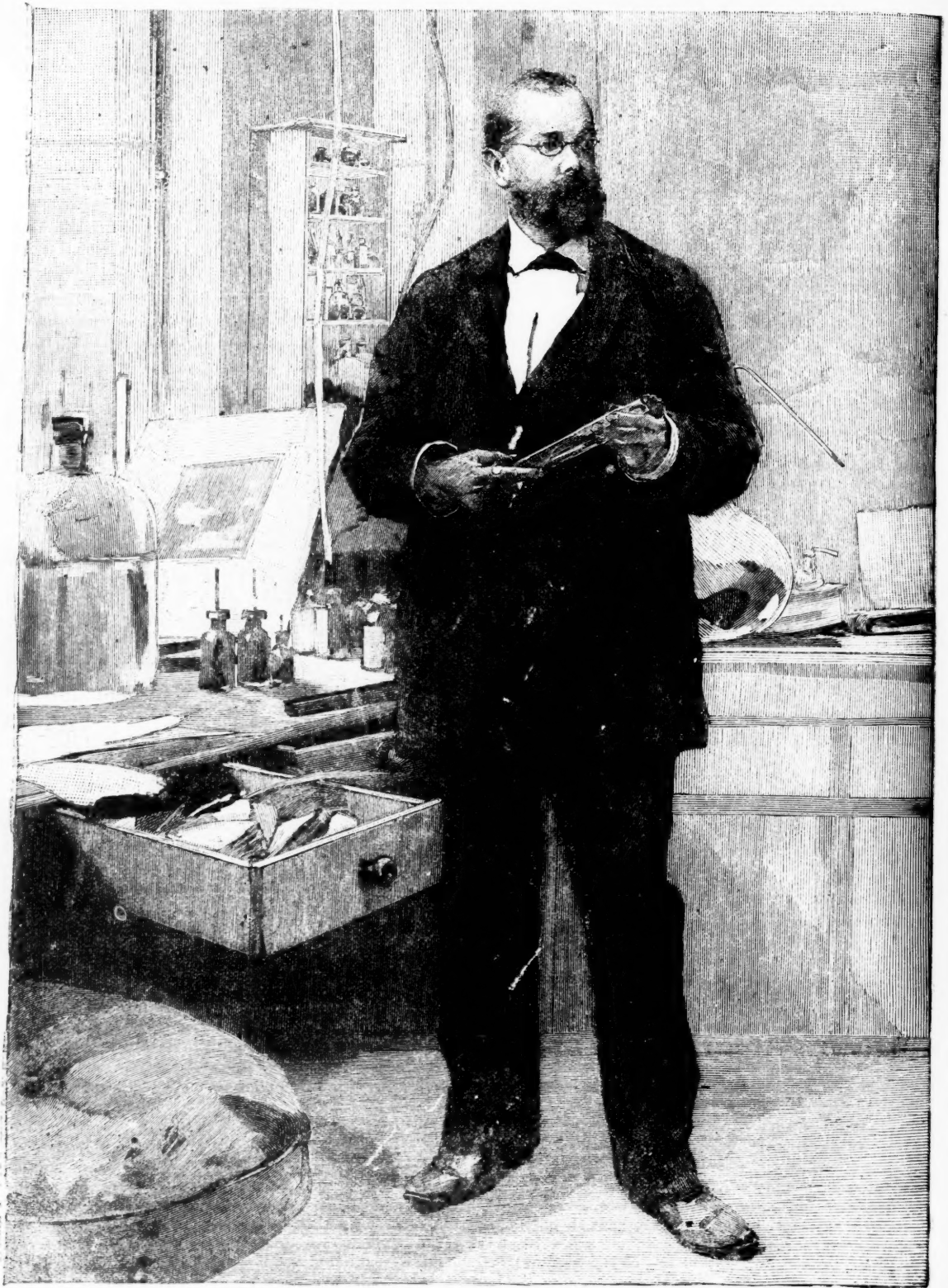
of an octopus: his long arms outstretch to grasp everything within his reach. It was reported that he was concerned in the late run on the Natal Bank; there was quite a panic in Johannesburg. The rumour was contradicted, but it shows the attitude of suspicion with which he is regarded here.

Opening up
the Land of
Ophir.

Mr. Rhodes's proverbial good luck has followed the expedition which has marched in safety into the heart of the land of Ophir. Lobengula has made no sign of hostility, the new El Dorado has been reached in safety. In place of throat-cutting the adventurers are prospecting for gold, and, I am delighted to hear, reading the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. The following note from one of the band is addressed to his sister, who has sent it on to me. It is of somewhat early date, having been written September 19, but it gives a pleasant picture of the content that prevailed in the camp of the pioneers. The writer is an Irishman. He says:—

I got your letter with two REVIEW OF REVIEWS last mail, and this mail another letter and REVIEW from you. The REVIEWS are eagerly sought after in camp.

I am leaving this place next Monday. Great excitement in camp last week when it was rumoured that important news had come down from the front. The news was as follows: Colonel Pennefather had received orders from Mr. Rhodes, now that no fighting is expected, to let each troop form itself into a syndicate, the following being some of the rules:—"Each troop to choose five men as prospectors. These men to get five months' furlough, with full pay and rations, and to be given a district to prospect, the Company finding all tools, transport, &c. Anything found to be the property of the prospectors' troop, and if the reef or alluvial be payable to be taken over by the Company at a valuation. Of course everyone who knew anything about prospecting was eager to go up. Each man had to put the names of the five men he chose on a slip of paper and send it into the captain, and those five who had most votes were the lucky ones. I was one of the five, and no one was more delighted. I had to reject the corporal's stripes, as no non-commissioned officer is allowed to go. As I did not join the corps to remain in it, I did not mind the loss, and I have no doubt that when I return there will be not much trouble in getting them. No one knows whether there is any gold in the country, and we are limited as to number of claims, yet it is liberal of the Company to let us have first chance with full pay and no expense as far as living and tools are concerned. The captain told us that the Company recognised that it was owing to us that they had got a footing in the country, and that they were determined that we should do well if anyone did. I am delighted to leave this place. Game is getting scarce; so much shooting as goes on here drives the game back far into the bush. To get rudoo, zebra, or waterbuck it is necessary to go twenty miles from here; whereas, when we first came up, they could be had three or four miles away.



DR. KOCH IN HIS LABORATORY.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

DR. ROBERT KOCH.

EUROPE witnessed a strange but not unprecedented spectacle last month. In the Middle Ages the discovery of a new wonder-working shrine, or the establishment of the repute of the grave of a saint as a fount of miracles, often led to the same rush which has taken place last month to Berlin. "Tis for life, for life ye fly!" As in Macaulay's vivid picture of the flight of the Antediluvians from the advancing waters of the flood, the consumptive patients of the Continent have been stampeding for dear life to the capital of Germany. The dying have hurried thither, sometimes to expire in the railway train, but buoyed up for a time by a new potent hope—a hope that at last the wizards of science had discovered a formula by which to conjure away the malady which has eaten its way into their lungs. It is a melancholy reflection that there will probably be more patients killed by exposure or neglect in the overcrowded lodgings of Berlin than Dr Koch is likely to cure for many a long day to come, but no one can be surprised at the readiness of the despairing to resort to the new pool of Siloam which science seems to have opened in the capital of Germany.

The rush to Berlin is interesting as illustrating how all professional rules and etiquette collapse in emergencies.

The remedy by which Dr. Koch effects his cures is at present a secret. According to the rule of the profession, no cures wrought by secret remedies can ever be examined into. All dealers in secret remedies are quacks. But Dr. Koch, as far as the retention of the secret of his remedy goes, is as much a quack as Sequah or Count Mattei. The faculty, however, ignore this defiance of their rules, and have poured to Berlin in thousands to witness for themselves the actual results of Dr. Koch's experiments. This puts an end once and for all to the *non possumus* with which the profession have hitherto opposed all attempts to compel them to subject the cures wrought by secret and patent medicines to competent, patient, experimental



KOCH AS THE NEW ST. GEORGE.

(From "Ulk" of Berlin.)

examination. Another excellent result which follows from the Koch boom is the stimulus which it gives to man to hope that in his perpetual struggle against disease there are none which should really be regarded as incurable. The more hope, the more cures. Despair is the only deadly poison. All that encourages the patient to keep believing tends to

give the *vis medicatrix* of nature a better chance. If consumption can be cured, then who knows whether or not cancer and leprosy may also be capable of successful treatment by some remedy hitherto unknown to the orthodox pharmacopoeia?

MY VISIT TO COUNT MATTEI.

I had intended devoting the last Character Sketch of the year to the interesting old Italian nobleman whom I visited in November at his romantic castle in the Apennines. But the sensation induced by Dr. Koch's new process of curing consumption led me to postpone till January my report as to Count Mattei's remedies for the cure of cancer. There will be much more readiness to subject the Mattei remedies to a scientific examination and to experiment after the Koch boom than before. Koch is fashionable, and Mattei is heterodox. But the sensation produced by the killing of tuberculous tissue by an injection of paratoludin will break down much of the hitherto invincible prejudice which has existed against the trial of the Mattei remedies. At the same time I am not sorry to be able to postpone till the new year the report of my inquiries at Riola. It enables me to make my paper much more complete.

AN APPEAL TO THE SCIENTISTS.

As many, especially those who are suffering from cancer, may be disappointed at this postponement, I may as well print the following letter, a copy of which I have sent to the leading members of the faculty who may be described as specialists of cancer:—

My attention has been directed during the last few months to the subject of the alleged remedies of Count Mattei, by the relief which they have brought to friends of mine who were suffering from cancer, and more recently by the alleged cure, by their means, of two cancer cases which had been pronounced incurable by the highest medical authorities. I was so much impressed by these statements made in undoubted good faith by those who have benefited by them, and confirmed as they were by the reports of qualified physicians, that I have just visited Bologna to ascertain, so far as was possible, at headquarters what could be said for the system of Count Mattei.

My visit convinced me beyond all doubt of the good faith of the Italian nobleman. I also was able to ascertain that his remedies have been employed with success by many of the foremost men and women in Europe. Not being a medical man, I cannot, of course, profess to have any opinion as to the intrinsic merits of the treatment from a scientific point of view, but I saw enough and I have heard enough to convince me that the matter ought not to be left where it is.

In view of the admitted failure of all orthodox means of curing cancer and leprosy, or even of alleviating the tortures occasioned by the former disease, it seems to me that it would be inhuman and eminently unscientific to allow statements made on such authority, and supported by so much corroborative evidence, to remain without adequate investigation.

In order that the truth of the matter may be definitely ascertained, I would therefore venture to ask whether, in your opinion, such allegations, made by duly qualified and competent medical men, supported by the evidence of patients who have been cured or relieved by the use of these secret and heterodox remedies, should not be subjected to a searching and scientific investigation? In a matter involving a question of life and death to so many thousands of our fellow creatures, is it not criminal to allow even a shadow of uncertainty to remain upon such a subject?

To me, I must confess, there seems but one answer possible to that question. Granting, then, that the claims made on credible and disinterested testimony as to the efficacy of the Mattei remedies to cure what have hitherto been regarded as

incurable diseases ought to be seriously investigated, might I ask whether you could inform me what is the regular professional method of ascertaining the truth of such allegations, and if there be no established method of testing the truth of such matters, could you favour me with any suggestions as to how the public could be supplied with conclusive and satisfactory demonstrations as to the truth or falsehood of the claims in question?

"SECRET REMEDIES."

Copies of this letter I sent to Dr. Snow, of the Cancer Hospital, Sir James Paget, the editor of the *British Medical Journal*, and several of the leaders of contemporary science, including Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, Professor Ray Lankester, and Sir Morell Mackenzie. Dr. Snow, who, being in charge of the Cancer Hospital, might have been expected to have taken more personal interest in the matter than others, confined himself to acknowledging the receipt of my enquiry. From most of the others I have received communications which justify the expectation that next year we may be able to institute a thoroughly scientific enquiry for the verification or explosion of Count Mattei's claims.

At present I only publish the letters which I have received from the acting editor of the *British Medical Journal*, as illustrating the curious inconsistency which prevails in the profession. At the very time when the Royal College of Physicians was refusing to have anything to do with Dr. Koch's discovery because his remedy is secret, the leading doctors of Europe, and many who are under the jurisdiction of our own College of Physicians, have been to Berlin to investigate the use of the secret remedy of Dr. Koch, and already experiments with this remedy are in full swing in this country. The *British Medical Journal* has itself taken an honourable part in enlightening the English public as to the remedy in question, but when confronted by another secret remedy its acting Editor will not listen to any suggestions of examining Count Mattei's remedies.

It follows, therefore, that while the medical profession are perfectly willing to experiment with a remedy which involves inoculation, and which, according to the declared judgment of some of the leading authorities, is capable of producing disastrous effects—Professor Billroth, of Vienna, for instance, declares that in certain cases of tuberculosis its action would produce death; in several cases it is said to have produced mental derangement—they absolutely refuse to investigate or experiment with medicines which are perfectly harmless, and which in several cases have most undoubtedly produced most remarkable cures.

BOYCOTTING IN THE FACULTY.

But they go a step further than this. Although at the present moment there are more than a score of secret medicines which are constantly used by medical practitioners, the prejudice against the Mattei system is so strong, that for using these Mattei medicines with extraordinary results a competent and highly respectable practitioner, Dr. Roberts, of Keighley, has been boycotted by his professional brethren, and threatened with loss of his position as house-surgeon at Keighley Hospital. It was in vain that Dr. Roberts invited his medical brethren to witness the cures which had been wrought by the Mattei medicines. They refused indignantly, apparently preferring that patients should die than that they should be cured by remedies that were secret and heretical. All this, of course, is only an illustration of the extravagance of orthodox bigotry, which in every department of human thought is the deadliest enemy of the scientific spirit, and with which every believer in science and progress must wage war without truce and without

quarter. The so-called remedies of Count Mattei may be no remedies at all, but in view of the fact that there are at the present moment so many intelligent persons going about declaring that they themselves have been cured, or that they have cured others, whom the orthodox faculty had failed to cure, it is an outrage upon common-sense to allow these statements to remain without justification or authoritative contradiction.

TO THE TEST!

What is wanted before instituting the experimental hospital, which I hope we may be able to establish next year, for the purpose of submitting the Mattei remedies to an adequate scientific test, is the report of a competent legal and scientific committee as to the evidence at present existing as to the alleged cures wrought by these remedies. The *non possumus* of the medical profession will do it nothing but harm if persisted in, and I cannot but hope that before the next number has appeared I shall be able to report that a *prima facie* finding has been obtained by a small competent committee as to the facts of the alleged Mattei cures. In this matter the only object is to ascertain the truth, and everyone must be naturally impatient at the conventional excuses and professional flummery with which the orthodox practitioners endeavour to prevent the facts being subjected to the very simple test of an examination by competent authorities.

WHY DR. KOCH KEEPS HIS SECRET.

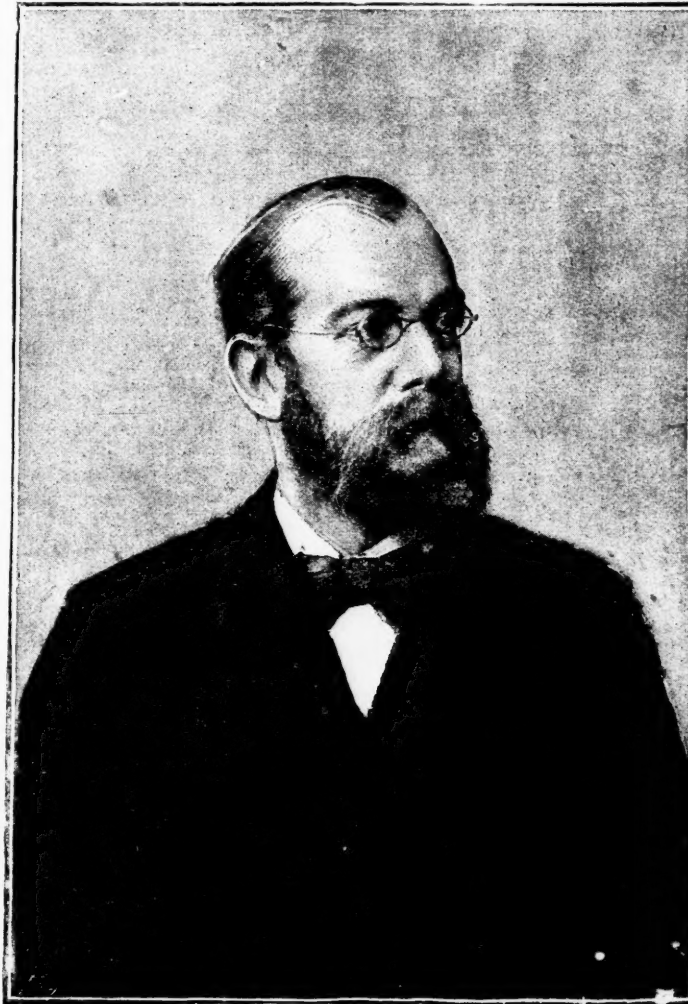
Count Mattei keeps his secret for the same reasons as those which lead Dr. Koch to refuse to say how he prepares his remedy.

In an interview with Dalziel's correspondent Dr. Koch gives the following explanation of his silence as to the nature of his lymph —

There is very little use my saying just now what the inoculating fluid is or how I have obtained it. It has cost me years

of my life, and I propose to retain the secret a few weeks longer from publicity, though it is already known to my assistants and to many of my professional friends. Its preparation demands infinite pains and exactness, and it is being prepared by my assistant, Dr. Libbertz, to whom I have confided this important part of my work, and I believe I am discreet on this subject with good and sufficient reason. Were I to publish now, in the first stage of the discovery, the exact ingredients and the method of preparation of the

fluid, thousands of medical men, from Moscow to Buenos Ayres, would to-morrow be engaged in concocting it, and injecting it for that matter. Is it far-fetched, then, for me to suppose, as I do, that more than half of these gentlemen are incompetent to prepare the fluid which with special study and with special opportunities it has taken me years to prepare? Then these experiments might cause incalculable harm to thousands of innocent patients, and at the same time bring into discredit a system of treatment which, I believe, will prove a boon to mankind. Then the Professor added earnestly and warmly:—I believe I have the right that the first experiments in its use be made before my own eyes and with the tools which I have made and tested. If these experiments turn out successfully, then the medical world will find me and my elevated assistants only too ready to initiate them into the treatment without the least reserve; but until then, it seems perhaps selfish, but I really claim it as at once our duty and the purest unselfishness, that they must content them-



DR. ROBERT KOCH.

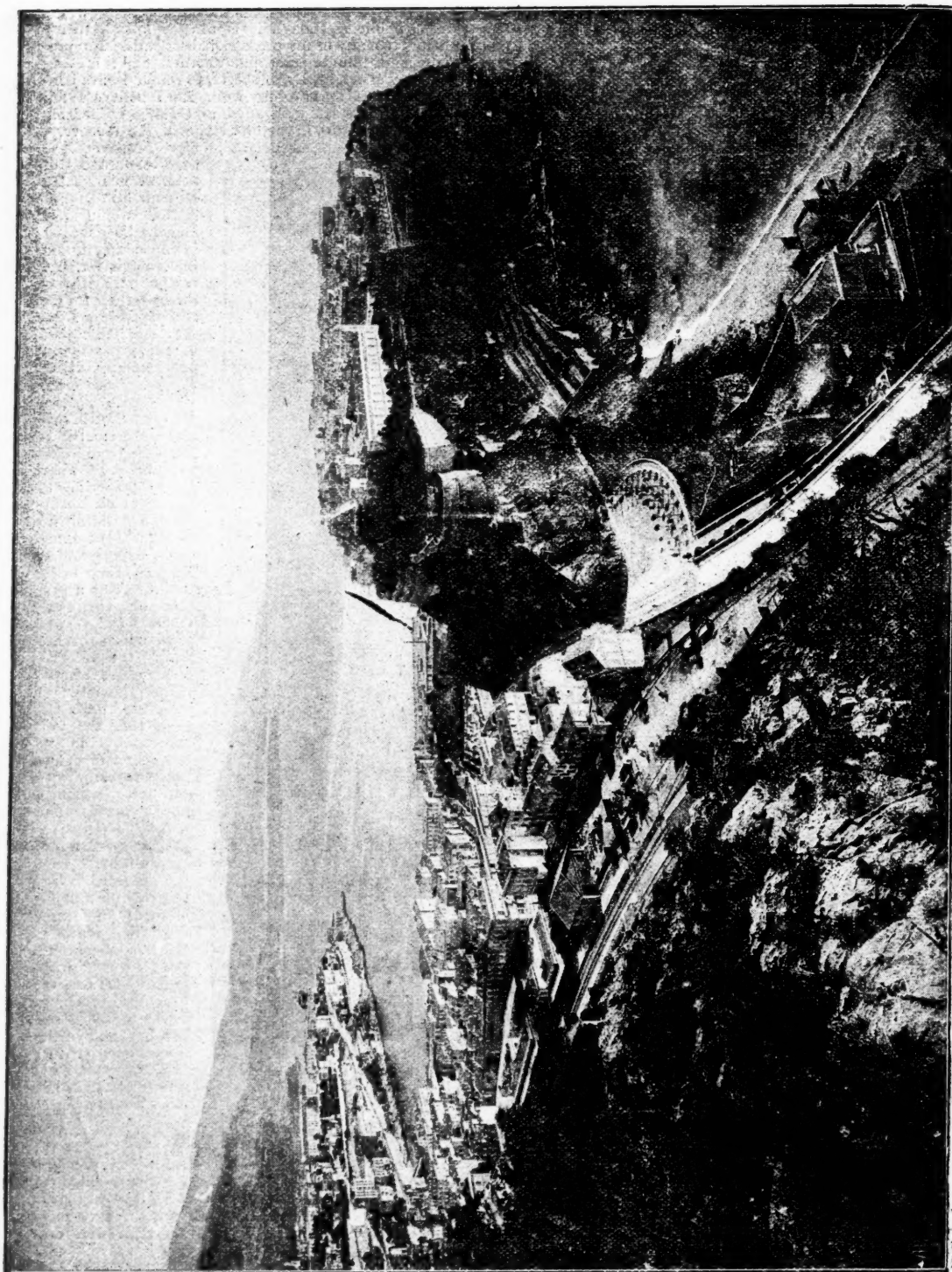
selves to be patient.

Dr. Kowalski, who also saw Dr. Koch, says:—

The remedy is one of the most powerful medicines which has ever been discovered, and that it cannot be applied too cautiously. Dr. Koch himself says that if it were placed without reserve into the hands of all practitioners more deaths would result from its application than were ever caused by consumption.

THE REMEDY TO BE A STATE SECRET.

Nor is there any prospect of Dr. Koch's secret being



MONACO—THE REFUGE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

disclosed. On November 29th, Dr. von Gossler, Minister of Worship and Public Instruction, speaking in the Prussian Diet, explained why Dr. Koch still keeps the preparation of the remedy secret, and will do so for some time to come. Dr. Koch himself does not know the chemical process which takes place in the composition of his remedy, which he discovered in an empirical way. The Minister said "Dr. Koch intended to disclose everything he knew frankly and openly, but after a conversation with me in the presence of two witnesses, it was found that he could say nothing upon which others might efficiently produce the remedy. He could say of what the lymph was composed, and describe the method, but it was not possible to demonstrate it. The method is such a difficult and responsible one that it cannot be thought out. It must be arrived at by experiments. On the other hand, there was a danger that the remedy would be imitated, without the possibility of controlling its effects, and the people would then have become the victims of swindlers. Time would have been lost, and many hopes and human lives destroyed." The Minister said that he had requested Dr. Koch to make public the composition of his remedy only partially, so as to render imitation impossible. Dr. Koch has declared that it is impossible to let the remedy pass out of his hands without having personal control over it. Here is the great difficulty, and the other is in its sale. That is exactly what Count Mattei always says. The Minister then stated that he had come to an agreement with Dr. Koch that the remedy should be produced under the management of the State. Even if it was not possible to produce the quantity necessary, yet the whole world would be glad to hear that Prussia had put her stamp upon it. An administrative department would be created which would manage the sale and distribution of the remedy.

THE REFUGE OF THE CONSUMPTIVES.

In returning from Italy I passed through the Riviera, the last ditch of the consumptive. It is a lovely country. But the cough of the consumptive is never still—even there. From San Remo to Monte Carlo the coast, with all its indented bays, was beginning to fill up with those who, in Sterling's phrase, have "to dodge death" every winter by escaping from our English fogs and frost by flight to a warmer clime. I hardly realized,

when I was driving past the olive groves and orange trees, where the golden fruit was slowly ripening under the November sun, what a passionate excitement Dr. Koch's discovery must arouse in the Riviera. The numbers of the consumptives to the square mile is probably greater between Nice and Genoa than between any two points on the superficies of the planet—except, of course, between the front and back doors of Dr. Cornet's consulting rooms. Hence through all that region the news that the German scientist had discovered a cure for consumption must have sounded as the news of the advent of Jesus of Nazareth in a Judean village. The whole country was moved to meet him. His fame went throughout the whole

region round about, and telegrams in the newspapers announced that all the sleeping cars had been engaged for months to come to convey the consumptives of the Riviera to the inclement latitude of Berlin. This is probably an exaggeration. But many have gone and more will follow—pursuing a vain hope. Some of these have already gazed for the last time upon the peacock blue of the Mediterranean and the olivegreen of the woods which skirt the indented shore. The dodger of death stakes his last chance with Dr. Koch as recklessly as the gambler stakes his last napoleon on the green table of Monte Carlo.

Dr. Koch's cure, says the *Times*' correspondent at Berlin on Nov. 23, may indirectly and innocently claim two more victims to-day.—

The son of a rich merchant named Pracht, residing in the Kurfürstenstrasse, who was suffering from tuberculosis, received news of Dr. Koch's remedy while staying at Mentone. He insisted upon returning to Berlin to place himself

under Dr. Koch's treatment, and his father, mother, and younger sister went to Mentone to bring him home. The sister was so overcome at the hopeless appearance of her brother's condition that she died suddenly of heart disease. The brother, on witnessing her death, was seized with hæmorrhage of the lungs and also died.

The father returned to-day with the mother and the bodies of his two children.

But without further preface let me now introduce the character sketch of Dr. Koch, written for me by Mr. A. Conan Doyle, who is better known in letters than in medicine, although he is a duly qualified practitioner.

Mr. Conan Doyle visited Berlin in November, and wrote this sketch for me on his return.



PROFESSOR ERNST VON BERGMANN.

DR. KOCH AND HIS CURE.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

To the Englishman in Berlin, and indeed to the German also, it is at present very much easier to see the bacillus of Koch, than to catch even the most fleeting glimpse of its illustrious discoverer. His name is on every lip, his utterances are the constant subject of conversation, but, like the Veiled Prophet, he still remains unseen to any eyes save those of his own immediate co-workers and assistants. The stranger must content himself by looking up at the long grey walls of the Hygiene Museum in Kloster Strasse, and knowing that somewhere within them the great master mind is working, which is rapidly bringing under subjection those unruly tribes of deadly micro-organisms which are the last creatures in the organic world to submit to the sway of man.

THE RECLUSE OF KLOSTER STRASSE.

The great bacteriologist is a man so devoted to his own particular line of work that all descriptions of him from other points of view must, in the main, be negative. Some five feet and a half in height, sturdily built, with brown hair fringing off to grey at the edges, he is a man whose appearance might be commonplace were it not for the vivacity of his expression and the quick decision of his manner. Of a thoroughly German type, with his earnest face, his high thoughtful forehead, and his slightly retroused nose, he looks what he is, a student, a worker, and a philosopher. His eyes are small, grey, and searching, but so sorely tried by long years of microscopic work that they require the aid of the strongest glasses. A married man, and of a domestic turn of mind, his life is spent either in the complete privacy of his family, or in the absorbing labour of his laboratory. He smokes little, drinks less, and leads so regular a life that he preserves his whole energy for the all-important mission to which he has devoted himself. One hobby he has, and only one, derived very probably from the hereditary influence of a long series of mountain-dwelling ancestors. He is a keen mountaineer, and never more happy than when, alpine stock in hand, he is breathing in the invigorating air of the higher Alps. Visitors at Pontresina last year may have observed there a quiet little sturdy gentleman, tweed-suited and be-spectacled, who vanished early from the hotel to reappear jaded and travel-stained in the evening; but few would have surmised that the energetic climber was none other than the renowned Professor of Berlin. It might perhaps be possible to trace some analogy between the clear and calm atmosphere of scientific thought and those still and rarefied regions in which Tyndall loves to dwell and Koch to wander.

THE KOCH LABORATORY.

To his own private sanctum few, as has already been remarked, can gain access, but in the Kloster Strasse there is his public laboratory, in which some fifty young men, including several Americans and Englishmen, are pursuing their studies in bacteriology. It is a large square chamber, well lit and lofty, with rows of microscopes bristling along the deal tables which line it upon every side. Bunsen burners, reservoirs of distilled water, freezing machines for the cutting of microscopic sections, and every other conceivable aid to the bacteriological student, lie ready to his hand. Under glass protectors may be seen innumerable sections of potatoes with bright red, or blue, or black, smears upon their white surfaces where colonies of rare bacilli have been planted, whose growth is watched and recorded from day to day. All manner of fruits with the mould and fungi which live upon them, infusions of meat

or of sugar peopled with unseen millions, squares of gelatine which are the matrix in which innumerable forms of life are sprouting, all these indicate to the visitor the style of work upon which the students are engaged, and the methods by which they carry them out. Here, too, under the microscope may be seen the prepared slides which contain specimens of those bacilli of disease which have already been isolated. This one, stained with logwood, where little purple dots, like grains of pepper, are sprinkled thickly over the field, is a demonstration of that deadly tubercle-bacillus which has harassed mankind from the dawn of time, and yet has become visible to him only during the last eight years. Here, under the next object-glass, are little pink curved creatures, so minute as to be hardly visible under the power of 700 diameters which we are using. Yet these pretty and infinitely fragile things are the accursed comma-bacilli of cholera, the most terrible scourge which has ever devastated the microbe-ridden earth. Here, too, is the little rod-shaped filament of the *Bacillus anthracis*, the curving tendrils of the *Obermeyer spirillus*, the great spores of *Bacillus prodigiosus*, and the jointed branches of *Aspergillus*. It is a strange thing to look upon these utterly insignificant creatures, and to realize that in one year they would claim more victims from the human race than all the tigers who have ever trod a jungle. A satire, indeed, it is upon the majesty of man when we look at these infinitesimal and contemptible creatures which have it in their power to overthrow the strongest intellect and to shatter the most robust frame.

A special section exists in connection with the laboratory for experiments upon the effects which the bacteria have upon animal life, and here the action of all infusions and injections is checked by their use upon guinea-pigs before being used upon human subjects.

THE EARLY DAYS OF DR. KOCH.

Professor Koch is forty-seven years of age. In 1843 he saw the light at Clausthal, where his father was an official in the employ of a mining company. From the age of nineteen to twenty-three he studied at Göttingen, where he was brought under the influence of the famous Jacob Henle. Henle was an all-round man of science, who had gained his laurels as an anatomist, but who held enlightened and advanced views on many medical points. Among other things, he held very strongly that the influence of plant life in its lower forms would be found to underlie many of the diseases to which the human frame is liable. It is more than probable that to Henle's suggestions may be traced that line of thought which in the case of Koch has led to such great results.

After taking his degree, Koch became assistant physician at the hospital of Hamburg, and shortly afterwards he started in private practice in the little town of Langenhagen, in Hanover. Thence he migrated to Wellstein, where, in a little village, he settled down to the humdrum life of a country doctor. He was then twenty-nine years of age, strong and vigorous, with all his great powers striving for an outlet, even in the unpropitious surroundings in which he found himself. To him it must seem but yesterday that he drove his little cob and ramshackle provincial trap along the rough Posen roads to attend the rude peasants and rough farmers who centre round the village. Never, surely, could a man have found himself in a position less favourable for scientific research—poor, humble, unknown, isolated from sympathy and from the scientific appliances which are the necessary tools of the investigator. Yet he was a man of too strong a character to allow himself to be

of
ble
to
ts
ry
ay
ns
en
re
ed
ly
ne
ly
t-
ee
e
s
st
-
at
r-
s,
a
t
d
e
t
e
n
o

-
a
s
s

o
l
f
o
o
l
-
e
l
a
s
t

e
t

THE CROWNED HEADS



ALEXANDER III., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.



MARIE DAGMAR, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.



HUMBERT I., KING OF ITALY.



MARGARET, QUEEN OF ITALY.



ALFONSO XIII., KING



HEADS OF EUROPE.



FRANCIS JOSEPH I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.



ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.



ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.



CHARLES I., KING OF PORTUGAL.



AMELIA, QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.





WILLIAM II., GERMAN EMPEROR.



AUGUSTA VICTORIA, GERMAN EMPRESS.



VICTORIA, QUEEN



LEOPOLD II., KING OF THE BELGIANS.



MARIE HENRIETTA, QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.



GEORGE I., KING OF GREECE.



OLGA, QUEEN OF GREECE.

Supplement to the "REVIEW C



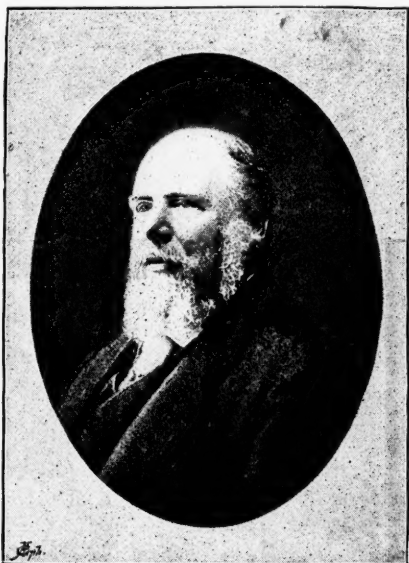
QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.



CHRISTIAN IX., KING OF DENMARK.



LOUISA, QUEEN OF DENMARK.



WILLIAM III., LATE KING OF THE NETHERLANDS



QUEEN REGENT OF THE NETHERLANDS.

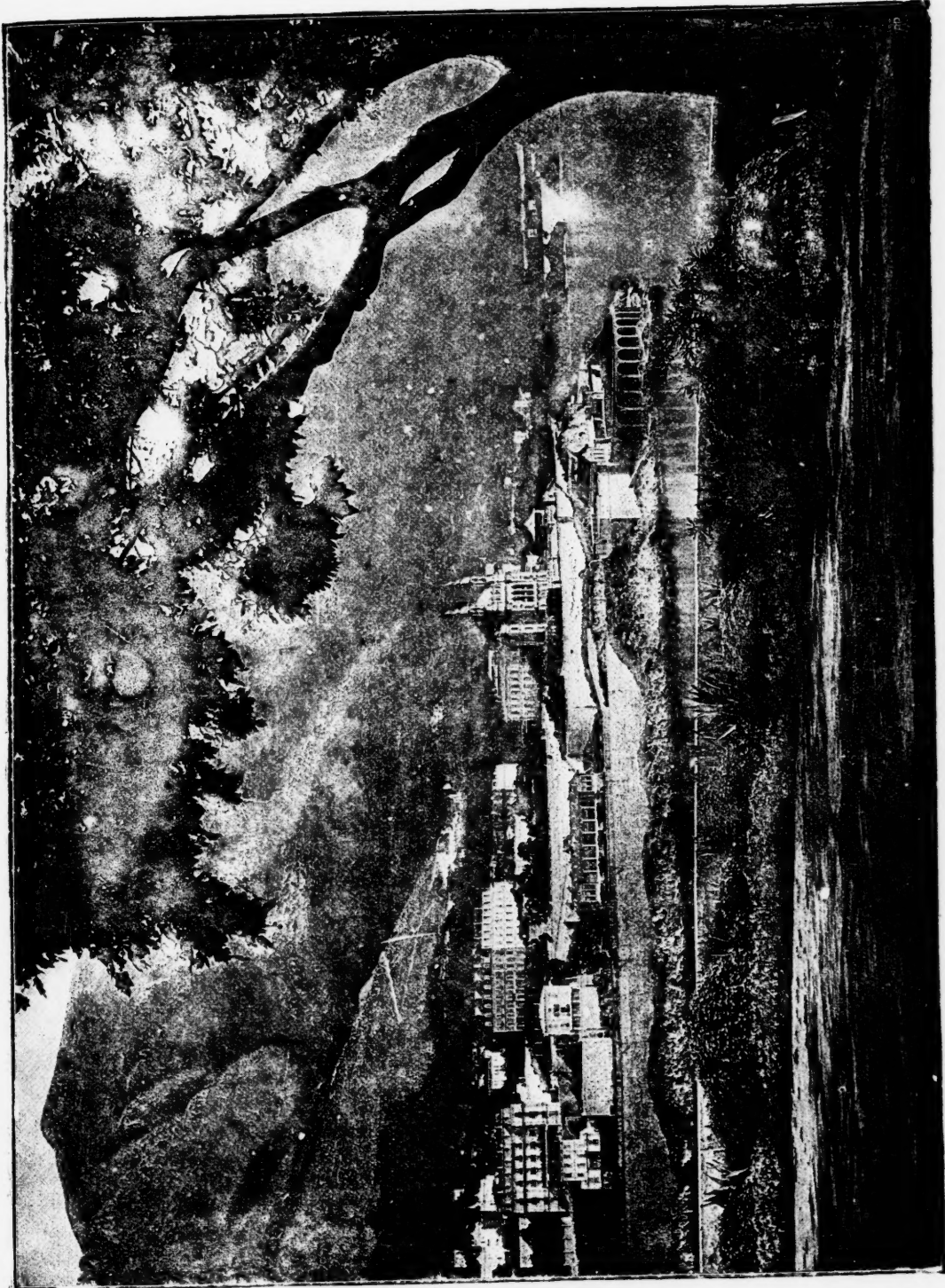


OSCAR II., KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.



SOPHIA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

OF REVIEWS," Christmas, 1890.

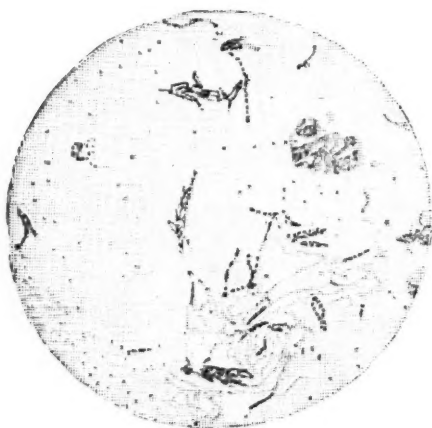


THE RIVIERA — MONTE CARLO.

warped by the position in which he found himself, or to be diverted from the line of work which was most congenial to his nature. Looking round, he saw that in one respect, at least, he might claim an advantage over his scientific brethren. If they had chemicals, laboratories, instruments, microscopes, he, at least, had cattle—nothing but cattle. To cattle, therefore, he turned himself, and soon proved that work of first-class importance might be achieved among these humblest of patients.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE BACILLUS ANTHRACIS.

Splenic fever, which has been surmised to have been one of the plagues of Egypt, has long been a bugbear of Continental farmers. The extreme virulence and infectiousness of this disease had often invited speculation, but it was not until about the year 1850 that Dr. Devaine discovered a very minute rod-like creature in the blood of the afflicted animals, which he conjectured to be the true cause of the disease, though he did not see his way to demonstrating the fact.



BACILLI OF TUBERCULAR PHTHISIS, SEEN THROUGH MICROSCOPE.

This was the broken enquiry which Koch now took in hand with the most successful results. Starting upon the supposition that these little creatures were not necessarily confined to the blood, but would live and multiply in any medium which was nutritious and warm, he made a suitable animal infusion, and introduced a small quantity of infected blood. In a few days the fluid, which had been clear, became turbid, and he found it to be swarming with countless millions of bacillus anthracis, as the organism is named, all derived apparently from the few which chanced to be in the original drop of blood. By taking a little of this fluid, and introducing it into a second bowl of the cultivating medium, he produced a second generation, and from that a third, each as virulent as the first. A drop injected into an animal brought on all the characteristic and deadly symptoms of splenic fever. In the course of these researches Koch found that the organism appeared in three forms—as rods, as round spores, and as long branching filaments; and he made the extremely important discovery that while in the two former cases they were extremely poisonous, in the form of filaments they became absolutely innocuous. A great step was won when Koch found himself able to cultivate the infection, as he might grow monkshood or

any vegetable poison in the soil of his back garden. It is a matter of history how Pasteur enlarged upon Koch's results, how he found that a weaker infusion might be made, which would render the animal innocuous to the more virulent type of the disease, and how France has been millions of pounds the richer for the vast number of animals who have been inoculated against the plague. Here was indeed a worthy rivalry between France and Germany—a contest as to which should confer the greatest benefits upon mankind. Koch's paper upon anthrax appeared in Colin's "Communications on the Biology of Plants," and instantly drew widespread attention to the writer, as did a second paper shortly afterwards upon the preserving and photographing of bacteria.

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BONN.

In the year 1880 Koch finally abandoned his country practice, and came to the University of Bonn, as assistant to Professor Finkelnburg. Before leaving Wollstein he had



THE SAME BACILLI AFTER FOURTEEN DAYS' DEVELOPMENT.

published a research over those micro-organisms which infest wounds. Lister's antiseptic system of surgery had been founded upon the presumption that such creatures exist, but Koch was the first to absolutely demonstrate it. His research was of importance not only for its results, but also on account of the additions which it made to our knowledge of the technical management of the microscope. Koch was the first to show the extreme importance of using certain staining agents, which enabled the bacteria to be more easily distinguished by the fact that they took a deeper tint than the tissues in which they lay. He was also the first to use the oil immersion method, by which the object glass is screwed down upon a drop of oil which condenses the light upon the object which is being examined.

HE FINDS THE BACILLUS OF TUBERCLE.

In the scientific atmosphere of Bonn, Koch found himself at last in a thoroughly congenial situation, and was soon at work again with his microscopes and his solutions. In 1882 he announced and demonstrated the bacillus of tubercle. Important as this discovery has proved, by being the one end of the chain which led to the idea of inoculation, it was also of great service to physicians as

putting into their hands an exact means of testing as to whether any given illness be tubercular or not. The presence of the little rod-like body is conclusive as a sign of true phthisis as distinguished from fibroid pneumonia, or any other wasting disease. In his recent report he complains, with some truth, that physicians have not sufficiently used this weapon which he has placed in their hands. He also was able to prove beyond all doubt that the condition known as scrofula and the skin disease known as lupus were both distinguished by the presence of the bacillus, and were therefore all different manifestations of the same disease. It is an affair of yesterday how brilliantly he has proved by the bedside what he had deduced in the laboratory.

AND THE CHOLERA BACILLUS.

In 1883 cholera, after a rest of ten years, hovered once more over the eastern portion of Europe. It appeared first in Damietta, whence it spread rapidly over Egypt. The German Government sent out a commission, with Koch at its head, to investigate the disease upon the spot. Before they had come to any definite conclusions, however, the cholera abated. With the thoroughness and patience which characterizes all Koch's work, he obtained leave to follow the cholera to India, where it is endemic, and to study it at its source. Here he succeeded in isolating and demonstrating the comma bacillus. Whether in this case also the finding of the cause of mischief may be the first step towards the discovery of its antidote time alone can show. It is at least well within the limits of reasonable hope.

AT BERLIN.

Honours now crowded thick and fast upon the discoverer, but even as poverty had failed to drive him from his life's work, so the greater trial of success was unable to relax his diligence. Appointed Professor of Hygiene and of Bacteriology in the University of Berlin, he quietly settled down to the investigation upon tubercle, which had been interrupted by his journey to India. For four years he pursued his silent studies, until he was able, at the recent medical congress at Berlin, to announce that they were almost complete, and that he would shortly give them to the world. The announcement was perhaps unfortunate, for it aroused such immense interest, and gave rise to so many circumstantial but fictitious rumours as to the efficacy of his treatment, that he was compelled, in order to prevent widespread disappointment, to give his discovery to the public rather earlier than he would otherwise have done.

And now as to the real value of that treatment—a question of the most vital importance to so many

thousands of sufferers and so many hundreds of thousands of anxious relatives. Before entering into so grave a question, I may perhaps explain what grounds I have upon which to form an opinion. I had the good fortune to be the first English physician to arrive in Berlin after the announcement of Koch's discovery, and I had opportunities of seeing all the cases which are under treatment in Von Bergmann's wards, the clinical wards of Dr. Levy in the Prantzlauer Strasse, and under Dr. Bardeleben at the Charité Hospital. From these combined sources, I may fairly say that I had some material from which to draw a deduction.

THE COURTESY OF VON BERGMANN.

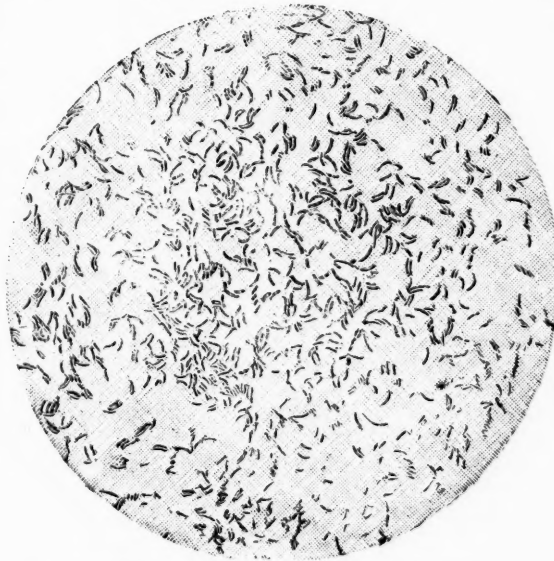
The stranger in Berlin is somewhat lost among the number of hospitals and clinical classes which make the city a great centre of teaching. My letters of introduction were to gentlemen who showed me the greatest kindness, but who were not medical men, and knew little, therefore, as to the means by which I might attain my end. Hearing, however, that Professor Von Bergmann intended to give a lecture upon the Sunday night on the cases under his treatment, I adopted the course which seemed to me to be the most direct and the most likely to be successful. Putting myself in the position of a German medical man who was seeking information in London, I thought it best to go straight to the Professor and explain to him my difficulty. No doubt it would have succeeded in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, but Von Bergmann unfortunately was the hundredth man. Never at any time remarkable for the suavity of his manners, he is notoriously gruff to our fellow-countrymen, and sees a Morell Mackenzie in every travelling Briton. No one can come

in contact with him without at once seeing the difficulty which any colleague would have in working with him, and understanding where the blame lay in the painful controversy which followed the late Emperor's decease.

"There's no place," he shouted, in answer to my modest request that after travelling 700 miles I might be admitted to his lecture. "Perhaps you would like to take my place. That is the only one vacant." Then, as I bowed and turned away, he roared after me, "The first two rows of my clinic are entirely taken up by Englishmen." As I happened to know that the only Englishmen at his lectures were Mr. Malcolm Morris, of St. Mary's, and Dr. Pringle, of the Middlesex Hospital, I was as little impressed by his accuracy as by his courtesy.

PATIENTS UNDER TREATMENT.

As it happened, however, there was among the knot of students who overheard the incident an American gentleman, Dr. Hartz, of Michigan, who, on the good old



MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF CULTIVATED BACILLI.

principle that blood is thicker than water, at once lent me his powerful aid. Through his kind assistance I was enabled next morning to turn the Professor's flank by seeing in his wards the same cases which he had lectured upon the night before. A long and grim array they were of twisted joints, rotting bones, and foul ulcers of the skin, all more or less under the benign influence of the inoculation. Some of the ulcers were nearly healed, and I was assured by the assistant surgeons, and by Dr. Hartz, that where I now saw a white cicatrix drawing over the gap, there had formerly been nothing but disease and putrescence. Here and there I saw a patient, bright-eyed, flushed, and breathing heavily, who was in the stage of reaction after the administration of the injection; for it cannot be too clearly understood that the first effect of the virus is to intensify the symptoms, to raise the temperature to an almost dangerous degree, and in every way to make the patient worse instead of better.

DR. LEVY'S CLASS ROOMS.

From Von Bergmann's wards we made our way to Dr. Levy's Klinik, where again a similar series of cases were presented to us. The rooms were small, and, what with the press of the doctors, the crowd of patients seeking admission, and the number of sufferers who already occupied the beds, it was a somewhat trying atmosphere. The same scene was to be witnessed at the Charité Hospital, save that it was to the students rather than to the doctors that the teaching was addressed.

WHAT THE REMEDY DOES.

As to the efficacy of the treatment, the scepticism with which it has been encountered in some quarters is as undeserved as the absolute confidence with which others have hailed it. It must never be lost sight of that Koch has never claimed that his fluid kills the tubercle bacillus. On the contrary, it has no effect upon it, but destroys the low form of tissue in the meshes of which the bacilli lie. Should this tissue slough in the case of lupus, or be expelled in the sputum in the case of phthisis, and should it contain in its meshes all the bacilli, then it would be possible to hope for a complete cure. When one considers, however, the number and the minute size of these deadly organisms, and the evidence that the lymphatics as well as the organs are affected by them, it is evident that it will only be in very exceptional cases that the bacilli are all expelled. By the cessation of the reaction after injection you can tell when the tubercular tissue is all cleared out of the system, but there are no means by which you can tell how far the bacilli themselves have been got rid of. If any remain they will, of course, cause by their irritation fresh tubercular tissue to form, which in turn may be destroyed by a new series of injections. But, unfortunately, it is evident that the system soon establishes a tolerance to the injected fluid, so that the time must apparently come when the continually renewed tubercle tissue will refuse to respond to the remedy, in whatever strength it may be applied. Here lies the vast difference between Koch's treatment of consumption, and the action of vaccine in the case of small-pox. The one is for a time at least conclusive, while in the other your remedy does not treat the real seat of the evil. It continually removes the traces of the enemy, but it still leaves him deep in the invaded country.

ONE OF ITS DANGERS.

Another objection, though a much lighter one, is that the process stirs into activity all those tubercular centres which have become dormant. In one case which I have seen, the injection, given for the cure of a tubercular joint, caused

an ulcer of the eye, which had been healed for twenty years, to suddenly break out again, thus demonstrating that the original ulcer came from a tubercular cause. It may also be remarked that the fever and reaction after the injection is in some cases so very high (41 deg. Cent. or nearly 104 deg. Fahr.) that it is hardly safe to use it in the case of a debilitated patient.

So much as to the more obviously weak points of the system. Others may develop themselves as more experience is gained. On the other hand, its virtues are many, and it represents an entirely new departure in medicine.

ITS ADVANTAGES.

There can be no question that it forms an admirable aid to diagnosis. Tubercle, and tubercle alone, responds to its action, so that in all cases where the exact nature of a complaint is doubtful, a single injection is enough to determine whether it is serofulous, lupous, phthisical, or in any way tuberculous. This alone is a very important addition to the art of medicine.

Of its curative action in lupus there can be no question, though I have heard Dr. Koeler, the Berlin specialist upon skin affections, express a doubt as to the permanency of the cicatrix. This point, however, will be very shortly settled in England by the outcome of the case which Mr. Malcolm Morris, the well-known specialist, took over to Berlin. As far as this case has progressed there can be no doubt that the result has been astonishingly successful.

In the case of true phthisis of the lungs, which is of more immediate importance in these islands, the evidence is so slight that we can only regard it as an indication and a hope, rather than a proof. It is obvious that the difficulty of getting rid of the tubercular matter is enormously increased when the diseased products are buried deeply in a vital organ. It may prove that even here the specific action of the remedy may triumph over the degenerative process, but it would be an encouraging of false hopes to pretend that this result is in any way assured.

THE DEMAND FOR THE LYMPH.

Lastly, as to the obtaining of the all-important lymph. I called upon Dr. A. Libbertz, to whom its distribution has been entrusted, and I learned that the present supply is insufficient to meet the demands, even of the Berlin hospitals, and that it will be months before any other applicants can be supplied. A pile of letters upon the floor, four feet across, and as high as a man's knee, gave some indication as to what the future demand would be. These, I was informed, represented a single post.

Whatever may be the ultimate decision as to the system, there can be but one opinion as to the man himself. With the noble modesty which is his characteristic, he has retired from every public demonstration; and with the candour of a true man of science his utterances are mostly directed to the pointing out of the weak points and flaws in his own system. If anyone is deceived upon the point it is assuredly not the fault of the discoverer. Associates say that he has aged years in the last six months, and that his lined face and dry yellow skin are the direct results of the germ-laden atmosphere in which he has so fearlessly lived. It may well be that the eyes of posterity, passing over the ninety-year-old warrior in Silesia, and the giant statesman in Pomerania, may fix their gaze upon the silent worker in the Kloster Strasse, as being the noblest German of them all.

DR. KOCH'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS REMEDY.

The following is Dr. Koch's own account of his discovery, entitled, "A Further Communication on a Remedy for Tuberculosis," translated from the original article published in the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift*, November 14. The translation is that of the *British Medical Journal* :—

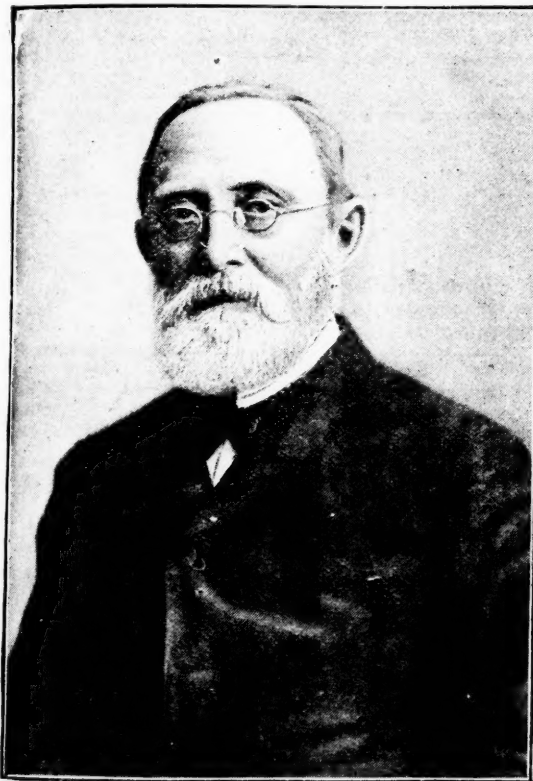
INTRODUCTION.

In an address delivered before the International Medical Congress I mentioned a remedy which conferred on the animals experimented on an immunity against inoculation with the tubercle bacillus, and which arrests tuberculous disease. Investigations have now been carried out on

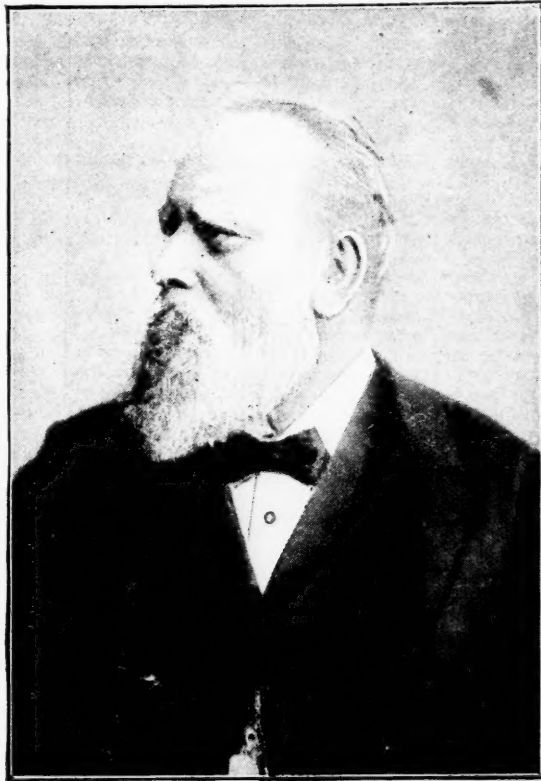
fessor Brieger from his Poliklinik, Dr. W. Levy from his private surgical clinic, Geheimrath Dr. Fränzel and Oberstabsarzt Kohler from the Charité Hospital, and Geheimrath von Bergmann from the Surgical Clinic of the University.

THE REMEDY.

As regards the origin and the preparation of the remedy I am unable to make any statement, as my research is not yet concluded; I reserve this for a future communication. Doctors wishing to make investigations with the remedy at present can obtain it from Dr. A. Libbertz, Lueneburger Strasse, 28, Berlin, N.W., who has undertaken the preparation of the remedy, with my own and Dr. Ffühl's co-operation. But I must remark that the quantity prepared at present is but small, and the larger



PROFESSOR RUDOLPH VIRCHOW.



PROFESSOR TH. BILLROTH.

human patients, and these form the subject of the following observations.

It was originally my intention to complete the research, and especially to gain sufficient experience regarding the application of the remedy in practice and its production on a large scale before publishing anything on the subject. But, in spite of all precautions, too many accounts have reached the public, and that in an exaggerated and distorted form, so that it seems imperative, in order to prevent all false impressions, to give at once a review of the position of the subject at the present stage of the inquiry. It is true that this review can, under these circumstances, be only brief, and must leave open many important questions.

The investigations have been carried on under my direction by Dr. A. Libbertz and Stabsarzt Dr. F. Ffühl, and are still in progress. Patients were placed at my disposal by Pro-

quantities will not be obtainable for some weeks. The remedy is a brownish transparent liquid, which does not require special care to prevent decomposition. For use this fluid must be more or less diluted, and the dilutions are liable to decomposition if prepared with distilled water: bacterial growths soon develop in them, they become turbid, and are then unfit for use. To prevent this the diluted liquid must be sterilized by heat and preserved under a cotton wool stopper, or more conveniently prepared with a half per cent. solution of phenol.

HOW TO USE IT.

It would seem, however, that the effect is weakened both by frequent heating and by mixture with phenol solution, and I have therefore always made use of freshly-prepared solutions. Introduced into the stomach the remedy has no effect; in order to obtain a reliable effect it must be injected sub-

cutaneously. For this purpose we have used exclusively the small syringe suggested by me for bacteriological work; it is furnished with a small india-rubber ball, and has no piston. This syringe can easily be kept aseptic by absolute alcohol, and to this we attribute the fact that not a single abscess has been observed in the course of more than a thousand subcutaneous injections. The place chosen for the injection—after several trials of other places—was the skin of the back between the shoulder-blades and the lumbar region, because here the injection led to doubtful cases of phthisis; for instance, cases in which it is impossible to obtain certainty as to the nature of the disease by the discovery of bacilli, or elastic fibres, in the sputum, or by physical examination. Affections of the glands, latent tuberculosis of bone, doubtful cases of tuberculosis of the skin, and such like cases will be easily and with certainty recognised. In cases of tuberculosis of the lungs or joints which have become apparently cured we shall be able to make sure whether the disease has really finished its course, and whether there be not still some diseased spots from which it might again arise as a flame from a spark hidden by ashes.

ITS EFFECT.

Of much greater importance, however, than its diagnostic use is the therapeutic effect of the remedy. In the description of the changes which a subcutaneous injection of the remedy produces in portions of skin changed by lupus, I mentioned that after the subsidence of the swelling and decrease of redness the lupus tissue does not return to its original condition, but that it is destroyed to a greater or less extent, and disappears. Observation shows that in some parts this result is brought about by the diseased tissue becoming necrotic, even after one sufficient injection, and, at a later stage, it is thrown off as a dead mass. In other parts a disappearance, or, as it were, a melting of the tissues seem to occur, and in such case the injection must be repeated to complete the cure.

IT KILLS THE TUBERCULOUS TISSUE.

In what way this process occurs cannot as yet be said with certainty, as the necessary histological investigations are not complete. But so much is certain that there is no question of a destruction of the tubercle bacilli in the tissues, but only that the tissue enclosing the tubercle bacilli is affected by the remedy. Beyond this there is, as is shown by the visible swelling and redness, considerable disturbance of the circulation, and, evidently in connection therewith, deeply-seated changes in its nutrition, which cause the tissue to die off more or less quickly and deeply, according to the extent of the action of the remedy.

THE LIMITS OF ITS ACTION.

To recapitulate, the remedy does not kill the tubercle bacilli, but the tuberculous tissue; and this gives us clearly and definitely the limit that bounds the action of the remedy. It can only influence living tuberculous tissue; it has no effect on dead tissue, as, for instance, necrotic cheesy masses, necrotic bones, &c., nor has it any effect on tissue made necrotic by the remedy itself. In such masses of dead tissue living tubercle bacilli may possibly still be present, and are either thrown off with the necrosed tissue, or may possibly enter the neighbouring still living tissue under certain circumstances. If the therapeutic activity of the remedy is to be rendered as fruitful as possible, this peculiarity in its mode of action must be carefully observed. In the first instance the living tuberculous tissue must be caused to undergo necrosis, and then everything must be done to remove the dead tissue as soon as possible, as, for instance, by surgical interference. Where this is not possible, and the organism can only help itself in throwing off the tissue slowly, the endangered living tissue must be protected from fresh incursions of the parasites by continuous application of the remedy.

THE DOSE.

The fact that the remedy makes tuberculous tissue necrotic, and acts only on living tissue, helps to explain another peculiar characteristic thereof—namely, that it can be given in

rapidly increasing doses. At first sight this phenomenon would seem to point to the establishment of tolerance, but since it is found that the dose can, in the course of about three weeks, be increased to about 500 times the original amount, tolerance can no longer be accepted as an explanation, as we know of nothing analogous to such a rapid and complete adaptation to an extremely active remedy. The phenomenon must rather be explained in this way—that in the beginning of the treatment there is a good deal of tuberculous living tissue, and that consequently a small amount of the active principle suffices to cause a strong reaction; but by each injection a certain amount of the tissue capable of reaction disappears, and then comparatively larger doses are necessary to produce the same amount of reaction as before. Within certain limits a certain degree of habituation may be perceived.

As soon as the tuberculous patient has been treated with increasing doses for so long that the point is reached when his reaction is as feeble as that of a non-tuberculous patient, then it may be assumed that all tuberculous tissue is destroyed. And then the treatment will only have to be continued by slowly increasing doses and with interruptions, in order that the patient may be protected from fresh infection while bacilli are still present in the organism.

Whether this conception, and the inferences that follow from it, be correct, the future must show. They were conclusive as far as I am concerned in determining the mode of treatment by the remedy, which, in our investigations, took the following form.

FOR LUPUS.

To begin with the simplest case, lupus; in nearly every one of these cases I injected the full dose of 0.01 cubic centimetres from the first. I then allowed the reaction to come to an end entirely, and then, after a week or two, again injected 0.01 cubic centimetre, continuing in the same way until the reaction became weaker and weaker, and then ceased. In two cases of facial lupus the lupus spots were thus brought to complete cicatrization by three or four injections; the other lupus cases improved in proportion to the duration of the treatment. All these patients had been sufferers for many years, having been previously treated unsuccessfully by various therapeutic methods.

Glandular, bone, and joint tuberculosis was similarly treated, large doses at long intervals being made use of; the result was the same as in the lupus cases—a speedy cure in recent and slight cases, slow improvement in severe cases.

FOR CONSUMPTION.

Circumstances were somewhat different in phthisical patients, who constituted the largest number of our patients. Patients with decided pulmonary tuberculosis are much more sensitive to the remedy than those with surgical tuberculous affections. We were obliged to lower the dose for the phthisical patients, and found that they almost all reacted strongly to 0.002 cubic centimetre, and even to 0.001 cubic centimetre. From this first small dose it became possible to rise more or less quickly to the same amount as is well borne by other patients.

Our course was generally as follows:—An injection of 0.001 cubic centimetre was first given to the phthisical patient; on this a rise of temperature followed, the same dose being repeated once a day until no reaction could be observed. We then rose to 0.02 cubic centimetre, until this was borne with out reaction; and so on, rising by 0.001, or at most 0.002, to 0.01 cubic centimetre and more. This mild course seemed to me imperative in cases where there was great debility. By this mode of treatment the patient can be brought to bear large doses of the remedy with scarcely a rise of temperature. The patients of greater strength were treated from the first, partly with larger doses, partly with rapidly repeated doses. Here it seemed that the beneficial results were more quickly obtained.

CURE CERTAIN AT EARLY STAGES.

The action of the remedy in cases of phthisis generally showed itself as follows:—Cough and expectoration generally increased a little after the first injection, then grew less

and less, and in the most favourable cases entirely disappeared; the expectoration also lost its purulent character, and became mucous.

As a rule, the number of bacilli only decreased when the expectoration began to present a mucous appearance; they then from time to time disappeared entirely, but were again observed occasionally until expectoration ceased completely. Simultaneously the night sweats ceased, the patients' appearance improved, and they increased in weight. Within four to six weeks patients under treatment for the first stage of phthisis were all free from every symptom of disease, and might be pronounced cured. Patients with cavities, not yet too highly developed, improved considerably, and were almost cured; only in those whose lungs contained many large cavities could no improvement be proved objectively, though even in these cases the expectoration decreased, and the subjective condition improved. These experiences lead me to suppose that phthisis in the beginning can be cured with certainty by this remedy. This sentence requires limitation in so far as at present no conclusive experiences can possibly be brought forward to prove whether the cure is lasting. Relapses naturally may occur; but it can be assumed that they may be cured as easily and quickly as the first attack. On the other hand it seems possible that, as in other infectious diseases, patients once cured may retain their immunity. This, too, must, for the present, remain an open question.

EFFECT IN ADVANCED CASES.

In part this may be assumed for other cases when not too far advanced; but patients with large cavities who almost all suffer from complications caused, for instance, by the incursion of other puss-forming micro-organisms into the cavities, or by incurable pathological changes in other organs will probably only obtain lasting benefit from the remedy in exceptional cases. Even such patients, however, were benefited for a time. This seems to prove that, in their cases too, the original tuberculous disease is influenced by the remedy in the same manner as in the other cases, but that we are unable to remove the necrotic masses of tissue with the secondary suppuration processes.

The thought suggests itself involuntarily that relief might possibly be brought to many of these severely afflicted patients by a combination of this new therapeutic method with surgical operations (such as the operation for empyema), or with other curative methods. And here I would earnestly warn people against a conventional and indiscriminate application of the remedy in all cases of tuberculosis. The treatment will probably be quite simple in cases where the least local reaction—generally none at all—and was almost painless.

ITS EFFECT ON GUINEA-PIGS.

As regards the effect of the remedy on the human patient, it was clear from the beginning of the research that in one very important point the human being reacts to the remedy differently from the animal generally used in experiments—the guinea-pig—a new proof for the experimenter of the all-important law that experiment on animals is not conclusive for the human being, for the human patient proved extraordinarily more sensitive than the guinea-pig as regards the effect of the remedy. A healthy guinea-pig will bear two cubic centimetres and even more of the liquid injected subcutaneously without being sensibly affected. But in the case of a full-grown, healthy man 0.25 cubic centimetre suffices to produce an intense effect. Calculated by body weight the 1,500th part of the quantity, which has no appreciable effect on the guinea-pig, acts powerfully on the human being.

HOW YOU FEEL UNDER THE TREATMENT.

The symptoms arising from an injection of 0.25 cubic centimetre I have observed after an injection made in my own upper arm. They were briefly as follows:—Three to four hours after the injection there came on pain in the limbs, fatigue, inclination to cough, difficulty in breathing, which speedily increased. In the fifth hour an unusually violent attack of ague followed, which lasted almost an hour. At the same time there was sickness, vomiting, and rise of

body temperature up to 39.6 deg. C. After twelve hours all these symptoms abated. The temperature fell until next day it was normal, and a feeling of fatigue and pain in the limbs continued for a few days, and for exactly the same period of time the site of injection remained slightly painful and red. The lowest limit of the effect of the remedy for a healthy human being is about 0.01 cubic centimetre (equal to 1 cubic centimetre of the hundredth solution), as has been proved by numerous experiments. When this dose was used, reaction in most people showed itself only by slight pains in the limbs and transient fatigue. A few showed a slight rise of temperature up to about 38 deg. C. Although the dosage of the remedy shows a great difference between animals and human beings—calculated by body weight—in some other qualities there is much similarity between them. The most important of these qualities is the specific action of the remedy on tubercular processes of whatever kind.

ITS SPECIFIC ACTION.

I will not here describe this action as regards animals used for experiment, but I will at once turn to its extraordinary action on tuberculous human beings. The healthy human being reacts either not at all or scarcely at all—as we have seen when 0.01 cubic centimetre is used. The same holds good with regard to patients suffering from diseases other than tuberculosis, as repeated experiments have proved. But the case is very different when the disease is tuberculosis; the same dose of 0.01 cubic centimetre injected subcutaneously into the tuberculous patient caused a severe general reaction, as well as a local one. (I gave children, aged from two to five years, one-tenth of this dose—that is to say, 0.001 cubic centimetre; very delicate children, only 0.0005 cubic centimetre, and obtained a powerful but in no way dangerous reaction.) The general reaction consists in an attack of fever, which, generally beginning with rigors, raises the temperature above 39 degs., often up to 40 degs., and even 41 deg. C.; this is accompanied by pains in the limbs, coughing, great fatigue, often sickness and vomiting. In several cases a slight icteric discoloration was observed, and occasionally an eruption like measles on the chest and neck. The attack usually begins four to five hours after the injection, and lasts from 12 to 15 hours. Occasionally it begins later, and then runs its course with less intensity. The patients are very little affected by the attack, and as soon as it is over feel comparatively well, generally better than before it.

BEGIN WITH LUPUS.

The local reaction can be best observed in cases where the tuberculous affection is visible; for instance, in cases of lupus—here changes take place which show the specific anti-tuberculous action of the remedy to a most surprising degree. A few hours after an injection into the skin of the back—the is, in a spot far removed from the diseased spots on the face, &c.—the lupus spots begin to swell and to redden, and this they generally do before the initial rigor. During the fever, swelling and redness increase, and may finally reach a high degree, so that the lupus tissue becomes brownish and necrotic in places. Where the lupus was sharply defined we sometimes found a much swollen and brownish spot surrounded by a whitish edge almost a centimetre wide, which again was surrounded by a broad band of bright red.

After the subsidence of the fever the swelling of the lupus tissue decreases gradually, and disappears in about two or three days. The lupus spots themselves are then covered by a crust of serum, which filters outwards, and dries in the air; they change to crusts, which fall off after two or three weeks, and which, sometimes after one injection only, leave a clean red cicatrix behind. Generally, however, several injections are required for the complete removal of the lupus tissue. But of this more later on. I must mention, as a point of special importance, that the changes described are exactly confined to the parts of the skin affected with lupus. Even the smallest nodules, and those most deeply hidden in the lupus tissue, go through the process, and become visible in consequence of the swelling and change of colour.

whilst the tissue itself, in which the lupus changes have entirely ceased, remains unchanged.

TUBERCULOSIS OF JOINTS, ETC.

The specific action of the remedy in these cases is less striking, but is perceptible to eye and touch, as are the local reactions in cases of tuberculosis of the glands, bones, joints, &c. In these cases swelling, increased sensibility, and redness of the superficial parts are observed. The reaction of the internal organs, especially of the lungs, is not at once apparent, unless the increased cough and expectoration of consumptive patients after the first injections be considered as pointing to a local reaction. In these cases the general reaction is dominant; nevertheless, we are justified in assuming that here, too, changes take place similar to those seen in lupus cases.

ITS VALUE IN DIAGNOSIS

The symptoms of reaction above described occurred without exception in all cases where a tuberculous process was present in the organism, after a dose of 0.01 cubic centimetre, and I think I am justified in saying that the remedy will therefore, in future, form an indispensable aid to diagnosis. By its aid we shall be able to diagnose the beginning of phthisis and simple surgical cases are concerned, but in all other forms of tuberculosis medical art must have full sway by careful individualization, and making use of all other auxiliary methods to assist the action of the remedy. In many cases I had the decided impression that the careful nursing bestowed on the patient had a considerable influence on the result of the treatment, and I am in favour of applying the remedy in proper sanatoria as opposed to treatment at home and in the out-patient room. How far the methods of treatment already recognised as curative—such as mountain climate, fresh-air treatment, special diet, &c.—may be profitably combined with the new treatment cannot yet be definitely stated, but I believe that these therapeutic methods will also be highly advantageous when combined with the new treatment in many cases, especially in the convalescent stage. As regards tuberculosis of brain, larynx, and military tuberculosis, we had too little material at our disposal to gain proper experience.

TAKE IT EARLY.

The most important point to be observed in the new treatment is its early application. The proper subjects for treatment are patients in the initial stage of phthisis, for in them the curative action can be most fully shown, and for this reason, too, it cannot be too seriously pointed out that practitioners must in future be more than ever alive to the importance of diagnosing phthisis in as early a stage as possible. Up to the present the proof of tubercle bacilli in the sputum was considered more as an interesting point of secondary importance, which, though it made diagnosis more certain could not help the patient in any way, and which, in consequence, was often neglected. This I have lately repeatedly had occasion to observe in numerous cases of phthisis which had generally gone through the hands of several doctors without any examination of the sputum having been made. In future this must be changed. A doctor who shall neglect to diagnose phthisis in its earlier stage by all methods at his command, especially by examining the sputum, will be guilty of the most serious neglect of his patient, whose life may depend on this diagnosis, and the specific treatment at once applied in consequence thereof. In doubtful cases medical practitioners must make sure of the presence or absence of tuberculosis, and then only the new therapeutic method will become a blessing to suffering humanity, when all cases of tuberculosis are treated in their earliest stage, and we no longer meet with neglected serious cases forming an inextinguishable source of fresh infections. Finally, I would remark that I have purposely omitted statistical accounts and descriptions of individual cases, because the medical men who furnished us with patients for our investigations have themselves decided to publish the description of their cases, and I wish my account to be as objective as possible, leaving to them all that is purely personal.

THE LATEST REPORTS OF EXPERTS.

Since Mr. Conan Doyle, to whom I am indebted for the foregoing sketch, left Berlin there have been numerous reports by various medical societies and others as to the value of Dr. Koch's treatment. One thing is quite clear, and that is that while there have been apparently good results following the application of the alleged remedy in certain cases of lupus, there is absolutely no proof as yet that the Koch inoculations have cured a single case of consumption, even in its earliest stages, while it is admitted by Dr. Koch himself to be useless whenever consumption has made much progress.

The following are some of the reports which have been drawn up on the subject, which may be taken to represent the last word which medical science could say upon the alleged discovery up to the end of November:—

A distinguished member of the medical faculty in England, who came to Berlin to make a study of Dr. Koch's new cure for tuberculosis in all its forms, reported as follows to the *Times*:—

The value of the remedy, as an aid in diagnosis, is thus very great, and would alone serve to stamp its discovery as one of the first importance. It will be found especially useful in enabling the surgeon to detect the existence of tuberculosis in bones and joints.

Professor Billroth, at Vienna, on November 26th, said, unless the greatest caution is used in the application of the powerful medicine internal complications may arise which in certain cases may do immeasurable harm. He has known consumptive patients who had tubercular disease of the brain, and these might be absolutely killed if the remedy were applied in the dose prescribed by Dr. Koch. He hopes, however, that the remedy when carefully used may arrest the progress of consumption, but believes it will never heal it.

Dr. Kowalski, chief of the Bacteriological Institute for Army Physicians in Vienna, who was sent to Dr. Koch by the War Office a fortnight ago to study the new treatment, is most guarded where disease of the lungs or throat tuberculosis comes in question; but he is enthusiastic in his praises of the action of the remedy in external diseases. He has seen cases of diseased spine treated with most extraordinary results. Lupus, he says, is already beyond discussion, and may be considered as good as done with once for all. As a diagnostic test, the remedy works miracles.

At a special meeting, on November 25th, of the Medical Society of Cracow, the following resolutions were adopted:

- (1) That Dr. Koch's lymph is a more effectual specific against external tubercles than any other known remedy.
- (2) That the therapeutic quality of the lymph and the mode of its application require further experiment before anything about them can be positively affirmed.
- (3) That the whole discovery is still in the stage of observation.
- (4) That the therapeutic value of specially selected health resorts for cases of tuberculosis remains unaffected, the climates of these places serving to fortify the system against the invasion and ravages of bacilli.

Dr. Désiré Schmitz, an eminent Antwerp clinical practitioner, reports November 23rd:—

The remedy acts against the living tubercular tissue, and slowly cures lupus; till now not a single case has been cured completely. As regards pulmonary phthisis, the remedy is still doubtful, and the experiments are only commencing.

After making an adequate grant to Dr. Koch, the State will, according to the *Börsen Zeitung*, undertake the production of his lymph on its own account. The number of patients treated by Dr. Koch's method in Berlin city was estimated at from seven to eight hundred up to the end of December.



PHOTOGRAPHY and the Magic-Lantern seem destined to revolutionize education, and to afford immense reinforcements to religion. Between them they are going to democratize sects, to educate the masses, and contribute quite unexpectedly to the evangelization of the world. The article which I republished in an early number of this REVIEW from the *Photographic Quarterly* set me a thinking. There is evidently a new departure in education. If the lantern can be used in the full light of day, and photographic reproductions of every visible—almost of every invisible—thing can be thrown vividly before the eyes of the student, what a change does this not portend? No doubt in science teaching this change will be more easily effected. It is so obvious an advantage to be able to throw upon a screen, a thousand-fold magnified, before the eyes of a whole class, the exact picture of the microscopical infinitesimals, the varying fortunes of whose continual warfare make the difference between health and disease. Diagrams cannot for a moment compare with the slides. They are few, costly, and comparatively invisible. The schoolmaster who is now abroad must carry a magic-lantern instead of a ferule, and deliver his lessons by the aid of a great white sheet on which the wonder-working lens of light prints an endless succession of fresh pictures to stimulate the mind of the scholars. The use of the lantern as an educational appliance is growing, but it is as yet in its infancy. The time is coming, however, when a school without a lantern will be as absurd an anachronism as a school without a slate or an inkpot.

A PLEA FOR EYEGATE.

It is not, however, with the highly equipped colleges of science or the schools, which are either endowed by pious founders or supported by public taxes, that I am so much concerned. The students and the scholars who attend these institutions are already fairly well provided for. The lantern will increase the luxury and the efficiency of their modes of culture—that is all. I am thinking most of the uneducated millions here and elsewhere, who are none the less uneducated because they may have learned the alphabet and are able to write their names. Life is hard with them for the most part; the taste for reading has not been acquired. If they are to be instructed, they must be interested, and how can this be done more efficiently than by the free use of pictures? Men and women are but grown-up children. There are very few of us who learnt to love reading without being first tempted thereto by pictures. "The picture book" is the fair visaged janitress of the Temple of Knowledge. We learn to love her pleasant face, and follow her across the portals which, but for the lure of her smile, we should never have crossed. If that be so with children, it is

equally the case with grown-up men and women. If we have to get ideas into the mind, they must enter by the gate of the eye.

THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.

Our pious forefathers understood that well. No doubt Eyegate was of more importance in the days when no man but the clergy could read, and they were therefore bound over in heavy penalties to use the picture as a means of education. You see the same thing now in Russia, where the numbers of the unlettered are great; the usual method of informing the public of the existence of a greengrocer is for the worthy tradesman to cover his house front with elaborate paintings of cabbages and turnips. Our old inn-signs tell the same story. The printing press and the extension of education have led to the disuse of these scenic advertisements of mediæval times. But we have gone too far in the direction of the disuse of pictures. The advertisement agents have been the first to discover this. Mr. T. B. Browne, the Leviathan of the advertising world, owes no small measure of his phenomenal success to the persistence with which he has pressed on advertisers the importance of pictures. He is a believer in Eyegate. Type is a poor thing compared with an artist's block. The majority of human beings read nothing. It is only a minority that even reads the newspaper. If you have to educate the unreading classes it must be done by the use of pictures. So well was this recognised that in the olden days, when the Catholic Church was really concerned with all the needs of humanity, and had undertaken in serious earnest the guidance and education of all mankind, the discovery of the art of staining glass windows filled the pious souls of the great churchmen with almost as much joy as if they had received a new evangel from the skies. And with reason. Because they perceived that by the stained glass window they could make the very light of the sun a preacher of the story of the Cross, by refusing it access to any building until they had compelled its rays to bear the glad tidings of great joy to all those within its precincts. To make the old gospel real to a human soul who is without a gospel, is better work than the supplying of a fifth gospel to those who have already four.

THE EXAMPLE OF THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH.

I am a Protestant and the son of a Protestant, a Dissenter and the son of an Independent minister, but I never enter the old cathedrals with which mediæval piety strewed Europe without a sentiment of infinite admiration and reverence for those who built these stately piles, and whose "storied windows, richly dight," were the great picture gallery of the poor. What madness of pig-headed perversity it is to

refuse to imitate their example because we differ from their theology! We might as well refuse the inspiration of the sculpture of Greece, because the men whose chisel fixed ideal beauty in imperishable marble offered incense in the temple of Zeus. Imitate their example, not in imitating their actions, which were dictated by the circumstances of their time, but by showing the same spirit, and displaying the same alacrity of resource which distinguished them. What would not these men, who went into ecstasies of pious thankfulness over stained glass, have said and done if they had seen in some beatific vision the glories of the magic lantern, or the miracles of photography, or the possibilities of the printing press! They made their churches the picture galleries of their time. Even down to our time Voltaire's saying remains true, that in Catholic countries the parish church is the poor man's opera-house. It is also his Madame Tussaud's, his collection of statuary, and his school of architecture. In olden times it was also his theatre. Nowadays these healthy human uses have largely disappeared. Our churches and chapels stand grim monuments of silence and waste six days out of every seven. They represent millions of disused capital, 14 per cent. only of which is employed, and the remaining 86 per cent. left idle all the year long. A shriek of pious horror would arise if it were proposed to turn a church or a chapel into a picture-gallery. Yet a picture-gallery they ought to be, and a concert-room besides, until the life of man is suffused somewhat more than it is to-day with the beauty of colour and the melody of song. These silent and idle organs, with all the imprisoned angels of music boxed up in the silent pipes—when will the time come that they will be released to flood the great arches every day with the deep peal of melodious sound?

THE MAGIC LANTERN IN CHURCH.

"Profanation! sacrilege!" Of course, of course. As if the devotion of the house of God to the helpful service of man was less pleasing in His sight than the blue mouldy silence and mouse-haunted emptiness of the "sacred" edifice. But this is a digression, only justifiable as bearing upon the plea for the introduction of the magic-lantern into the Church. The idea may appear fantastic, and may even seem as objectionable as did the first suggestion of a hymn-book. But before long the lantern, I hope, may be regarded as indispensable as the pulpit itself. In all gatherings of the masses in masses the advantage of substituting the lantern-displayed verses of each hymn for the loan of hymn-books will be obvious to any one who has ever taken part in a monster meeting, or even in smaller gatherings, of those to whom a hymn-book is an unfamiliar novelty. By the aid of four lanterns 20,000 could see to read verses which could by no possibility of speaking-trumpet be made audible. It is not only that pictures attract; they also influence. It was, no doubt, an irregular and illogical use of pictures as an argument that enabled the missionary to banish the doubts of an African convert to the truth of Genesis by showing him a picture of the animals coming out of the Ark; but there is a great deal of truth in the old saw: "Seeing is believing."

ITS USE AS AN EVANGELIZER.

As to the truth of this I am glad to be able to bring forward the testimony of Mr. Joseph Nix, of the West London Wesleyan Mission, who is entirely in accord with those who would scout as mere sounding brass and tinkling cymbals whatever accessories did not lead directly

to the conversion of the individual soul. Not to tickle itching palates, but to save their souls is the dominant passion of this energetic evangelist. Mr. Nix says that he was first led to select this method of conveying spiritual truths because he found that he could remember so much better things which he had seen than things which he had heard. In all his work his supreme idea has been to get the people to accept Christ as a personal Saviour. He has endeavoured to avoid anything like the entertainment spirit, and to prevent as far as possible his audience from coming with the idea of being amused. He says, "I wish to have a reverent, solemn, and successful service. I mentioned at the first service that the people must not show appreciation or the reverse; they must remember that they were in the house of God. I have attended many services in St. Paul's Cathedral and in the University Chapel at Oxford, but have never attended a service where everything was more solemn and reverent than at our Lantern Mission. At my first Lantern Evangelistic Service fifty men and women came publicly forward as a sign of decision for Christ. I repeated the same address the next Sunday evening in the same hall; the crowd was, if possible, larger, and fifty-eight men and women made a public profession of decision. I have come to the conclusion," said Mr. Nix, "that the magic lantern used in this way is the greatest agency for securing individual conversions in existence. I have never held a service with their assistance but such signs as the above have taken place." Mr. Nix showed me some of his slides. The subjects had, in almost all cases, some reference to something in contemporary history. When "Samson" was much advertised by a certain music hall, Mr. Nix took as his subject "Stronger than Samson." On three successive Sunday evenings last month (November) Mr. Nix delivered his lantern lecture on "The Wages of Sin," at Wardour Hall. In spite of this repetition to a congregation which must have been to some considerable extent identical, the hall, which holds some eleven hundred persons, was crowded out on each occasion. This, Mr. Nix believes, is the first time on record that any preacher has given the same sermon three times successively to the same congregation. Mr. Nix is an ardent temperance advocate, and has four temperance lectures, which he has also found exceedingly efficacious in leading hard drinkers to give up their evil habits and sign the temperance pledge. He has an artist of his own who carries out his ideas most effectively. I asked him what he thought about the comparative strain of lantern lecturing as compared with ordinary preaching, and Mr. Nix said: "This work is the most difficult work that I do. All the inspiration of the human face is taken away. You talk in the dark. But the work has its advantages, the slides keep you to the point. The darkness gives the people opportunity to give vent to their feelings. Strong men will weep in the dark who dare not allow their feelings to have free play in the light." Mr. Nix is so convinced of the great advantage of his religious lantern lectures that he is writing them out, and intends to supply them to other people for use all over the country.

WANTED, A MAGIC LANTERN EDITION OF THE BIBLE!

I have often discussed the question with General Booth, and I have cause for believing that, but for the interruption occasioned by the death of Mrs. Booth, the Salvation Army would already have taken a vigorous initiative in the direction of utilizing the lantern for the saving of souls. Although I don't yet despair of seeing the lantern

in regular use in St. Paul's, it is evident that at first it will be employed in buildings not sacred enough to be desecrated by the employment of the magic lantern. Those who would resent its introduction in the regular service in church would welcome it in the Sunday-school. The teaching of the Bible would be immensely facilitated if every lesson were accompanied by copious illustrations. There is not a large Sunday-school in the country but should possess a lantern, and where the schools are not large there should be a joint-stock lantern, which would necessitate either united services for Bible study—a very good thing—or a taking of turns with the lantern. If I were a wealthy man on the look out for something to do with my money that would benefit my fellow-men and brighten the lives of the children, I think I should set on foot the publication of a Lantern Bible, and then endow an institution for lending copies of it out to all the Sunday-schools in the land. I can imagine few more interesting tasks than the selection of the illustrations. For more than a thousand years the imagination and art of mankind have been preoccupied with the subjects of Bible history. All the greatest artists of Christendom have expended their genius in making these conceptions of incidents in the Scripture story live in colour upon their canvas. But until now their genius has spent itself for the comparatively few.

THE PICTURE GALLERY OF THE FUTURE.

How many of our thirty millions in England or sixty millions in America have ever seen the masterpieces which hang on the walls of the Vatican or of the Louvre, or which attract the artists of the world to the picture galleries of Florence? One million mayhap at an outside estimate of the whole ninety! As for the eighty-nine millions, they will have to die as their fathers have died before them, without ever catching afar off a gleam of the inspiration which guided the brush of Raphael or Andrea del Sarto. Hitherto this has been unavoidable. It is so no longer. The marvels of photography enable copies, exact at least in drawing if lacking in colour, of the masterpieces of the picture galleries of Europe to be reproduced on the sheeted wall of every schoolroom of the English-speaking world. And even as to colour, no one who has seen what has been done already can doubt but that immense development is possible. When artists are trained for the painting of lantern slides as they used to be trained for the painting of miniatures, and when the perfection of the art of the lantern is recognised as even more important than crowding the walls of the Academy, we may expect to see reproductions so perfect as to be indistinguishable by any but the trained artist. This immense service is now waiting to be done. To transfer all the best pictures in which all the greatest painters and engravers have illustrated the Bible to the lantern slide, will be to bring to the door of the million the treasures which have hitherto only been accessible to the rich after long and costly journeying. This is the true direction in which democratic endowment of art should turn. The French Government has bought back Millet's "Angelus" for £30,000. The expenditure of one-half that sum would have enabled every schoolmaster in France to display before the wondering eyes of his pupils faithful reproductions of all the masterpieces in the Luxembourg and the Louvre. So instead of sinking sums of thousands of pounds in building some great church or cathedral, the wise benefactor will found a Bible Lantern Institute, publish an Illustrated Lantern Bible, endow a circulating library of the slides, and found a School of Lantern Slide Artists. It is in this direction that art will be democratized, and the masses in town

and country familiarized with the choicest fruit of the artistic genius of mankind.

WHAT IS ALREADY BEING DONE.

The Sunday School Union has done excellent service in providing lantern entertainments throughout the country, but it has not grasped as yet, any more than the Churches, the possibility of utilizing the lantern for the systematic study of the whole Bible by the reproduction of the best pictures of the sacred painters of the whole world. The Hon. Sec. of the Union writes me as follows:—

This movement arose many years ago from the desire on the part of our Society to afford healthy and amusing recreation to the large number of Sunday-school scholars on the week evenings. We commenced with panoramas lit by gas, which afterwards developed into lectures, illustrated by means of the oxyhydrogen lime-light. Last season 286 lantern exhibitions were given, and slides lent on 474 evenings. The oil lanterns and slides are most acceptable in village schools, where they are lent for different periods.

The same kind of report reaches me from the Great Assembly Hall in Mile End Road. Mr. Kerwin's letter is worth quoting, if only as proving the popularity of the lantern in the East End. He says:—

We have for many years used the magic lantern to entertain the people of the East End. It is a means which we find effectual of getting them to our other services. Once they have been to the Hall they are likely to come again. During the winter season thousands sometimes cannot get in. This year we have used the lantern very frequently. We give the entertainments free and make a collection which, taking the average, just about pays expenses. The people enjoy themselves immensely. All the best men of the day have shown at our hall, and the subjects vary. Prof. B. J. Malden is a great favourite, and whenever we publish the fact that he will give his lectures profusely illustrated by magnificent dioramic dissolving views, we can always ensure a packed house.

Here, again, it will be observed the lantern is used as a lure to other services. It is not recognised as being as natural and fitting a feature in the ordinary service as the organ.

THE MAGIC LANTERN IN THE MISSION-FIELD.

I am glad to learn from the secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society that in the mission-field the lantern is recognised as a valuable auxiliary of the preacher. Mr. Baynes writes:—

May I say that in our work, in India especially, we find the magic lantern of the greatest possible service. I myself have attended gatherings of many hundreds of natives in the country districts, who have listened with breathless attention to a Scripture narrative illustrated by magic-lantern slides. These slides are largely used by our missionaries in Bengal, and, wherever used, they attract large numbers of people. We have slides representing Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and his "Holy War." Then we have a large selection of Scripture slides to illustrate Bible subjects, and a considerable number of slides representing Western life, buildings, customs, and trades. Only last week I sent out a complete set of slides for one of our missionaries in Eastern Bengal, and we find that by this means we are able to secure large gatherings and widespread interest in the subjects brought before them.

Permit me to say, before I close, how glad I am that such a novel subject is to be brought before the public in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. I am persuaded it will greatly interest large numbers, and cannot fail to do a large amount of good.

ILLUSTRATED MISSIONARY LECTURES.

The Hon. Sec. of the Baptist Young Men's Missionary Society writes:—

Another and popular mode of interesting the young is by *Illustrated Missionary Lectures*. Here there is a wide scope for those who have a little time and talent for this kind of thing. Linen pictures are sometimes used, but for winter evenings there is nothing better than really good slides, which may be hired, with lanterns, for oil or gas, from opticians at cheap rates. The Sunday School Union also have some excellent views on mission subjects, with a printed description. Our own lectures—on India, China, and the Congo, each with sixty specially-painted slides—are written by the Secretary with the express object of spreading information concerning the work of the *Baptist Missionary Society*, and are either delivered in London by the Secretary or his assistants, or are lent to country churches and schools for a small charge, particulars of which can be obtained at the Mission House. They are found to be attractive and interesting to audiences, both of old and young, all over the kingdom; and in central towns like Birmingham, Bristol, and so on, the auxiliary invite the *schools of the whole district* to some large hall, so that the story of our missionary work can be told and shown to thousands of scholars and teachers at a time. We commend this plan to others, but we are just as pleased to arrange for a village as for a city. More friends might also go, as some have gone, for a *week of evenings* to the outlying places of their neighbourhood, and a good deal of pleasure is thus given for a very little expense.

In missionary operations at home the magic lantern has yet to gain its footing. There are nearly 500 missionaries of the London City Mission, but the use of the lantern seems to be confined to one of the district secretaries, a country secretary, and the housekeeper. The two former use the lantern to illustrate lectures intended to interest the general public in the work of the City Missions, but the lantern exhibitions of the last-named are more adapted to accompany the direct operation of the mission. Here is the list of his slides:—

Life of Christ ...	44 slides.	Jessica's First Prayer ...	10 slides.
Pilgrim's Progress ...	29 "	Life of Joseph ...	12 "
Egypt and the Holy Land ...	34 "	Tabernacle in the Wilderness ...	12 "
China and the Chinese ...	35 "	Buy Your Own Cherries ...	8 "
Tour Up the Rhine ...	37 "	Tower of London ...	21 "
Scenes in the Reformation ...	20 "	Gravesend to Windsor ...	20 "
Drunkard's Progress ...	32 "	Zulu War ...	57 "
Jane Conquest ...	17 "	Mother's Last Words ...	10 "
		Pussy's Road to Ruin ...	12 "

Most of the missionary societies employ the lantern in illustrating the lectures, by which they beat up subscribers and excite interest in their operations. The Co-operative Association of Manchester lend out sets of slides illustrative of the virtues of co-operation. There is a great difference between the various missionary societies. The Wesleyans report a constantly increasing demand, but at present they have only eight sets of slides, whereas the Church Missionary Society has forty sets. The difference may perhaps account somewhat for the contrast between the growth of the two Societies.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Church Missionary Society is the best of all for encouraging the use of lanterns. In 1875 they possessed a single lantern and 19 slides, and for that they had no use. To-day they have 40 sets of slides, containing 1,200 pictures, and they find them inadequate to supply the demand. The following is a list of the set of slides illustrating the Niger district:—

Map of Intertropical Africa.	At Breakfast in the Streets.
Map of Niger Country.	Selling Indigo.
Slave Catching.	Shango.
Slave Gang.	Cocunut Palm.
Slave Dhow.	Master and Servants.
Boy.	A Palaver.
Woman.	King Ja Ja as a Medicine Man.
Bishop Crowther.	Canoe Boys.
Bishop Crowther's Pastors and Teachers.	Oko Jumbo, King of Bonny.
	Bonny.

The Old Church at Bonny.
Bonny Chief and Family.
St. Stephen's Church, Bonny.
Halls.
Merchant Boat.
In the Stocks.
Worshipping the Moon.
Ifa.
Bishop Crowther and Idols.
Brass.
Delta of the Niger.

Removing Church across the River.
"The Henry Venn."
Upper Niger.
Compound in Yoruba Country.
Mother and Children in Yoruba Country.
Travelling in Yoruba Country.
Persecution in Abeokuta.
Burial of a Stranger.
Abeokuta Chiefs and Attendants.

Similar sets can be had for almost every part of the non-Christian world.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY AND "GOSPEL TEMPERANCE."

The Hon. Home Secretary of the Bible Society writes:—

Our stock of slides and lanterns is very small. We find this class of entertainment taking the place very much of the ordinary Bible Society meeting. We have four lanterns, one a double one.

The list of their slides includes—"The Book and its Story"—39 slides; "How we got our Bible"—74 slides.

Mr. J. F. Rae, Hon. Sec. of the Gospel Temperance Mission, Hoxton Hall, writes me as follows:—

Our lantern work at Hoxton Hall has been carried on by means of *hired* slides and lanterns, and has, until this season, been occasional rather than systematic. This season, however, we are having a series of lantern lectures on the first Saturday in each month, with an extra on December 20th of Stanley's "Darkest Africa" (Mr. Pexton's slides). A new lecture, illustrating "Darkest England," will be ready shortly, the views being taken principally from "How the Poor Live," etc.

There is no doubt that the mission of the magic-lantern is capable of being carried to most beneficial ends, and that the pictorial illustration of a scene is better than the finest verbal description to the great mass of the people. Our people at Hoxton are surprising in their appreciation of fine language, but they delight more in fine views.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The Propagandist Societies which do the most in magic lanterns are the Church of England Temperance Society and the Band of Hope Union. The Secretary of the former says:—

During the past year we have found the lantern increasingly useful, both for giving information as to our work, and for the practical promotion of the principles of temperance. We have ourselves prepared several special sets of slides during the past year, and so highly is their usefulness appreciated, that we are supplying in London and neighbourhood on an average about three or four entertainments every night. We are spending annually a considerable sum in preparing this portion of our work for thorough and practical usefulness.

The C.E.T. Society advertise the following list of new lecture and reading sets for 1890-1, which they have in readiness for sale or hire. I quote it because it is a good average collection of the kind of slides at present in use:—

A TYPICAL LIST OF SLIDES.

	No. of Slides.		No. of Slides.
Abbeys and Castles of England,	50	Castles and their Legends ...	42
Old ...	50	Cathedrals of England ...	36
Abbeys of Great Britain ...	52	Central Africa, Peril and Adventure ...	40
Aesop's Fables ...	23	Christy's Old Organ ...	24
Alhambra ...	26	Constantinople ...	60
All about a London Daily ...	50	Cotter's Saturday Night, the ...	9
Ancient Kingdom of Fife ...	54	Crossing Sweepers, the ...	6
Argentine Republic ...	60	"Curfew must not Ring Tonight" ...	9
Barbadoes and Trinidad ...	49	Day at Chatsworth and Haddon Hall ...	32
Bible Manners and Customs ...	30	Dick and His Donkey ...	24
British Army ...	20	Doric Bible ...	250
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress 40 & 32			
Castles and Abbeys of England, among the Ruined ...	30		

	No. of Slides		No. of Slides
Dream of Eugene Aram ...	16	Lost Child ...	32
East Coast of Africa ...	50	Maps ...	21
English Cathedrals:		Mary, Queen of Scots ...	24
Canterbury ...	24	—the Maid of the Inn ...	10
Wells ...	20	Matron's Story ...	12
Ely ...	18	Mottoes ...	38
Winchester ...	25	Naples, Bay of ...	50
Salisbury ...	24	Neddie's Care; or Suffer the	
Exeter ...	14	Little Children ...	13
York ...	26	Neddie's Prayer ...	11
Chester ...	20	Only a Branch of Cherries ...	24
Lincoln ...	17	Our Bread, and How we get	
Enoch Arden ...	20	it ...	13
Evening with Shakespeare	36	Prince of Wales's Visit to	
Fire Engines and Firemen	9	India ...	16
Flowers ...	26	Paris Exhibition ...	50
Forth Bridge ...	12	Pompeii ...	50
General Gordon ...	24	Poor Mike ...	18
Giants' Causeway ...	32	Portraits ...	289
"Give me a Penny, Sir" ...	4	Principal Events in the Life	
Greenland's Ice Mountains	50	of the Queen ...	50
Heart, and how it beats ...	36	River Thames, the ...	60
History of a Cotton Bale ...	10	Rome ...	50
— of a Grain of Rice ...	7	Road to Heaven ...	8
— of a Pound of Sugar ...	10	Rochester, City of ...	23
— of a Pound of Tea ...	10	Round the World in a Yacht	
— of a Scuttle of Coals ...	10	— with a Camera ...	60
— of Joseph ...	13	Scotland, Highlands of ...	52
Hogarth's Works ...	13	— Ruined, Castles of ...	36
Holy Land ...	40 & 80	— Stateliest Homes of ...	36
How the Forth Bridge was		Scripture Series ...	230
built ...	27	Shakespeare's County ...	42
Hymns ...	400	Soldier's Return, the ...	4
In the Harbour ...	9	Some Interesting Places in	
In the Workhouse ...	9	English History ...	36
Jack the Conqueror ...	25	Soudan War ...	42
Jamaica Views of ...	50	Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief	
Johnny Gilpin ...	12	Expedition ...	42
John Ploughman's Picture	17	Sylvan Wye ...	30
Hymns ...	17	Street Tumblers ...	10
John Ploughman's Pictures	38	The Gipsy's Revenge ...	32
Land of Gold ...	16	The House we Live in ...	52
Life of a Gnat ...	6	Malle Scrubb ...	24
— of a Plant ...	39	True Story of the Old Coach-	
Little Tiz ...	14	ing Days ...	10
Match Girl ...	9	Visit to the British Museum	
London to Mount Blanc ...	55	Walk in the Zoo ...	48
— to Rome ...	50	Wanderings in Bible Lands	
— to Falls of Niagara ...	46	Yachts and Yachting ...	24

SPECIAL TEMPERANCE SUBJECTS.

Almost Wrecked ...	32	Morrow of the Carouse, The	8
Boons and Blessings ...	16	Neddie's Care ...	25
Bottle, The ...	8	Nellie's Dark Days ...	14
Bitter Bit, The ...	5	News Boy's Debt, The ...	6
Buy your own Cherries ...	10	Oiled Feather ...	12
Bottle Imp, The ...	25	Old Old Story, The ...	5
Buy your own Goose ...	6	Old Story, An ...	26
Cellar Ghost, The ...	52	Our Father's Care ...	14
Church Temperance Work		Poor Mike ...	18
Come Home, Father ...	8	Progress of Intemperance ...	6
Dan Dalberton's Dream ...	14	Return from the Tavern, The	
Dream of the Reveller ...	12	Road to Heaven, The ...	6
Drunkard's Children ...	8	Serpent, The ...	10
Foolish Toppers, The ...	12	Sam Bowen's Dream ...	12
Fool's Pence, The ...	8	Stumps ...	21
Give me a Penny, Sir ...	4	Saved from the Sea ...	10
Heathen Chinee, The ...	9	Sir Jasper, The Trial of ...	25
Her Benny ...	38	Ticket of Leave ...	18
I have drunk my last Glass		Theo's Resolve ...	18
Jacob Goodheart ...	20	There's Help at Hand ...	28
Jessie's First Prayer ...	10	Told to the Missionary ...	4
John Hampden's Home ...	6	Trap to Catch a Sunbeam ...	15
John Tregonoweth ...	18	Treacherous Help, The ...	4
Matt Stubb's Dream ...	13	Which Side Wins ...	25
Meg and her Brother Ben ...	13	Worship of Bacchus ...	14

THE BAND OF HOPE.

The following is the report of the Secretary of the Band of Hope Union:—

For many years our Committee have arranged for magic-lantern lectures to be given in orphan asylums, training ships, refuges, workhouse schools, and kindred institutions, *free of any charge whatever*. The large London Board Schools are also visited in the same way.

Our Bands of Hope, of which there are some 17,000 in the country, are charged a small fee, which does not cover the outlay. Thus associated societies in London secure the services of a lecturer, exhibitor, and a first-class lime-light display for one pound (£1). By these means the societies

not only have an evening's innocent amusement, but are able to help their funds considerably.

Our exhibitions during the winter season, with our own lectures, number about 400. Many of our local unions, of which there are over 120, carry out similar arrangements on their own account, and thus thousands of societies every year come under the "Mission of the Magic-Lantern."

In connection with our trading department, we both sell and let out on hire magic-lantern slides. A large number of our friends have lanterns, and by hiring sets of slides they are enabled to give much pleasure and instruction at a small outlay. Our societies very largely take advantage of these hiring arrangements.

The Band of Hope Union possesses five sets of first-class dissolving view lanterns; these, when not engaged, are employed in giving free entertainments in workhouses and in schools.

THE RECREATIVE EVENING SCHOOLS ASSOCIATION.

The Recreative Evening Schools Association has thrown itself into the lantern business with hearty goodwill. One week lately they used the lanterns in ninety schools in London, and further lent out slides to twenty places in England and Scotland. The following excellent letter from Mr. J. E. Flower, M.A., the Secretary of the Association, speaks for itself:—

We have now a fairly large stock to illustrate geography and travel, and a few for history, but the publication of additional sets on successive periods of history, English and other, is still greatly to be desired. We are gradually getting slides for science teaching too, as the demand extends and as our funds permit. Under this heading we teach astronomy, botany, electricity, geology, heat, light, magnetism, mechanics (Forth Bridge, &c.), natural history, physiology, physiography and sound. Many also of the miscellaneous reading lessons in evening schools are illustrated by such slides as "The Jackdaw of Rheims," "The Pied Piper," "The Dogs and Monks of St. Bernard," "Bob the Fireman," "All about a London Daily," "Our Coal, and how we get it," and a few temperance tales.

Our general object, as you know, is to interest and instruct those who come *tired* to evening schools, approaching the mind by the double avenue of the eye and the ear. The object lesson is in fact the main idea that underlies all recreative and practical teaching. By this means we give the maximum of instruction with the minimum of drudgery.

Some of our voluntary teachers have found the lantern very helpful in giving lessons in mental arithmetic. They procure plain glass slides, and, after preparing them with common Brunswick black, scratch in the requisite figures with a needle. Evidently this plan may be applied with the best results to other subjects too, especially if the teacher has some sense of humour, and keeps it well under control.

In some instances I am glad to know that the lantern has been used for Sunday evening meetings and services. A good many empty churches in town or village might be filled so, and dreary meetings of Bands of Hope vitalized. The first requisite is to secure a clear picture, which means having good apparatus, well manipulated. The next, and equally important, is to have a sensible and lively talker—I won't say *lecturer*—to describe the scenes, for the "reader" who drones away at the printed "lecture" had need have a very patient audience!

A capital oil lantern and screen may be procured for rooms of moderate size for about £3, and may be fitted up for lime-light for another 25s.

The best screen is a smooth, white wall; but as this is apt to get dirty, and is not easily transferred, the next best is a screen of tough paper or linen, which will roll up like a window-blind.

As for the *talkers* of the right sort, there are plenty of them to be found, men and women in almost every com-

munity, who, having had a pleasant summer holiday, can, by the help of good pictures and a little reading-up, give an interesting account of it. The very attempt to do this, as I have often found, is to the traveller himself, as well as to others, an immense pleasure.

THE LANTERN IN THE STREET.

The lantern is in constant use at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, both for education and amusement. The Polytechnic also is one of the few institutions that has proved the popularity and practicability of using the lantern to throw pictures upon a street wall. The pictures, thrown 90 feet across Regent Street upon a sheet placed opposite the Polytechnic, were clear and distinct and attracted great crowds. Something of the same kind for advertising purposes is practised on the Parisian boulevards. A picture appears in the centre, flanked by advertisements on each side. Both picture and advertisements are continually changed. But they are not up to much; they are only useful as indicating what use can be made of the lantern for the amusement or instruction of people in the street. When the Magic Lantern Mission is in full working order there will not be a single squalid slum in any great city which will not have its weekly visit from the peripatetic magic-lantern missionary, who for an hour or two in the evening will throw upon a sheet hung on some blank wall radiant shapes of grace and beauty.

THE MAGIC-LANTERN MISSION.

I have spoken of the Magic-Lantern Mission, but there is no Magic-Lantern Mission. No, the more's the pity; but there is to be. That is why this article is written. I want my helpers and associates, and all of those my readers who sympathize with attempts to bring light, and colour, and interest into the lives of their fellow-men, to lay their heads together and see if we cannot do something substantial and practical towards the more systematic employment of the magic-lantern. I have briefly described what is done at present. It is a mere nothing to that which might be done if once the idea of a Magic-Lantern Mission "caught on." A Magic-Lantern Mission, it will be said, is absurd, because a magic-lantern is a mere instrument that may be used for any purpose. But is it more absurd than a movement for extending Sunday Schools? You can teach anything by means of a Sunday school, just as you can teach anything by means of a magic-lantern. Why not, then, a Magic-Lantern Mission, with magic-lantern missionaries in every town in the land? Before the days of Raikes—Robert Raikes, not Raikes of the G.P.O.—it would have seemed as absurd to propose that there should be Sunday schools and Sunday-school teachers. Now a village without a Sunday school is regarded as phenomenally benighted. So it will be, I hope, before long with the village that has no magic-lantern.

A WIDE FIELD FOR USEFUL WORK.

Here is a great field for helpful usefulness, entrance to which is barred by no theological shibboleth, and obstructed by no heavy toll or costly fee. To endow each village or each parish with a magic lantern would not cost more than a £5 note, and when once the lantern is secured, an endless succession of slides can be secured at an almost nominal cost. The Church Missionary Society lends its slides for nothing. The Band of Hope Union charges four shillings per set, while the Recreative Evening Schools' Association lends a hundred slides for thirteen weeks for 7s. 6d. to any association or school that subscribes £1 is. to the funds. It is obvious that,

if once we got such a mission on foot, we could soon establish a kind of Magic-Lantern Mudies, which would enable all subscribing branches of the mission to secure a constant succession of the newest and best slides.

HOW TO BEGIN.

But there is no need at the beginning to buy a lantern. You can hire one from the Band of Hope Union at from 4s., including sheet, to 30s. a night. If you cannot talk yourself, you can hire an operator and lantern complete for from £1 to £2 5s. 0d. a night, plus travelling expenses. The Magic-Lantern Mission offers ample scope for the co-operation of those who have money, but who cannot render active service, and of those who can talk and exhibit, but who have no means of buying a lantern. The chief difficulty will not be the money, but the personal service. But if in every parish there are half-a-dozen men and women who will spend an hour a week in drumming the Catechism or the Scripture lesson into the heads of their classes, is it too much to hope that in each parish there may be found at least one man or woman who will be willing to spend an hour in explaining the pictures thrown by the lantern on the wall? It is so easy to talk when the picture keeps up the interest, and the lantern gives all the eloquence of light and colour to your tale.

THE LANTERN IN THE WORKHOUSE.

A correspondent writing on this subject from Lurgan, on Nov. 21st:—

Mr. McCaughey, one of our Town Commissioners, on reading your comments about doing something to relieve the tedium of the life of workhouse inmates, suggested to me, and I heartily agreed with him, that it would be a very good thing to give them a magic-lantern entertainment during each of the winter months. We have already given one entertainment, which has been appreciated to the utmost by the poor inmates. Our local newspapers have been loud in their praises, and the Board of Guardians, through their chairman, have expressed their warmest good wishes. Amidst other amusing and instructive views he gave a series of "Stanley—In Darkest Africa," with a short explanation of each picture. It has occurred to me that the magic lantern is an excellent means of amusing and instructing workhouse inmates, and as so many lanterns are scattered over the country, surely amongst the hosts of your readers, if you only mentioned the matter, many would be only too glad to do as we have done. At Christmas the inmates of Lurgan workhouse have an annual treat. We intend to give them another evening's entertainment before then.

A STANDARD OF MINIMA.

There ought to be one lantern performance a week in every workhouse in the country every winter; there ought to be at least one lantern service a week for six months in the year in every Sunday school in the land. These are the indispensable, irreducible minima at which the Magic-Lantern Mission should aim. In every village a magic lantern, in every county a circulating library, so to speak, of slides. In time, who knows but the Mission may become so firmly established amongst us that no one will go abroad without feeling bound, as a matter of duty to his neighbours, to describe the scenes he has witnessed on his return with the ready aid of views taken by the kodak, rendered visible by the lantern and the dissolving view. We cannot take our neighbours with us to the Alps, or to the picture galleries of Italy; we can at least show them pictures of the glories which we have seen, and describe the treasures which we have been privileged to visit.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

I have said nothing about party politics, desiring to keep the Magic-Lantern Mission as free as possible from the rancour of partizanship. But it is obvious that the party which neglects the lantern will run great danger of finding itself at the bottom of the polls. In conclusion, I invite suggestions and information from all who are interested in the subject. To all helpers and to those who desire to help I will forward as many reprints of this article in the shape of a tract for distribution in the right quarters as they can profitably dispose of. The first thing to ascertain in each district is, how far short it comes of the irreducible minima laid down above, and the second thing is to get to know what the best people think would be the best way of attaining that standard. But by far the most important thing is to discover the men and women in each district who are willing to devote say one hour a week in the winter months to this Mission of the Magic-Lantern. Given but one such in each parish, and all the rest will follow. Who are there who will volunteer as Missioners of the Magic Lantern? A great work lies before them, and one which, adequately carried out, will amount to a new and far more popular system of University Extension lectures than any they yet dreamed of either in Oxford or Cambridge.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

For the information of those who may be disposed to begin this good work this Christmas time, I print the following sensible suggestions on lecturing with lantern from the pamphlet of the Church Missionary Society:—

Read round your subject.

Make good use of your first picture, which should always be a map, introducing here any historical sketch, or grouping of languages or races, and the like.

Have a short list of your slides; group them to your own satisfaction, and be ready to talk for some time on any one of them.

Get to know your pictures beforehand, so as to be able to point readily to objects of interest.

Use your slides as "illustrations"—reminders; do not make your lecture on "Mission Work" a detailed description of a set of views. At the same time master the details as far as possible.

Keep order yourself during your lecture, covering the light or withdrawing the slide as the *last* resort.

Keep "still silence." Do not shout, but be heard.

Group your facts; let your "sermonettes" be very short.

Fix on at least one practical gain—boxes, magazines, more frequent meetings, prayer, &c., &c., and speak plainly of what is desired.

Say what you know, and speak positively—do not surmise. Avoid catch sayings—"And now we'll pass on," "Our next picture is," &c.

Do not apologize for anything till you conclude.

If lecturing with an operator, arrange with him beforehand what shall be the signal for change of slide, and let it be one as little likely to be observed as possible.

HINTS ON THE PURCHASE AND MANAGEMENT OF LANTERN.

In purchasing a lantern there is choice between:—(1) Oil; (2) gas biennial; and (3) miniature single gas lantern. For country districts (1) must be used; (2) is most serviceable for parochial purposes; but (3) is much to be preferred for itinerant lecturers, being much cheaper, more portable, more easily worked, and showing a brighter picture. In any case a 4-inch condenser and the latest lenses should be secured.

For ordinary use a 10-ft. transparent sheet is best. Very large halls require special provision, but it is well to remember that small pictures are best seen. Must be specially prepared with stout binding—especially at corners—and a few loops on each side.

A small hammer, a spanner, a gas key, and a few stout nails, string, and matches should be carried; also 20 ft. of best india-rubber tubing (not lined), with a few short pieces to stop-up gas burners.

Go to C.M. House or to Newton's, and see the lantern and apparatus put in order for working, and then put it together yourself. Practical directions are infinitely superior to written ones.

The cost of conveying slides to and from the central office is in all cases borne by the person hiring the slides, who is also responsible for breakage. The following are the conditions and terms of the Church of England Temperance Society for lantern lectures:—

To affiliated branches of the Society, a fee of one guinea and travelling expenses.

To non-affiliated societies, a fee of two guineas and travelling expenses.

The cost of the exhibition to be discharged on the night of meeting, and for this purpose the exhibitor is authorised to give the necessary receipt.

Slides (when disengaged) will be lent to any affiliated branch at 1s. per dozen and carriage both ways. By payment of £1 1s. 300 slides can be had on hire in quantities as required.

In all cases the slides must be returned to the depot within 24 hours, or 1s. per dozen extra will be charged for every 24 hours. Advice to be sent how and when returned. Slides can also be hired at 5s. per dozen per month.

Hire of lantern, 5s.; hire of dissolving views, 7s. 6d.; oxygen gas, 4d. per foot; operator, 5s.; sheet, 1s.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES.

The following are the addresses of some of the societies which lend out slides:—

The Recreative Evening Schools Association, 37, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

The Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, E.C.

United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, 4, Ludgate Hill E.C.

The Church of England Temperance Society, 9, Bridge Street, Westminster, S.W.

The following are the leading firms of opticians which do business in magic lanterns and slides:—

Newton and Co., 3, Fleet Street, E.C.

Negretti and Zambra, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

Steward, J. H., 457, Strand, W.C.

Wood, E. G., 74, Cheapside, E.C.

Wrench, Jno. and Son, 50, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMASTIDE.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR CANADIAN COLONISTS.

A SUGGESTION BY LADY ABERDEEN.

LADY ABERDEEN, who has just returned from a visit to the Dominion of Canada, has sent me the following appeal on behalf of the colonists of our race who are beginning to scatter themselves along the great North-West. I am delighted to publish Lady Aberdeen's letter because of the opportunity it affords us of testifying in a simple and unobtrusive way the kindly feelings which are entertained between those of us who remain in the old country and the brethren beyond the seas. In order to give more immediate point to Lady Aberdeen's appeal, I would ask those of my readers who are in sympathy with the spirit of Lady Aberdeen's letter to co-operate with me in making up a substantial parcel of Christmas publications to be despatched to Winnipeg. This year, as every previous year, at least a million of illustrated publications, many of them accompanied by sheets of considerable artistic merit, are circulated throughout the United Kingdom. We buy these things, we read them, and then for the most part put them aside. This year I hope a considerable portion of these publications will find their way into our work-houses, but at the same time I venture to hope that some portion at least of the Christmas literature of the year may find its way to far Winnipeg. The Canadian Pacific Railway has undertaken to forward any parcel of such literature free over its lines. In order to respond in the same spirit to Lady Aberdeen's appeal, I will undertake to arrange for the free transit of such parcels as may be sent me, or made up in various centres of the country, across the Atlantic. If any person, therefore, is moved to respond to Lady Aberdeen's appeal, and will send any illustrated magazine, book, or coloured picture to me, or intimate where it can be obtained in any of the towns in which our Association of Helpers is represented, I will be delighted to undertake the task of forwarding them to the Canadian side. I am the more disposed to make this appeal because of the letter which I received the other day from Winnipeg, which reminded me of the community of interest and sympathy which unites the English-speaking race, whether it be in the fertile North-West or in the heart of London. The letter was as follows:—

“Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada,
September 18th, 1890.

“DEAR SIR,—I enclose a P.O.O. for 5 dols., which I shall be glad if you would expend for the benefit of the London poor in any way you think most desirable. Having great sympathy for the work of your Society of Helpers, I should be glad to do a little, if possible, in so good a cause. I like your REVIEW OF REVIEWS so much that I feel impelled to thank you for it personally.”

The interchange of Christmas gifts between the Old Country and the latest born Colony is a pleasant way of reminding both that we are all members of one great family.

“27, Grosvenor Square,
November 3rd, 1890.

“DEAR MR. STEAD,—A fortnight ago to-day we left Winnipeg, and the contrast between our surroundings in that young town on the prairie and the old familiar sights which greeted us in our venerable old London, presses home on my memory a promise made to the ladies of Manitoba—a promise to which I confidently undertook that you would give effect.

“This is the situation. The ladies of Winnipeg kindly expressed a wish that they and I should meet together to discuss various phases of women's work. We had therefore a large gathering of several hundreds of women; and just returning, as we then were, from a trip to the great west and north-west of the Dominion, from drives over the ‘illimitable prairies’ of Manitoba and through the dense forests of British Columbia, I could not but express to them how impressed I was with the sense of the responsibility lying on women of this young nation, more especially on the women inhabiting Winnipeg, the gateway leading to all the regions stretching out beyond. Thousands of new-comers yearly arrive there who ere long disperse themselves over the country, and will become the parents of this ‘people that is to be.’ And Canada, surely, of all countries on earth, has the best chance of developing a splendid race. She has no stain on her past, her people from the first have provided for education and religion, and have shown the good results of being early entrusted with the responsibilities of self-government. Her material resources seem boundless, her climate is exhilarating, the whole atmosphere is full of faith and hope.

“Her only need is to ensure that her new citizens will be worthy of those who have gone before, and that they, in their turn, will bring up a generation who will be a glory and a strength to the land of their birth.

“Of course, the first thing to secure this, is that only the right sort of people shall be sent out; but that being done (and I am glad to say that the immigration agents and others able to speak with authority are all agreed that the quality of the emigrants arriving has been improving steadily), much still remains to be accomplished, which can only be carried out through the agency of individuals, kindly hearts, and loving, happy homes, stretching out hands of welcome to the strangers.

“Canadians have by no means been backward in promoting good works, and it is most refreshing and inspiring to find scattered about, even in three and four year old towns, not only churches, and chapels, and schools, but hospitals, homes for the aged and orphans, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and so on. In all these matters the women of Winnipeg have shown

themselves most active, but they fully agreed with me that no institution or association can fill the place of the human friend whose living, loving sympathy must be so often sadly needed during the first struggles in a country where everybody and everything seems strange and new, and where all the restraints of home are removed.

"The change of scene between an English village or a Scotch hillside to a bare farmhouse on a vast, grassy plain, on which it stands out itself as the only feature to be seen on the landscape, and where its postal address is Lot 2, Section III. W., must be at first most trying. No trees, no hedges, no flowers, nothing that makes homelook homelike. And everything has to be begun; the land has to be cultivated, the barns built, the implements bought, and all depends on whether it will be a good wheat year or not, or whether a frost may come and go far to spoil the year's work. Under these circumstances, even with the hope of prosperity in the end, would it be wonderful if the desire for higher things than the merely material should slowly be crushed out, and is there not a danger of a purely money-making, miserly, self-absorbed type of life being developed, unless influences of another and more elevating kind are introduced?"

"We talked over many little ways in which women might help the new-comers in this direction, both those who stayed in the towns and those who scattered themselves over the country, but it is only with one of these plans that I venture to entangle you.

"It is proposed that, as far as possible, a list should be

kept and constantly renewed of new settlers, and that a number of ladies should each undertake to send parcels of literature of all sorts, newspapers, magazines, books, pictures for walls, which are so painfully bare; also, perhaps, flower seeds, and seeds for trees, to plant around the little homestead, and thus, in time, transform the look-

of the country. The settlers will probably be asked to subscribe enough to cover the postage, and the C.P.R. has already shown itself generous in being willing to carry such parcels free. In time it is hoped that workers will be found in all the little prairie towns, and if a communication, by postcard or note (or even by the name of the sender on the wrapper, as you suggest in the wrapper for the REVIEW OF REVIEWS) is set up, between the workers and the settlers, ties may be created which will live through eternity.

"But how is the literature to be secured? The ladies of Winnipeg are not wealthy. Doubtless they will be able to obtain a good many American literary periodicals from their friends in Eastern Canada, but it is the home literature which is most wanted.

"Now, will your helpers help?"

"I leave the matter confidently with you and them, and do not apologize for thus troubling you.

"Mrs. Taylor, wife of the Chief Justice (Winnipeg), or Mrs. Scarth, wife of the Dominion M.P. for Winnipeg, will be glad to receive any parcels or communications on the subject, pending the formation of a Ladies' Union in Winnipeg, and the appointment of a secretary for such work.—I remain, yours sincerely,

"ISHBEL ABERDEEN."



From a Photograph by]

LADY ABERDEEN.

[Russell and Sons.

WORK FOR THE CHILDREN TO DO.

THE DICKY BIRD SOCIETY.

While repeatedly suggesting what might be done for the children, I have not put anything forward for the children to do for themselves. This Christmas time I hasten to make atonement for the previous neglect of those who constitute at least one-half of the population. I would like to call the attention of my readers, especially those who are parents and teachers, to the manifold opportunities of usefulness which are afforded by the organization of children, either in Bands of Mercy or in the association very quaintly named "The Dicky Bird Society." I will deal with the Dicky Bird Society first. This association, which has Lord Tennyson, Mr. Ruskin, and many other eminent persons among its patrons, has one man for its soul, and that man is Mr. W. E. Adams, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. I know Mr. Adams of old. In the trying times of 1878, when Mr. Cowen was using his passionate eloquence in support of those who were hurrying England towards war with Russia, Mr. Adams (who was then editing the weekly paper owned by Mr. Cowen) stood firm to his guns in the cause of peace and liberty and of right. It was a trying experience, and one under which Mr. Adams's physical health broke down for the time. But he never ceased to "hold the pass," and he continues at the present moment to edit the weekly paper which, under his editorship, has achieved so great a success.

The following is an account of the society he founded, and which now numbers 200,000 members, and which, I hope, thanks to the support of my readers, will speedily develop until it secures a membership of a million. It is impossible to begin too soon to train children for helpful service to those who are round about them, and especially the dumb creatures who so often have been regarded as fair game for youth to torture and to kill.

A CHILDREN'S SOCIETY AND ITS WORK.

The Dicky Bird Society, conducted by Uncle Toby through the columns of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, is a simple organization of children for the purpose of propagating ideas of kindness and humanity. It was established in 1876, and now comprises considerably more than 200,000 members.

The object of the Dicky Bird Society (which, by the way, is the name that was given to it by the children themselves) is to develop an instinct of tenderness, to create in the minds of young people a loathing and contempt for cruelty, and to divert into humane channels the stream of youthful taste and energy. And the means by which this object is accomplished are of the simplest character—so simple that the youngest child can understand it. These means consist of nothing

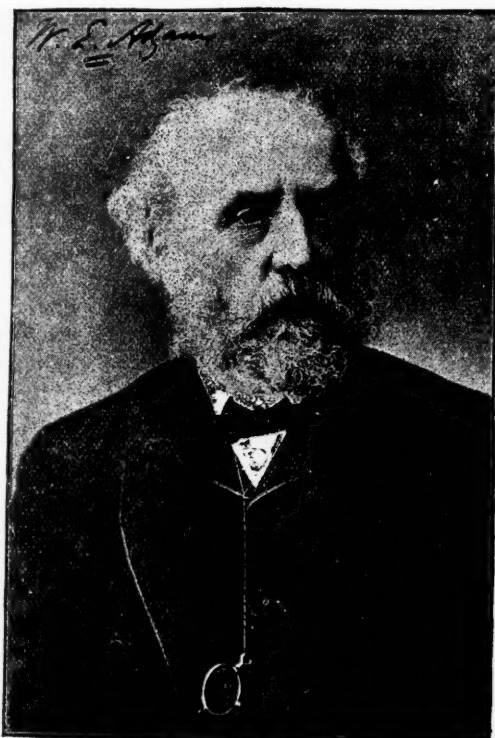
more than a pledge, a signature, and a register of names. The child promises to be "kind to all living things," to feed the birds in winter time, never to take or destroy a nest, and to use all its influence in obtaining other members for the society. Admission is obtained when the child signs a document to this effect, or writes a letter to Uncle Toby, expressing its desire to become a member. Care is, of course, exercised in making sure that the little recruit quite understands what it has promised and what is expected of it. When the stipulated conditions have been complied with, the names are entered in what Uncle Toby calls his Big Book—a volume of vast proportions, which has several times been exhibited in Newcastle, to the great gratification and wonderment of the children.

Four years ago, when the Dicky Bird Society had enrolled 100,000 members, a demonstration of children was held in Newcastle to commemorate the event. It was the first attempt of the society to make any public show or appearance. The celebration took the form of a procession

through the streets with banners and bands of music, a great gathering of children in the Tyne Theatre (the largest building in the city, which was twice filled with delighted little members), and speeches in honour of the occasion from mayors, aldermen, clergymen, and other prominent people in Newcastle. Further evidences of the existence of the society have since been furnished, such as special concerts, entertainments, &c. Just recently, too, Uncle Toby thought the society had become sufficiently important to justify him in asking for it the countenance of eminent ladies and gentlemen. The consequence was that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Ruskin, Lord Armstrong, the Bishop of Durham, the Bishop of Newcastle, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, and a large number of other well-known people—all prominent in the literary, philanthropic, scientific, or religious worlds—cordially gave their consent to become honorary members of the Dicky Bird Society.

But the work on which Uncle Toby particularly prides himself has yet to be mentioned. It occurred to him two years ago that the society might be turned to practical use in obtaining for the poorest and most afflicted children in the community some

little enjoyment at Christmas. Mr. Labouchere had already supplied an example. For several years previously Uncle Toby had been in the habit of making certain small presents to the hapless children in the charitable institutions around Newcastle. These presents had, for the most part, taken the form of pictures or story-books. Well, in October, 1888, Uncle Toby conceived the notion that the little people who were associated with him in the Dicky Bird Society might like to assist in the work he had thus performed. If he told them, they would send him any articles that would be likely to amuse the small victims of misfortune, such as books, dolls, toys, and so forth, he would undertake to distribute them. "There are," he said, "thousands of little folks in our work-houses, our orphan asylums, and our children's hos-



MR. W. E. ADAMS.

pitals, who have never had the chance of the enjoyment which toys and picture-books afford. It is these children whom Uncle Toby wishes to gladden by some slight token of sympathy and affection." It was urged that such a movement as he contemplated would have the double effect of gratifying the recipients and developing a sympathetic feeling among the givers.

The result of this appeal surpassed Uncle Toby's fondest anticipations. Parcels of toys were sent to him in such numbers that he had to engage a staff of assistants for assorting and arranging them. Moreover, the collection was so interesting in itself, and gave so much evidence of the loving-kindness of the little folks who responded to his appeal, that he thought it proper to make an exhibition of the gifts which had been placed in his hands. The 7,700 toys which were sent to him in 1888 were therefore set out on stalls and tables in the Academy of Arts, Newcastle. The presents were so displayed that the names of the little givers were shown alongside their contributions. When the work of arranging them had been completed, and when the Academy of Arts presented as pretty an appearance as could possibly be desired, the public were invited to come and see what kindly little children could do for other little children less fortunate than themselves. The exhibition remained open two days, during which a continuous flow of old and young people passed through the hall. Uncle Toby had in the meantime asked the masters of work-houses and the managers of other institutions in which poor children resided, to supply him with the number and ages of the little inmates. Having obtained this information, Uncle Toby, with the help of a large staff of assistants, selected suitable toys from the stalls, packed them carefully in large boxes, and despatched them to the various institutions. It thus happened that seven or eight thousand poor children derived some amount of pleasure from the efforts which Uncle Toby and the members of the Dicky Bird Society had made.

The success which thus attended the first attempt of Uncle Toby's in this direction led him to make a second experiment in 1889. As he had expected, this second experiment was much more successful than the first. Acting on the suggestion of one or two of his young friends, Uncle Toby issued to well-known members of the society what he called "collecting sheets." These sheets gave the children, to whom they were supplied, authority to collect toys and gifts for subsequent distribution in the way already mentioned. It was, however, enjoined that the children who were trusted with collecting sheets should not use them in such a way as to vex or pester people who were indisposed to assist in the enterprise. The new plan Uncle Toby adopted had eminently satisfactory results. Moreover, a much larger number of people became interested in the movement, some of whom forwarded contributions in money, which Uncle Toby expended to the best advantage in such toys as he thought would most gratify the boys and girls who were to receive them. Again the collection was exhibited to the

public for two days. But the Academy of Arts in itself was now too small to accommodate the great variety of articles which had come into Uncle Toby's hands. The adjoining room, called the Joiners' Hall, as well as the Academy of Arts, was therefore utilized for the second exhibition. The number of exhibits of all kinds arranged for the inspection of the public on December 20th and 21st, 1889, amounted to 13,500, or nearly double as many as were collected in the previous year. The second exhibition, like the first, was formally opened by the Mayor of Newcastle, who was supported by a large gathering of clergymen, and other prominent citizens. It attracted so much attention, too, that a careful estimate of the numbers who visited it showed that no fewer than 30,000 persons passed through the rooms during the two days the exhibition remained open. As the result of this increased success, Uncle Toby was able to supply nearly fifty institutions in the northern and more distant counties with great packages of toys. Grateful letters of thanks from the managers of these institutions, as well as from the gratified

children themselves, were afterwards received, and published in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

Uncle Toby's Toy Scheme has now become an annual affair. Hundreds of children connected with the Dicky Bird Society are at this moment engaged in making or collecting toys for distribution at Christmas. It is anticipated that a still larger supply will be obtained this year; indeed, there is every belief and anticipation that the number of toys available for distribution a few weeks hence will amount to something like 20,000. As the exhibition of toys in 1889 outgrew the accommodation provided for the exhibition of 1888, so will the exhibition of the present year outgrow the accommodation provided in 1889. Uncle Toby has, in consequence, found it necessary to procure larger rooms than those which were placed at his disposal on previous occasions. Arrangements have therefore been made with the managers of the schools established by the late Dr. Rutherford, in Bath Lane, Newcastle, for the use of the large hall belonging to that institution. It goes without saying that a vast amount of public interest and humane feeling

will again be evoked when the time for opening the exhibition arrives.

Not one word is necessary to commend such projects as Uncle Toby has conceived and carried out in Newcastle. What has been done has not only afforded temporary pleasure and enjoyment to thousands of poor children, but has helped to establish a bond of sympathy between the children of different classes of society. And the kindly feeling which has thus been developed cannot fail to have important influences on the future lives of the children concerned.

I am delighted to hear that the prospect this year is that the exhibition of toys and gifts collected in Newcastle promises to be an even greater success than ever before. This is no reason why this institution should not be extended throughout the whole of the English-speaking world. Neither is there any reason why it should not



EDITED BY UNCLE TOBY.

remain with its working centre at Newcastle-on-Tyne; still it will be necessary to decentralize considerably. Branches of the Dicky Bird Society could be organized in every great town, and the collection of toys and gifts, instead of being localized in Newcastle, could be arranged for by each branch. What has been done in Newcastle could be done elsewhere; it only requires organization to bring together the little people and to accustom them from childhood to minister to the suffering and unfortunate. The following is a form of application for admission to the Dicky Bird Society, which, if cut out, filled in, and sent to Uncle Toby at Newcastle, will secure the enrolment of the child in the "big book" of Uncle Toby:—

DICKY BIRD SOCIETY.

Established 1876.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE TOBY.

MEMBER'S PLEDGE.

I hereby promise to be kind to all living things, to protect them to the utmost of my power, to feed the birds in the winter time, and never to take or destroy a nest. I also promise to get as many boys and girls as possible to join the Dicky Bird Society.

GENERAL RULES.

Every girl or boy is admitted a member on taking the above pledge. Each new member must sign his or her name on the list sent to Uncle Toby.

The lists must be accompanied by a letter attesting the genuineness of the signatures, signed by the officers or other members of the society, by the teachers of the school which the proposed members attend, or by the parents or relatives of the boys and girls who wish to join the society.

In case the new member cannot write, his or her mark must be witnessed in the same way as the signature.

The names, when thus guaranteed, will be entered in the Big Book, and printed in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

All letters, which should be addressed to "Uncle Toby," *Weekly Chronicle*, Newcastle-on-Tyne, must be written on one side of the paper only.

Every envelope should bear outside it, at the top left-hand corner, a drawing or picture of a bird.

FULL NAME.	ADDRESS.	AGE.
------------	----------	------

WINTER WORK IN COUNTRY VILLAGES.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS BY A LADY WORKER.

In the *Monthly Packet* for November there is a very excellent article by Emily C. Taylor, entitled "Winter Work in the Country." Speaking from experience gained by many years' work among the country poor, she has filled her paper with suggestions which will be welcomed by those who are willing to devote themselves to the task of helping their poorer brethren, but who do not know exactly how to set about it.

A CAMPAIGN AGAINST DULNESS.

She says that the monotony of the life of the country poor is most felt in the winter evenings, from early in October till the last days of March, when they have practically nothing to do and nowhere to go, and find time hang heavy on their hands. Probably the deadly dulness of the winter evenings in the villages has much to do with the loathing with which so many regard life outside a great city. I remember many years ago discussing with a likely lad, who drew pictures with coloured chalks on the pavement, the comparative advantages of the struggling and adventurous life which he was leading in the great city with the secure prospects of constant employment in a country village. He admitted that he would be much better off in the country, better fed, better clothed, better housed; but he closed his survey of the balance of advantages by saying with quiet decision which ended the question, "It is too dull; I could stand anything but that." In order to make an inroad into this great empire of dulness, Miss Taylor makes many suggestions, which, however, I will prefer to allow her to describe in her own words. She speaks first of the education, and afterwards of the enlightenment of the country folk, but without further preface I will quote what she says:—

AN EVENING CLUB.

For several years, one of the institutions of our village had been a Young Men's Evening Club, which met four evenings in the week in the class-room of the school, where there were newspapers and various games—a very useful institution, by the way, and one that might, I should think, be set on foot in almost any village. Or course it would be still better if one could have a cottage, with regular rooms for Men's and Boys' Clubs, and a man in charge who would provide coffee and such refreshments as might be needed—a favourite dream of mine, and one that can be realized in some fortunate parishes. But where this is unattainable, the school class-room is a very useful substitute in the evenings; and it was pleasant to see that our Evening Club was flourishing. The pipes were put out every Tuesday and Friday at eight o'clock; and I gave what I may call a "geography and general information class."

A GENERAL INFORMATION CLASS.

Among the books used were, "Near Home," and Forster's "Citizen's Reader"—a most useful book. Sometimes, too, I took our daily paper up to the school with me. At the time of the old Emperor's death, we gave two or three nights to Germany and German affairs; and they were evidently interested in the subject. I am sure that all opportunities of getting nearer to our people in *thought* should be taken and made the most of.

The daughter of a clergyman in one of the eastern counties is accustomed to write and "hextograph" simple little papers on the questions of the day, which she gives away in the village; and from the accounts which she has given me of the conversations which she holds with the men when she drops in at their cottages of an evening, it is evident that they look upon her as a friend and adviser.

The lessons, then, must be short, full of change and variety, illustrated by pictures—better still, by actual specimens of the objects named, when these are procurable. In lessons on France or Italy, for instance, the passing round of a pair of sabots, or a mosaic brooch, will give a fillip to the

spirits of the little company which will have the best effect. Or, again, if there is to be a lesson on Scotland, could not some Scotch friend be asked to send down a little box of catcake, scones, &c.—to give us an experimental knowledge of the food of our Scotch brethren?

AFTERNOON CLASSES FOR GIRLS.

In some respects it is almost more important to make friends with them than with the boys and young men; for I believe that the morals of a place are mostly in the hands of the women, and nothing can so incline them to adopt our ideas of refinement, purity, and uprightness, as can a real friendship between us and them. As to classes, we shall probably find that the afternoon will be the best time for them, because of the difficulties connected with the girls coming out at night. The most successful class in our village has been an afternoon one, at which the young women worked at quilts for themselves, made of odds and ends of woollen stuff, which were sewn into small bags, stuffed with snippings, and joined together. This was an unfailing interest to them; and while the work was going on, they were read aloud to, the class finishing with a tiny Bible lesson of a few minutes' duration. A cutting-out class, again, is valuable; and a few simple lessons on plain cooking would be the greatest boon to our country folk.

A VILLAGE "AT HOME."

But boys and girls must meet sometimes; and now the question comes—Are we to make no provision for this?

So when we had gained some acquaintance with the people—their characters, their friendships, and so on—my sister began to give an occasional "At Home" in the school-room, to which we invited from thirty to fifty of the young people, doing our best to ask only such as bore fairly good characters, and to ensure that if a girl was keeping company with a respectable young man, he and she should both receive invitations. We began our evening with albums, wheels of life, and such things as could be passed from one to another; then came a little music; then oranges and buns, or tea and buns, were handed round by the young men, who laughed very sheepishly, at first, but soon fell into the way of it. After this we had games—the "Old Family Coach" and "French Blind Man's Buff" were more successful than any, I think; and then we finished up with "Sir Roger," which was entered into with great zest by a few to whom we had already taught it, and very soon picked up by the others. Altogether, we thought our parties a success.

SERVICES OF SONG, ETC.

Services of Song are also very popular. Sometimes we arrange them ourselves; sometimes we use those published by the Sunday School Institute, or by Temperance Societies. Both practices and performances are always well attended. Acting is more popular still; but this gives so much trouble that we cannot manage it more than once a year. "Wax-works" were greatly liked; also a little fairy-play which we wrote ourselves, and in which, as in the wax-works, some of the village children figured.

I cannot leave the subject of entertainments without a brief mention of the pleasant monthly gatherings of our Temperance Society. They have nothing of the formality of the concerts. One will bring a cutting from a newspaper, and either read it himself or hand it to the president; another has found an attractive tale in a magazine; somebody has been up to London, and relates a few of his experiences. Then there will be a speech or two, some hymns and dialogues, an accordion solo, a song performed by two or three of the girls together, and another by a lad alone.

But what I value quite as much is the interest which such meetings, with their little duties and expectancies, give to the colourless lives of many of our country people—the quickening of social life which will attend the discovery that they themselves can minister to the entertainment of others. There is far too much individualism in our villages; and nothing that tends to foster corporate life—to make the inhabitants feel that they are all 'members one of another'—should be neglected by those who have their true interests at heart.

HOW TO START A WORKING MAN'S CLUB.

BY THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

In the Christmas double number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* the Bishop of Bedford writes on Working Men's Clubs, in a paper which embodies his experience in starting and managing these institutions. He maintains that a working man's club is a useful auxiliary of every effort to improve the social and moral condition of the wage-earning community. There are, however, as he admits, working men's clubs and working men's clubs. The club which he gives an account of is the good kind of club, without which he would be very sorry to have to work a parish. I hope that some of my readers may be prompted by the Bishop's paper to set to work and to found a club in their own neighbourhood as one of the services which they can render to their fellow-men this Christmas time. Here are some extracts from the paper:—

HOW I STARTED MY CLUB.

I commenced some thirteen years ago by inviting some working men to meet me and consider the desirability of establishing a club, and I promised them all the assistance I could render. Of course there were conditions on which I had to insist—no—I stated my conditions and they were, after discussion and explanation, approved and accepted. They were in few words these: The Rector to be *ex-officio* president of the club, without whose consent no alterations were to be made in the constitution or any financial obligation undertaken, and he was the censor, who could veto entertainment, song, &c. The constitution provided for the investment of the property of the club in a gentleman who was known as the "proprietor." He was afterwards superseded by trustees. After the enrolment of original members provision was made for the election of fresh members. The management was entrusted to a committee to be elected at the annual meeting of members, and it was empowered to make and amend the rules, which however were only of force, except as to mere minor details of management and administration, after being sanctioned by the president and confirmed at a meeting of members duly called and held for that purpose. The rights of the "financial" member, and the conditions under which, as a defaulter, he forfeited his rights were defined. The committee of management was empowered and required to keep order (bye-laws were from time to time enacted to meet altered conditions and arrangements of the club room); and all gaming, gambling, betting and the introduction of intoxicants were forbidden.

PREMISES.

We began in a spacious hall. We were fortunate in this. But we were glad enough when the opportunity offered to move to premises that gave the accommodation of several separate rooms. This is my idea of good club premises.

A good-sized, well ventilated, common room for general purposes. In one corner near the entrance is the refreshment bar. Properly managed this will afford a considerable profit. A gas-stove keeps the kettle boiling and cooks sausages, eggs, &c. There is honourable rivalry among the members of the committee as to who will prove the best caterer. A resignation or an election have often been the consequence of success or failure in this department. The common room accommodates the billiard tables, bagatelle boards, and the card players, &c. The billiard tables furnish a considerable profit, and the profits of one table will soon enable a thrifty committee to purchase another. A charge is made for each game.

A well-furnished reading room. Silence is the rule here. The library sub-committee require a little guidance at first in the selection of books and papers, especially the former. No extra subscription is demanded, except from those who desire to borrow books from the shelves, to read at home.

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

A good hall for entertainments, lectures, &c. This is only occasionally required. In our case it could be entered without interfering with the access of members to the clubroom, and was available for other than club purposes. It is not a neces-

sity, but it is very inconvenient to have only the common room available for entertainments, &c. No concert or entertainment has the same attraction for all, and if the common room is required for entertainments, the ordinary work of the club is interrupted, and the enjoyment of some members is for the evening curtailed. And let me say here that I set great store on this department of club life. A place of entertainment to which he may bring wife and children to share the evening's pleasure is no little boon to the working man. The refreshment department should be capable of furnishing tea, coffee, cocoa, &c., during the interval or after the entertainment is over, if there is a demand for them, and probably there will be.

It is well to add to the agencies affiliated to the club a register office of situations vacant and of men who are in want of employment. The officer in charge must be a competent man and should be in communication with the different Trades Unions and the firms that are large employers of labour.

I must not write of cricket clubs, and quoit clubs, and football clubs, nor narrate how the younger members of a club enjoy the privilege of the use of a gymnasium occasionally, especially if they can have a good instructor. We had a movable apparatus in the hall.

Boys and men do not mix well together; they are mutually antagonistic. A junior club for those under eighteen is a useful institution. Candidates for admission to the junior club should take precedence of all other candidates and the admission fee somewhat reduced in their favour.

May I be allowed to add that if a person cannot turn such a club as I have described to good account in his intercourse with his people, I do not think he is worth much.

CURRENT EVENTS CLUBS.

THE following suggestion for the promotion of social intercourse on an intelligent basis is sent me by a correspondent in Edinburgh. It seems well worthy of adoption wherever the conditions are favourable:—

I am interested in a scheme about which I should like to write to you, as it resembles, in a small degree, your own periodical and is something in the line of your scholarship competition. More than a year ago I came across, in a city of the United States, a "Current Events Club." A number of ladies between the ages of twenty and thirty met fortnightly or monthly to discuss current events. A similar club is being at present organized in Edinburgh, so that the time seems opportune to acquaint you with, if you are not already aware of, the details of the plan, which might probably with your influence be adopted elsewhere.

An essential is an able woman as president, one who has a wide acquaintance of affairs and broad sympathies. Each member, or each pair of members, has under her charge some particular subject. A variety of arrangement might be made, but the following are some of the subjects to be undertaken:—religion, politics, philanthropy, commerce, labour, physical science, natural science, music, compositions and performances, art (British and foreign), literature divided into, say, poetry, fiction, and general, law, France, Germany, United States, India, the Colonies, and innumerable others according to the size of the club; while such topics as Edinburgh, dress, amusement might serve to lighten the programme. During the interval between the meetings each member has to watch the progress of the subject allotted to her, and draw up a short report for each meeting, or for every second meeting. Thus a member not only has the benefit of studying all round one subject, but also of hearing in a condensed form the course of general events.

Of course the details can be arranged anyhow, but the idea is a capital one, infinitely superior to the ordinary debating society. Besides bringing information to members about current events, this plan cultivates powers of observation, the thoroughness of information which can only be required when preparing for some definite object, facility in condensation, and the capacity of discriminating between important and trivial events and ideas.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR A HOLIDAY CAMP.

BY MR. WILFRED GRENFELL.

CHRISTMAS may seem a strange time to discuss country holidays, but summer outings are best prepared for in winter. This Christmastide, when the desire to add some ray of gladness to the dark and desolate lives of the disinherited of the world is naturally felt more strongly than at other seasons, it is well to suggest to those who feel within them the stirrings of a desire to help others as many modes of activity as possible. Hence I do not even exclude from the seasonable work for Christmastide the laying of plans for taking the lads and lasses of our cities into the fields and to the seaside next Midsummer. I have much pleasure in printing the following report, which Mr. Wilfrid Grenfell has written at my request, describing how he and a few other medical students managed their camp for London lads in North Wales:—

HOW WE BEGUN AT THE EAST END.

My class, originally collected in an East End Sunday School, was after a time driven from the same, owing to a difference of opinion which unfortunately arose as to the righteousness of allowing the boys to box on the week-day night, on which we met for relaxation and mutual improvement. We were then five medical students lodging together in Bethnal Green; and while one of us continued to take the class in our large common room on Sundays, one at least always took the class on a Thursday night, in various exercises, on the bars, clubs, dumb-bells, and in boxing and fencing—apparatus for which we gradually acquired or made.

The lads, *varying from fourteen to twenty*, were not of the destitute class, but were apprentices, messengers, factory hands, and such like, earning from 5s. to 20s. per week. The homes, however, of some were, and still are, such as wages barely sufficient to feed the family can alone provide.

Almost all worked up to 8 o'clock at night at laborious work, and however good such centres as the People's Palace, &c., are, they were too far away to influence our lads.

All were intelligent, sharp lads, and we soon became, not teachers and scholars only, but firm personal friends, age indeed not greatly separating us.

HOW TO MAKE IT SELF-SUPPORTING.

The first point about our boys is that they are derived from the *artisan class*; second, that they do have some pocket-money, and can be led personally to seek rational and elevating enjoyments.

Here cropped up our first difficulty in making an annual holiday self-supporting—the impossibility of making anyone who had never been out of London make any sacrifice towards an object they had not learned to appreciate. But this is removed after the first holiday, and a committee of themselves take into consideration what each should pay (they being much more able to judge than we ourselves could be), while we were willing to receive weekly deposits. We have found this plan work well. This year the boys paid £31, being forty-four in number, and last year £33 10s. 6d., being forty-seven in number.

OUR CAMP IN ANGLESEY.

We chose Anglesey for our expedition; a foreign language is spoken there, there is a lovely coast, and it is near the Welsh mountains. A lady landowner lent us an old deserted factory in a rocky bay, and putting ourselves into communication with the vicar, he prepared a rough table and a breakfast of bread and butter and eggs for our arrival (we always travel up on a Friday night, and arrive at 6 a.m.).

All provisions are sent ahead, to wait at the station for us. We borrow tents; they have been lent us every year, and the railway company make us a most generous reduction in fare—13s. 9d. return, instead of 38s.—allowing us to return, if necessary, before the fixed day.

We always include Bank Holiday week, and this year stayed three weeks, though few of the boys stayed longer than a fortnight. If one of our boys cannot get a holiday otherwise, we first interview the master, and then supply a substitute from Dr. Barnardo's or elsewhere, if necessary. We never stay less than a fortnight. The boys make the holiday *their own*, just as if we were not there. They do the cooking, washing-up, and everything else, including the packing up for next year of our canteen when we leave. If they don't come home at night, or to meals, they just stay out. We keep a locked store-room, and don't have intermediate meals. Only a tub of ship's biscuits is left out for those who are too late for the regular meal. Bathing is the only compulsory pursuit, and nearly all have learnt to swim well. We always keep three boats, which we beach at nights, or run the largest to a small harbour a couple of miles away. The boys can manage a sailing boat now by themselves—that is, the elder ones can; and in proof of it they sailed to Bangor—a distance of over thirty miles, crossing Red Wharf Bay, and making up the Menai Straits. On one expedition we left our boats at Bangor, slept in a gentleman's stables, who had kindly laid them out with straw for us, and ascended the Glyders from Nantfaucon Pass. We have also been up Snowdon from Llanberis.

HINTS FROM EXPERIENCE.

We often adopt that principle of making a long expedition, sleeping in *borrowed stables*, and returning next day. Our various hosts generally, indeed always, have also given us tea or breakfast, or both, in the open air. We make expeditions nearly every day, returning at night, leaving the camp to look after itself, only banking up a large fire with cinders, and putting on a twenty-gallon stock-pot to keep something hot for our return.

We attend afternoon service on Sunday in the church when the service is in English, and have a service at home among ourselves every night when we are in time.

As we have a band and two or three violins, we have plenty of music and singing. We have water polo, cricket, football, and even open-air country dances, when we don't make expeditions. I may say we do not include alcohol in any form among our stores, being almost, if not all of us, teetotallers. We believe if country clergy, and especially seaside clergy, would put themselves into communication with London and other city clergymen, many hundreds of such outings might easily be arranged, and the result would be immense pleasure and benefit, *not only to those who come from the cities*.

Our work, besides being as far as possible self-supporting (some boys can pay nothing), has the sympathy and help of the parents.

ANOTHER BOYS' BRIGADE.

The father of one, a carter, does our carting free; another, a butcher, sends us a ready cooked round of beef. Several send us cold plum puddings, and many help in various ways. Each does what he can in this way, as well as in payment. The outcome has been that the boys recognise their responsibility towards others, and have now united into a committee, and are working up an ambitious "Boys' Brigade!" It is not yet amalgamated with the popular Glasgow movement, but it affords a method by which those who have learned to love their brother for Christ's sake, can begin to train themselves, and develop the talents they have, and so exert, we hope, an influence for good. The brigade will have one night a week for reading, games, and committee meetings—arranging also when possible lantern lectures, which shall be educational, and also help to support the funds. One night will be devoted to drill and one night to gymnastics.

ELDER SCHOLARS' MEETINGS.

The manager of a Liverpool Board School writes me as follows :—

In 1883 our excellent head mistress, speaking of a girl in the Sixth Standard, said to me, a manager of a Liverpool Board School, "Yes, she is just the child who wants help at this time of her life, and she leaves us to-morrow, and we shall probably never see her again."

From these words came our "Elder Scholars' Meetings," which have been so marvellously successful that they are a source of the greatest satisfaction to those who originally started them. The chief benefit of this scheme seems to lie in its simplicity. We give an open evening once a month at the Old School to those girls who have left, or who might legally have done so, the invitations to which are sent out on post-cards. We begin with tea, followed by music, games, conversation, &c. The name and address of every girl on leaving school is entered in a book, and in the course of the evening they each have a little talk with the lady manager in a small private room, and their attendance is marked. This gives them an opportunity to ask for any help or advice they may require. Their occupations and family interests are known, they believe themselves to be not only known but cared for, and the confidences which have been often given show how earnestly these girls desire and need a friend.

The lady manager can always be seen at her own house one morning in the week in case her advice is wanted, but, as a matter of fact, she is called upon at all hours and seasons. She also constantly receives letters from "her girls," and from time to time—not at all unfrequently—she may have to call upon them in their homes; but the object is not to force ourselves upon them, even if the large numbers which we have now reached permitted such a course of action. All we wish is that they should know that if they are in need they have a friend, and that it is that friend's business to interest herself in them.

Our numbers are now so large that two ladies are working the meetings. One takes all the elder girls—that is from eighteen years of age to twenty-two, or older; the others, the younger, from twelve to eighteen, and the evenings for each division are bi-monthly instead of monthly. The list for the elder division, for whom I am responsible, contains 100 names. These girls find it very difficult to attend the meetings, as many of them are kept late at their work, and only about thirty or forty are usually present. This year we have had four parties, and seventy-three girls have been present at one or more of them, twenty-seven have not been to one, but some of these are in place out of Liverpool, and others though they have not been able to attend the meetings, have called upon me. They came from many sorts of homes and from various employments. Twenty-seven are in service, twelve are teachers in our own and other schools, thirty-four are working in shops or manufactories, and twenty-seven live at home. Their appearance varies most curiously. The nicest looking and best dressed girls are the teachers; then come the servants; then, perhaps, the dressmakers, of whom I have twelve; then some of those who serve in cafés; and after that those at home, in shops, and manufactories.

The mistresses of those in service have always been very friendly to this scheme, and many of those who attend most regularly are servants. When the girls marry they are no longer invited to our ordinary meetings, but they often call upon us, and we call upon them, and they and their husbands may come to our annual winter party, which generally takes the form of a theatrical entertainment.

The Liverpool Kyrle Society has for the last two years given us a most successful evening.

For the summer annual meeting we always have a day in the country or upon the river, as some friend kindly invites us for the afternoon.

The second and younger division is very much larger, for I am sorry to say that we do, as time goes on, lose sight of a

certain number of the elder girls. Some leave Liverpool, others move and do not give us their new addresses, and a few, but very few, do not want us and will not come to our meetings.

In many ways our relations with the girls are very like those maintained by the G. F. S., to which society we introduce our girls whenever we consider them suitable; but with us every old scholar "belongs," and the lady-manager has known her throughout her school-life.

If every school in the country was provided with such an institution, I believe a very great deal of good would be done, and it is for this reason that I venture to write of our modest doings. If any more information is required, kindly apply to F. M., Harrington, Board Schools, Stanhope-Street, Toxteth Park, Liverpool.

LENDING LIBRARIES FOR SCHOOLS AND WORKHOUSES.

Dr. Spence Watson sent me last month a very characteristic and sensible letter as to the wickedness of keeping books on shelves instead of putting them into circulation. No doubt they often get lost and don't get returned, but it is better even so than that they should remain locked up in a library, like a miser's gold in his safe, when they might be finding fresh readers every day. A little systematic distribution would do a great deal in this direction. A correspondent in Anglesey sends me the following practical suggestions as to one method of keeping the workhouses supplied with fresh books :—

I find that there has for a long time been an organized system of supplying books to the several Coast Guard stations in the United Kingdom. Boxes of books are constantly travelling round the stations for a stay of two or three months at each. I suppose that the cost of the books and boxes is defrayed by the Admiralty. Such a system might easily be worked by a contribution from each Board of Guardians, and probably the used books of Mudie's, Smith and Co.'s and other libraries might be obtained at a cheap rate.

Another means of doing much good very easily is to see to it that there is a lending library in connection with every school in your locality. I am delighted to see that the North London Branch of the Recreative Evenings School Association has taken a practical step in this direction by issuing the following circular to the influential residents in Islington :—

This association has lately felt the want, in the evening schools, of a good library, which the young men and women can make use of, and as the want is particularly felt in Islington, it has been suggested that this association should take the initiative and institute a library if possible at each school, or at least at a group of schools. We venture therefore to ask you to kindly help us to carry out this idea by giving us a donation to enable us to purchase books or sending us some books.

Considering the amount of bad literature which is in circulation, and so easily obtainable, the increased desire by all for "Something to Read," and what a power and influence good literature has on the minds—probably lives—of those who read it, we feel no diffidence in asking you to help in this matter.

It has occurred to us that perhaps many take in the monthly magazines, which after reading they do not want, but if bound—which the association would willingly do—are very suitable for circulation, and we will therefore be glad to receive such.

To prevent any misunderstanding we should like to say that the class of books we principally desire to have for our purpose is that of standard authors and novelists.

The example of the North London Branch will, I trust be widely followed until there is a good library in every school-house in the English-speaking world.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

MIRACULOUS VIRTUES OF COLD WATER.

THE STORY OF THE CURES OF PRIEST KNEIPP.

HARDLY has Europe learned to appreciate the services rendered to religion and culture by the good priest Daisenberger, of Oberammergau, than we are suddenly called upon to do homage to another good priest in the same Bavarian region, whose work seems to be quite as remarkable in the region of medicine, if medicine it can be called where medicine there is hardly any, as was Daisenberger's in the region of religion. In *Blackwood's Magazine* Madame de Ferro writes an article upon the Wörishofen Water-Cure and Pfarrer Kneipp, which may produce as great a sensation as did Lady Paget's account of Count Mattei. The good priest Kneipp has written a book on the water cure which he has practised for thirty years in the Bavarian village of Wörishofen, of which 125,000 copies have been sold this year. This little book, written in homely language, describes a method of treatment which Madame de Ferro says has effected great and wonderful cures. Of course the doctors have done their best to discredit and ridicule his system, as the manner of doctors is, has been, and probably always will be to the end of time. There seems to be no doubt that the good priest Kneipp, who, Madame de Ferro says, is neither a genius nor a magician, but a simple man of the people, whose direct influence and powerful instrumentality has been the means of benefiting thousands of his fellow creatures.

BARON NATHANIEL ROTHSCHILD.

The doctors of course say he is a quack, as he has no diploma; but if he is a quack he has at least secured a distinguished patient in Baron Nathaniel Rothschild. This eminent financier arrived at Wörishofen in the first week of October, accompanied by a cook, a secretary, and two servants. Not finding suitable quarters at Wörishofen, Baron Rothschild lived and slept in his own private saloon carriage at the railway station of Türkheim, about four English miles distant from Wörishofen. He daily repaired to the village for the purpose of taking his *Güsse*, administered by Pfarrer Kneipp himself. Barefooted and bareheaded, Baron Rothschild was seen promenading every evening in a meadow near the railway station.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

Madame de Ferro has been at Wörishofen herself, and from her description it would seem that the system is something like the water-cure which is practised in many hydropathic establishments in this country. The priest is now sixty-nine years of age, and for thirty years he has made cold water his study, verifying each prescription on his own person, and he has vindicated his system by fifteen years of actual experience. He has cured thousands of persons, and is curing them to-day.

In her opinion his system would be admirably adapted for use in country places in England, where good doctors are scarce. Madame de Ferro says:—

There is a marked difference between the way in which Pfarrer Kneipp sets to work to attack illness and that to which one is accustomed from doctors in general. In the first place, his attention is principally directed to the state

of the circulation, and then he seldom attacks the local evil, but sets to work to strengthen the whole system. In many cases he presses nature into his service, and forces the hitherto hidden evil to appear on the surface.

THE TREATMENT—WATER AND HERBS.

As I hope that before long the Pfarrer's book treating of the whole matter will have appeared in its English translation, I shall only touch upon the most salient points in the cure. These are the so-called *Güsse* or douches directed upon the patient from a watering-can in half-a-dozen different forms; and herein seems to lie the knotty point—viz., to decide what douches are most suitable to each individual case, and also in what succession and distribution they are to be administered. There are cold baths, in which, however, one is only allowed to remain for a few seconds, and there are various *Wickel* or cold-packings in which the patient is partially or entirely enveloped in coarse linen, either simply steeped in cold water or in a decoction of hay-seed or oat-straw, as the case may require.

Though, eschewing medicines as a general rule, Pfarrer Kneipp puts faith in many simple old-fashioned herbs, such as doubtless our great-grandmothers were well acquainted with, but which have been displaced by all the fashionable tonics and narcotics of the present day. Rosemary, fennel, gentian, mullein, rue, shave-grass, cowslip, and sage are among his chief favourites, and of almost each he has something quaintly interesting to tell us. With his own hands he prepares of these decoctions to be used as internal or external remedies. He likewise lays great stress on linen underclothing, and strongly advocates a particular make of linen, of coarse yet porous fabric, as specially adapted to the requirements of the human body.

A DOCTOR'S ADMISSIONS.

Madame de Ferro believes that the priest Kneipp's cure is likely to influence the present state of medicine. The cures he has effected are too numerous and too striking to be passed unnoticed. A few of the more intelligent doctors have been to Wörishofen, which is within a couple of hours from Munich, and one intelligent young doctor told Madame de Ferro frankly that he was quite dumb-founded during the first week of his stay at Wörishofen, as the good Pfarrer simply overthrew most existing theories; "But," said the doctor, "he gives a good reason for every step he takes, and after the cures I see, I am determined to go in for this system myself." He added that in five weeks at Wörishofen he had learnt more than in his whole university career. And no wonder if, as Madame de Ferro says, the cure of incurables is one of the great features of his system.

THE CURE OF INCURABLES.

The following passage will probably lead to an immense rush to Wörishofen next year:—

It was very evident that a great number of the patients who assembled there had sought in vain for help from doctors, and many, as I know, came, having had their death-warrant, so to say, signed. Far from being intimidated by such cases, the Pfarrer openly said he undertook these in preference to others; and if I were to describe all which came directly under my notice, I could write pages. On the same day on which I reached the village, a lad of ten to twelve years was brought there suffering from some complaint of the knee, which, as the doctor declared, rendered amputation neces-

sary. Before I left, at the end of a month, I saw this same boy able to play about with the village urchins, the healthy colour in his cheeks contrasting vividly with the striking pallor they had borne on his arrival. One patient, a Baron S—, suffering from disease of the spinal marrow and pronounced incurable, had to be wheeled in a bath-chair when he arrived at Wörishofen. The Pfarrer at once told him that by the end of a fortnight he would be on his feet again, and this actually came true. Naturally, however, as charity begins at home, I was most drawn to the whole thing by the marvellous effect it had upon myself. Not only was the root of the evil discovered, but the most distressing symptoms were removed; and I have every prospect of being entirely restored to health in the course of a few months—in fact, regenerated.

A NEW LEASE OF WORKING POWER.

"Whilst the cure itself lasts," says Madame de Ferro, "one is almost unfit for mental exertion. Even the simple writing of a letter was to me a thing to be dreaded; but a certain stage once past and the cure reduced to a much lighter degree, as it always is for home use, then it is that one begins to feel its wonderful effects. I am perfectly sure that this cure, consistently carried out in surroundings so different to what he is accustomed to at home, might well mean a new lease of working capacity to many a man working hard and straining his mental powers to the utmost."

The good priest Kneipp has sometimes as many as a thousand visitors staying in the village at one time, while hundreds come every week from Munich for consultation. He might have become immensely wealthy, but he hardly accepts sufficient fees to keep himself from starving. Madame de Ferro says:—

My own bill for his medical advice during a period of five weeks amounted to the gigantic sum of ten marks; while a gentleman of my acquaintance was charged only six marks for a course of treatment extending over two months.

HINDOO INFANT MARRIAGES.

MR. H. H. RISLEY, writing in *Blackwood's* on "Hindoo Infant Marriages," sums up his conclusions as follows:—

1. By the letter and the spirit of the Hindu scriptures, a girl ought to go through the ceremony of marriage before she attains sexual maturity.
2. By the letter and the spirit of the Hindu scriptures, a girl ought not to enter upon conjugal life until she attains sexual maturity.
3. The custom of the Panjab is in keeping with the Hindu scriptures; conjugal life commences after sexual maturity, and the *physique* of the people is magnificent.
4. The custom of the higher castes of Bengal is contrary to the teaching of the Hindu scriptures; conjugal life commences before sexual maturity, and the classes which follow this custom are inferior in *physique*, not only to the people of Northern India, but also to those Bengalis of somewhat lower rank who keep their girls at home until they are grown up.

What, then, ought to be done? His advice is as follows:—

Raise the age of consent to twelve or thirteen; leave all other incidents of Hindu marriage untouched, and the thing will be done. I see no necessity for further intervention on behalf of the Hindu widow; none for meddling with caste sanctions; above all, none for empowering persons married as infants to renounce their obligations when they are grown up. The sooner the reforming party make up their minds to knock the superfluous planks out of their platform, the better for their chances of success.

MR. STANLEY AND THE REAR COLUMN.

IN the *Universal Review*, Mr. Harry Quilter undertakes to describe "Mr. H. M. Stanley as Leader and Comrade," in an immense article of 52 pages. Mr. Quilter takes a very strong view against Mr. Stanley, and if his ability to present a case were equal to the vehemence of his convictions, Mr. Stanley would be in a bad way. But what can you make of an essayist who sums up his conclusions under no fewer than twenty-seven heads, the brief recapitulation of which occupies nearly five pages of type? The gist of his conclusions are expressed in the following paragraphs:—

That Mr. Stanley has now in a signed statement revised and altered his charges against the officers of the rear column so entirely as to render them entirely different from those he made at the time, and that the charges now made are inconsistent with the evidence he himself gives in his own book. That the officers engaged by Mr. Stanley in the Expedition were kept by him in ignorance of many of his real designs, and were used by him for the furtherance of designs which were not contemplated by them when they entered upon the Expedition; which were not rightly to be included in their agreement to serve Mr. Stanley, and the prosecution of which, to no inconsiderable degree, was responsible for the disasters of the rear column, and the death of those two officers whose conduct has been our chief subject of discussion in the foregoing article.

One great point in Mr. Quilter's attack upon Mr. Stanley is made up of his analysis of the character and conduct of Mr. Bonny, who seems to have been tale-bearer in general to the camp. After an elaborate defence of Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson, Mr. Quilter concludes his article as follows:—

Let it not be forgotten, however, that when these men are wholly cleared, Mr. Stanley himself must answer at the bar of public opinion for his cruel accusations of them, for the desertion of the camp at Yambuya, and for his whole conduct with regard to the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.

An anonymous writer in the *Contemporary Review*, writing on Mr. Stanley and the Rear Column, attempts to point out what the verdict should be. It is not a very conclusive paper, for the writer ends up by telling us that we are not in a position to pronounce a verdict at all. The chief point upon which he insists is:—

Did Stanley engage Major Barttelot with a full knowledge of his past career, and was his experience of the Major's conduct on the river such as to justify his leaving him in command at Yambuya? If the former, under what pressure did he do what he never would have done if left to his own judgment? We do not know enough to be able to give a definite answer to these questions; nor do we know what value to place on the mass of conflicting statements that have been published during the past six months. Possibly the half has not been told, and therefore we are not in a position to pronounce a verdict on all concerned.

Blackwood, reviewing the African books, sides, on the whole, with Major Barttelot. *Blackwood's* conclusion is as follows:—

We have no wish to pursue further this unpleasant controversy at present, but it is impossible that it can be allowed to rest here. The reputations of Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson are in the hands of the Emin Pasha Committee, whose inertness is greatly to blame for having allowed the supporters of the Relief Expedition to be scandalized by a continuous stream of disagreeable disclosures, which the public have about equal difficulty in believing or rejecting. It is for the Committee to examine the evidence and decide upon its merits, with the highest legal assistance, if necessary. Its failure to do so would be a failure of public justice and of its obligations to all connected with the expedition.

THE MAGIC RAINMAKERS OF AFRICA.

THE MARVELLOUS TALE OF A MODERN MUNCHAUSEN.

IN the November number of *Lucifer* there is a brief paper upon "West African Magic," the author of which, professing to write in all seriousness, gravely declares that the rainmakers of Africa really do make rain! He insists upon the fact that their claims have constantly to be verified by experiment, and that the penalty for failure is instant death, which is ruthlessly exacted by the savages whose hopes the rainmakers have disappointed. But he is not content with argument. He supports his contention by the following marvellous story of what he declares he witnessed himself on the West Coast of Africa:—

A CASE OF RAIN-MAKING.

I remember well my first experience of these wizards. For weeks and weeks there had been no rain, although it was the rainy season. The meales were all dying for want of water; the cattle were being slaughtered in all directions; women and children had died by scores, and the fighting men were beginning to do the same, being themselves scarcely more than skeletons. Day after day the sun glared down on the parched earth, without one intervening cloud, like a globe of glowing copper, and all Nature languished in that awful furnace. Suddenly the king ordered the great war-drum to be beaten, and the warriors all gathered hurriedly. He announced the arrival of two celebrated rain-makers, who would forthwith proceed to relieve the prevailing distress. The elder of the two was a stunted, bow-legged little man, with wool which would have been white had it not been messed up with grease, filth, and feathers. The second was rather a fine specimen of the Soosoo race, but with a very sinister expression. A large ring being formed by the squatting negroes, who came—for some unknown reason—all armed to the teeth, the king being in the centre, and the rain-makers in front of him, they commenced their incantations. The zenith and the horizon were eagerly examined from time to time, but not a vestige of a cloud appeared. Presently the elder man rolled on the ground in convulsions, apparently epileptic, and his comrade started to his feet pointing with both hands to the copper-coloured sky. All eyes followed his gesture, and looked at the spot to which his hands pointed, but nothing was visible. Motionless as a stone statue he stood with gaze rivetted on the sky. In about the space of a minute a darker shade was observable in the copper tint, in another minute it grew darker and darker, and, in a few more seconds developed into a black cloud, which soon overspread the heavens. In a moment, a vivid flash was seen, and the deluge that fell from that cloud, which had now spread completely overhead, was something to be remembered. For two days and nights that torrent poured down, and seemed as if it would wash everything out of the ground.

LEVITATION.

After the king had dismissed the rain-makers, and they had deposited the cattle and presents under guard, I entered the hut in which they were lodged, and spent the night with them, discussing the magical art. The hut was about fourteen feet in diameter, strongly built of posts driven firmly into the ground, and having a strong thatched conical roof. I eventually persuaded them to give me one or two examples of their skill. They began singing, or rather crooning, a long invocation, after a few minutes of which the younger man appeared to rise in the air about three feet from the ground and remain there unsuspended and floating about. There was a

brilliant light in the hut from a large fire in the centre, so that the smallest detail could be distinctly observed. I got up and went to feel the man in the air, and there was no doubt about his levitation. He then floated close to the wall and passed through it to the outside. I made a dash for the doorway, which was on the opposite side of the hut, and looked round for him. I saw a luminous figure which appeared like a man rubbed with phosphorized oil; but I was glad to rapidly take shelter from the torrents of rain. When I re-entered the hut, there was only the old man present. I examined the logs carefully, but there was no aperture whatever. The old man continued his chant, and in another moment his comrade reappeared floating in the air. He sat down on the ground, and I saw his black skin glistening with rain, and the few rags he wore were as wet as if he had been dipped in a river. The next feat was performed by the old man, and consisted in several instantaneous disappearances and reappearances. The curious point about this was that the old man also was dripping wet.

RAISING A SPIRIT.

But I wanted to know what they could do in the way of evocation of spirits. The incantation this time lasted nearly twenty minutes, when, rising slowly from the fire, appeared a human figure, a man of great age, a white man too, but absolutely nude. I put several questions to him, but obtained no reply. I arose and walked round the fire, and particularly noticed a livid scar on his back. I could get no satisfactory explanation of who he was, but they seemed rather afraid of him, and had evidently—from the remarks they interchanged—expected to see a black man.

After the appearance of this white man, I could not persuade them that night to attempt anything more, although the next night I had no difficulty with them.

THE PROPHETS OF BAAL.

A most impressive feat, which they on a subsequent occasion performed, was the old custom of the priests of Baal. Commencing a lugubrious chant they slowly began circling around the fire (which said fire always is an essential part of the proceedings), keeping a certain amount of rhythm in both their movements and cadences. Presently the movement grew faster and faster till they whirled round like dancing dervishes. There were two distinct movements; all the time during which they were gyrating round the circle they were rapidly spinning on their own axes. With the rapidity of their evolutions their voices were raised higher and higher until the din was terrific. Then, by a simultaneous movement, each began slashing his naked body on arms, chest, and thighs, until they were streaming with blood, and covered with deep gashes. Then the old man stopped his erratic course, and, sitting down on the ground, narrowly watched the younger one with apparent solicitude. The young man continued his frantic exertions until exhausted nature could bear no more, and he fell panting and helpless on the ground. The old man took both the knives, and anointed the blades with some evil-smelling grease from a calabash, and then stroked the young man's body all over with the blade which had done the injuries, and finished the operation by rubbing him vigorously with the palms of the hands smeared with the unguent. In a few minutes time the young man arose, and there was not the slightest trace of wound or scar in his ebony skin. He then performed the same good offices on the old man with the same effect. Within ten minutes afterwards they were both laid on their mats in a sweet and quiet sleep.

WHO WILL BE THE NEXT POPE ?

AN AUSTRALIAN PLEA FOR CARDINAL GIBBONS.

IN the *Sydney Quarterly Magazine* for September, which reached me last month, Oswald Keatinge, S.T.D., writing on the "Approaching Papal Council," which he thinks is to be held in Rome next year, discusses the prospects of the Papacy from the point of view of one who thinks her chances are very good:—

THE POWER OF THE JESUITS.

Never in history did Protestantism present such a promising aspect to her foe, and can anyone doubt that she will be prompt to take advantage of it? The eventual triumph of democracy affords strong grounds of hope to Rome. The great science of *wire-pulling* has been developed and perfected by democrats. The great thing in a democracy is to command popular votes; and who are so skilful in doing this as the Jesuits. Let us not forget that "*union is strength*," and then look at that mighty example of it presented by the Society of Jesus? Where is there upon earth an army, a society of men banded together for any purpose whatever, that is so perfect in discipline? A compact phalanx of twenty-five thousand men, all well educated, all trained to the most implicit obedience, all animated by the same aim, despising fortune, torture, death; ready to do what Gordon said *his* men would do. The record of its past history reads like a page of brilliant romance, full of marvellous exploits. But this is really nothing to what they may do if the *entire power* of the Order is concentrated on *one* aim. Whenever democracy becomes the chief form of government, and power passes into the hands of the people, then the Roman Church will, little by little, arrogate that power to itself. In America especially, the Church of Rome is the Church of the labouring classes. The Jesuits are rapidly competing with the best colleges in the Republic, and educate large numbers of Protestants as well as Catholics. The Romish element is supreme in New York, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Paul, Milwaukee, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, and San Francisco. In this latter city, the compact unity of the Irish Romanists and their enormous wealth make them almost supreme masters of the mines of Nevada and California. The secret societies directly under Jesuit control are combined under the name of the United States Volunteer Militia, and number 70,000 men, all well armed, well drilled, and absolutely obedient.

WHO WILL NOMINATE THE NEXT POPE ?

A similar policy is being followed all over the world, like lines converging to a point, all tending to make the people believe that their truest friend is the Church of Rome. Once let this belief gain a thorough hold on the popular mind, and the chief point is gained. The accession of Rome to the dominion of the world is but a question of time.

And on this question hangs another very closely affecting it—*Who will be the next Pope?* Whoever is chosen will be the nominee of the Jesuits, who now practically control the whole Catholic Church. He will be a man devoted to their interests—a man of parts and experience, a tried administrator, of conciliating temper, yet inflexible determination; one popular with the people, to whom they now look as the main factor in all political combinations; one not too old to do plenty of work, and belonging to a nationality which will command the respect of all the Cabinets of Europe.

Looking at the list of Cardinals, who is the man that combines all these qualifications in himself? The Italian and French Cardinals are all old, and of no mark beyond their respective localities. Their names are hardly known even to Catholics. There is a *lex non scripta* of precedent which precludes the nomination of an Englishman, or of any British subject. This limitation excluded the very ablest among the Cardinals at the last election—to wit, Manning. At the next, it would exclude Moran.

CARDINAL GIBBONS "THE ONLY MAN LEFT."

The only man left, therefore, is Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. The law excluding British subjects does not affect an American, and he is every way eligible. This man has the mighty influence of the Jesuits behind him. He is immensely popular, not only with the eleven millions of Catholics in the United States, and with Irishmen (his own countrymen by birth) everywhere, but also with the Protestants and others, as a wise patriotic citizen. His accession to the Papal throne would be regarded as a democratic triumph, for he is known to be intensely democratic, and boasts as much of his plebeian origin as some men do of their ancestors; he is *of* the people, and heart and soul *for* them. He could command more money than any other Cardinal, ay, than half of them put together. San Francisco alone furnishes fifty Catholic millionaires, and these are practically masters of the millions which are now being dug out, or lie still concealed in the inexhaustible gold and silver mines of California and Nevada. In this age, when money is the great god of the world, the longest purse has the best chance in everything. Money will make wrong right, crime virtue, black white, and "the worse appear the better reason." Cardinal Gibbons is also a man of great capacity, of engaging manners, combining the best qualities of the American and Irishman, and a born ruler of men.

WHAT ROME MAY DO.

All, and more, of the qualifications which the Jesuits will require in the next Pope, meet in him. And when he is known as their great ally, their obedient instrument, the matter is really settled, because they are now strong enough to place in Peter's chair whomsoever they please. She may, with her incomparable statecraft, combine opposing forces and sift the elements of good from evil, becoming thus a guardian of the world's liberties and the ally of progress. She may see that the emancipated mind of man is too mighty to be any longer controlled by superstition, and may choose to go hand in hand with it in common effort to put down ignorance, crime, poverty, and misrule. Time has wrought even greater marvels than this, which seems almost a vain hope.

A PROPOSED MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS' UNION.

It is proposed to form an Association of general practitioners, called the "General Practitioners' Union," and to bring out early in January in connection therewith a new monthly medical journal called the *Monthly Medical Review*. Attempts have on other occasions been made to found such an association, but these have not been successful—the want of success being due to the absence of efficient organization. There is no reason to believe that, properly organized, the "General Practitioners' Union" should not become a power in the profession. It is thought that the opportunity is now a most favourable one for such a consummation to be attained. If practitioners were now to combine and unite themselves into one solid phalanx, they would, by the union of their forces, be able to take up a strong position for the protection of their interests.

Excellent and valuable as most of the present weekly and monthly medical publications are as professional organs, in them matters of special moment to the busy practitioner can only be sparingly dealt with owing to the demands upon space.

The *Monthly Medical Review* would not include in its list of contents any reference to original articles or leaders. Still, from time to time, as occasion may seem to require, special articles upon subjects of general medical interest will be contributed by writers specially selected for the purpose. The temporary offices of the new journal are at 30, Bouverie Street, E.C.

A POET'S JUDGMENT ON POETS.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

In the *North American Review* for November Mr. Walt Whitman expresses his opinion on poets English and American. He predicts that there is some unborn poetry different from anything formulated in any verse, but what it will be and how no one knows:—

One thing, it must run through entire humanity (this new word and meaning Solidarity has arisen to us moderns) twining all lands like a divine thread, stringing all beads, pebbles or gold, from God and the soul, and like God's dynamics and sunshine illustrating all and having reference to all.

TENNYSON AND BROWNING.

Of contemporary English poets, he refers as follows to Tennyson and Browning:—

I have already put on record my notions of T. and his effusions: they are very attractive and flowery to me—but flowers, too, are at least as profound as anything; and by common consent T. is settled as the poetic cream-skimmer of our age's melody, *ennui* and polish—a verdict in which I agree, and should say that nobody (not even Shakespeare) goes deeper in those exquisitely touched and half-hidden hints and indirections left like faint perfumes in the crevices of his lines. Of Browning I don't know enough to say much; he must be studied deeply out, too, and quite certainly repays the trouble—but I am old and indolent, and cannot study (and never did).

LONGFELLOW AND WHITTIER.

Longfellow, reminiscent, polished, elegant, with the air of finest conventional library, picture-gallery or parlour, with ladies and gentlemen in them, and plush and rosewood, and ground-glass lamps, and mahogany and ebony furniture, and a silver inkstand and scented satin paper to write on.

Whittier stands for morality (not in any all-accepting philosophic or Hegelian sense, but) filtered through a Puritanical or Quaker filter—is incalculably valuable as a genuine utterance (and the finest)—with many local and Yankee and *genre* bits—all hued with anti-slavery colouring—(the *genre* and anti-slavery contributions all precious—all help). Whittier's is rather a grand figure, but pretty lean and ascetic—no Greek—not universal and composite enough (don't try—don't wish to be) for ideal Americanism. Ideal Americanism would take the Greek spirit and law, and democratize and scientize and (thence) truly Christianize them for the whole, the globe, all history, all ranks and lands, all facts, all good and bad.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

William Cullen Bryant—meditative, serious, from first to last tending to threnodies—his genius mainly lyrical—when reading his pieces who could expect or ask for more magnificent ones than such as "The Battle-Field," and "A Forest Hymn"? Bryant, unrolling, prairie-like, notwithstanding his mountains and lakes—moral enough (yet worldly and conventional)—a naturalist, pedestrian, gardener, and fruiterer—well aware of books, but mixing to the last in cities and society. I am not sure but his name ought to lead the list of American bards. Years ago I thought Emerson pre-eminent (and as to the last polish and intellectual cuteness may be I think so still)—but, for reasons, I have been gradually tending to give the file-leading place for American native poetry to W. C. B.

The article is characteristically Whitmanesque, and the following passage, if cut up into irregular lengths, would probably pass muster with much of his poetry:—

Perhaps, indeed, the rarest and most blessed quality of transcendent noble poetry—as of law, and of the profoundest wisdom and æstheticism—is (I would suggest) from sane, completed, vital, capable old age. The final proof of song or personality is a sort of matured, accreted, superb, evolved, almost divine, impalpable diffuseness and atmosphere or invisible magnetism, dissolving and embracing all, and not any special achievement of passion, pride, metrical form, epigram, plot, thought, or what is called beauty.

A COLLEGE IN EVERY TOWN.

SOMETHING LIKE UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

Mr. E. SADLER, in the *Paternoster Review*, maintains that the present offers a golden opportunity for the organization of the Local University Extension teaching. His idea is that the University colleges might be established all over the country by Groups of four towns. He says:—

Let four towns, each within easy access of the rest, club together to form a University College. Rooms, in which instruction can be given, will easily be found. In most towns, suitable halls and class-rooms already exist; in all, an energetic committee would soon raise the funds required to build proper premises. But the essential part of a University College is a staff of vigorous and inspiring professors. A group of four towns would at least require a professor of history, a professor of literature, a professor of classics, and probably two professors who, between them, would give instruction in mathematics and two or three of the chief branches of natural science. The professor of history might be required, in the early days of the work at any rate, to give instruction in political economy. With these five professors the group of towns might at first be content. Whether the headquarters of the five professors should be distributed over the four towns, or concentrated in one of them, would be a matter for local arrangement. At any rate, each town would be visited by each of the professors once a week. For five days in every week there would thus be systematic teaching in all the four towns. In the morning each professor would instruct small classes of those persons who could devote that part of the day to study; in the afternoon he would probably address a larger audience; in the evening he would deliver a more popular course to men and women who were engaged during the daytime. One of the five professors would be principal of the staff. On the principal would devolve the duties of organization; and, therefore, on his ability and resource would chiefly depend the successful development of the scheme. The public would look to him as representing the college. It would rest with him to watch the practical working of the system; to inspire it with energy; to direct it with judgment; to harmonize conflicting interests; to assuage rivalries; to suggest such improvements in the scheme as would make the lectures and classes useful to a larger number of the inhabitants in the four towns.

All the separate pieces of the necessary machinery already exist. Sixty-eight lecturers are at present engaged delivering courses exactly of the kind which would be needed for the purpose. Last winter, in England, 387 such courses were given. The average attendance last winter amounted to 41,000 in 150 towns. These courses cost not less than £19,000. The further extension which he advocates, he maintains, would not cost much.

The working expenses of the system would be small. They would be confined to the railway fares of the professors, the hire and care of lecture-rooms, and the provision of small laboratories. The fees paid by the students would go some way towards meeting the whole cost of their instruction. Seeing, however, what benefit the college would confer on the four towns which created it, local benefactors might naturally be expected to aid it by donations towards a fund for buildings, laboratories, a library, and scholarships, as well as by subscriptions towards the annual expense. It is possible that, before another generation has passed away, we shall see in a hundred English towns a foundation devoted to the higher education of its inhabitants—the building, in which the instruction is given, commemorating one benefactor; its library or museum or art gallery, a second; one or other of its professorial chairs, a third.

AFRICA: THE BLACK INDIES.

BY M. DE VOGUE.

AFRICAN articles begin to multiply themselves in the French magazines, as they have been doing of late in our own press, and M. Vogué's description of the "Black Indies" has the merit of summarizing in a very clear and readable manner the history of Northern and Central Africa during the last twenty years. Written of course before the late painful revelations, the article begins with a very full and generous recognition of Stanley's work; and if the personality of Stanley himself comes in for a share of the mockery which it could scarcely fail to evoke in a French mind, the following sympathetic description of Livingstone is enough to show that M. Vogué does not write from the point of view of national prejudice.

AFRICA BOUGHT WITH THE PRICE OF SOULS.

He has been comparing the exploits of Cortes and Pizarro and the great days of the Conquest of America, with contemporary exploration.

If we weigh the moral qualities of the adventurers, taking this word in its finest acceptation, how infinitely superior are those of the nineteenth century! Are there any figures in the American epic which can be compared to those of a Gordon and a Livingstone? The latter has renewed in our days the type of the apostles who civilized the barbarous world, and received for the service, at an epoch when men's gratitude expressed itself in such epithets, the name of saints. If we had not lost the meaning of a fine title which expressed the veneration of humanity for its best examples, Livingstone would have as much right to it as Boniface, who converted the Germans; Cyril, the educator of the Slavs; Gregory, the illuminator of the Armenians. The sublime scene which took place on the 1st May, 1873, on the deserted shore of Lake Bangweolo in the little hut in which the apostle consummated his sacrifice, would not discredit the *Acta Sanctorum*. Alone, forgotten by the world, prostrate with fever, after thirty years of study and of preaching, he felt the hour come. He called no one, he closed his book, knelt down and died, praying for his Africa. The natives found their redeemer in the morning on his knees, having gently fallen asleep in prayer. We propose to civilize the country by submitting it to the action of our great material forces; the vulgar will believe that they have achieved the whole result; but for those who believe in the mysterious power of the moral forces it was indispensable that Africa should first be bought with the price of souls.

This price M. Vogué holds to have been paid by the devotion of Livingstone and his school—the obscure missionaries and men of science. They have sowed, and now the harvest is coming up.

ENGLAND'S SHARE OF AFRICA.

The twenty years of European peace has contributed, of course, to throw the adventurous spirits of all nations into the field of exploration, and colonial settlement has practically taken the place of war. The conflicting ambitions of England and Germany in Africa are described in a sentence by M. Vogué:—

England claimed to cut this African pear for herself throughout its length; Germany desired to divide it in the sense of its breadth. The two knives met in the middle, and it is the last one which has remained in the fruit.

But the settlement of England on the Niger determined, in M. Vogué's opinion, the fate of the Soudan. In less than ten years he expects to see England in the position of absolute mistress of the Central Soudan, having directed its currents of trade up their natural slope along the course of the Niger and the Bénoué to the coast.

WHAT IS LEFT FOR FRANCE?

What, then, remains for France? The French Congo, with its possible future developments towards Lake Tchad, if, as some people—M. Crampel amongst them—seem to think, the situation admits of development in that direction, and a fifth part of the continent, of which the limits are thus defined:—

Draw an oblique line from Tunis to the Niger, prolong it from that point to the ivory coast in the Gulf of Guinea, and, with the exception of Morocco and a few isolated spots upon the coast, the whole protuberance of Africa west of this line is recognised as the property of France.

This is the field of French colonial activity, and a rapid sketch is given of the two schools of French colonists, with their respective programmes.

TWO SCHOOLS OF FRENCH AFRICANS.

There is the Soudanese school, who have their schemes of activity in the Senegal and the Niger, and there is the Algerian school, which takes for the pivot of its operations the Trans-Saharan railway. M. Vogué describes both schemes in an impartial spirit. He believes that the Trans-Saharan railway will some day be constructed, but he points out in the meantime the fallacy of the parallel which it is sought to establish between it and the Trans-Caspian. The mere fact that it would be, roughly speaking, twice as long cannot be neglected as a factor of difference. A more essential difference is, however, that the Trans-Caspian has definite markets to which it leads, and the produce of which give practical returns for the labour expended upon it. The Trans-Saharan must, in M. Vogué's opinion, wait until similar conditions can be realized for it in the regions of the Upper Niger, or upon the northern shores of Lake Tchad. The difficulties of the sand and of the Tuaregs, which were supposed to be the two great obstacles, M. Vogué disposes of in a paragraph. The Tuaregs are friendly, the sand does not exist except in rare and inconsiderable patches.

FRANCE AND THE BASIN OF THE NIGER.

M. Vogué himself belongs evidently to the Soudanese school, whose programme is to develop the French Hinterland of the Senegambia; but it is a curious instance of the ignorance of even well-informed writers upon African questions, that he and, by implication, the Colonial school to which he belongs, should base their ultimate operations on the misconception that the Berlin Act of 1885 established freedom of trade in the basin of the Niger. The Berlin Act established freedom of trade in the conventional basin of the Congo, the limits of which are defined upon all ordinarily good maps by the tracing of the Free Trade Zone. This includes half of the French Congo, but does not approach the basin of the Niger. Free navigation of the latter river was guaranteed by the Act of Berlin, but free navigation of a river is a very different thing from free trade in the basin of that river. It only means that vessels may pass as they pass upon the waters of the Danube or the Rhine, but they may not unship a side-string without submitting to the Customs' regulations of the shore at which they touch. So much of M. Vogué's future proposal depends upon this misconception that from this point we must part company with him, and content ourselves merely with hoping that in some other manner we may yet see his moderate and intelligent policy carried out. M. Vogué advocates the formation of a great French Company on the lines of the Niger and the East Africa Company, and strongly deprecates State interference.

AMERICAN TRIBUTES TO CANON LIDDON.

In the *Andover Review* for November, a writer who heard Canon Liddon lecture at St. James's, Piccadilly, in Lent, 1870, contributes a paper on Canon Liddon's preaching, which is the most interesting of all those that have yet appeared in periodical literature. The writer says that Canon Liddon was the strongest and purest light of the Church of England; the foremost preacher of the Anglican Church since the death of Bishop Wilberforce.

DR. LIDDON IN 1870.

After an elapse of twenty years, the writer says :—

We vividly recall the figure of the preacher as his robes touched us while he was rapidly passing from the chancel to the somewhat distant pulpit; a person rather under middle height, spare in form, and with the scholar's stoop to his shoulders, his manuscript tightly clasped with both hands before his breast as if they held a precious treasure, his head projected forward, with eyes intently fixed upon the pulpit as if forgetful of the great presence surrounding him, and only eager to reach the spot for delivering his important message. His features were sharply cut, refined rather than strong, regular, and yet not classic; they bore the impress of high moral thoughtfulness, and expressed a happy blending of ardour and seriousness, austerity and kindness. His forehead was broad and intellectual, especially developed in the region of the reasoning faculties. The thin, closely cut hair and clean-shaven face gave the finishing touch to the impression that you might be looking upon a monk of the nineteenth century. In the pulpit his presence was not imposing, but he had not spoken five minutes before one forgot his physical appearance and surrendered himself to the magic of the preacher's fervid eloquence.

THE ELOQUENT PREACHER.

After this description of Liddon as the writer saw him twenty years ago, he proceeds to a criticism of Dr. Liddon's preaching. He says :—

The distinctive mark of Liddon's preaching was intensity of earnestness. He threw his whole soul into his work. He spoke like a man possessed. His thin, white face glowed with the kindling light and warmth of his rapidly unfolding theme. For an hour and a half, each time we heard him, he poured forth an uninterrupted stream of elevated thought in language that was the luminous reflection of his clear, earnest, orderly intellect. His was an eloquent mind. The delivery was eloquent and impressive. The voice did not so much charm the listener as command him. It was a vibrant, robust tenor in its *timbre*, of a limited range of notes, and, occasionally, when the voice was charged with unusual energy, became metallic in quality. His use of the voice was chiefly in the mode of an expressive monotone, which was neither a chant nor a recitative, but rather a cathedral melody which the conditions of cathedral preaching seem to engender. One striking excellence of his utterance was his perfect oral syllabication. He seemed to appreciate the musical values of open vowels and sonorous consonants. As a consequence, in the most impassioned passages the syllables never became mixed, nor the sentences confused. Every word reached the ear of the farthest auditor.

THE STYLE AND MATTER OF HIS SERMONS.

Of Dr. Liddon in the pulpit, the *Andover* reviewer says :—

His absorption in his pulpit work was complete. Utterly forgetful of himself in his theme, he was yet keenly alive to his audience. The use of his eyes was strangely incon-

sistent with voice and style. The eyes never searched his audience, nor rested upon any part of it. Oblivious of his auditors, the eyes, whenever they left the manuscript, seemed to be fascinated by some ideal presence above and beyond him, and in an oblique line of vision to the right of him. His delivery was full of nervous energy. The strenuously moving mind gave a corresponding movement to the physical expression. His vehemence of spirit entered into frame, countenance, and voice, more than into gesture. He was not a master of oratorical action. The gestures were comparatively few, and chiefly expressive of emphatic moods of feeling. The index finger, or the open palm, or the closed hand, would coincide incisively with some strong assertion or energetic interrogation; but there was no influence of the dramatic imagination upon his pulpit action.

The literary taste of this admirable preacher was fine and true. He was a rhetorician in the worthiest sense of the term :—

In the architecture of his sermons he was a homiletic artist of a very high order. Structure was all important in his rhetorical work; yet it was simple, ordered, well proportioned. The beauty of his sermons was a severe beauty—the resultant impression of symmetry, and adaptedness of the structure to its end. Intellect, and not emotion, was the ruling power in his sermonic prose.

HIS SPECIAL FUNCTION.

I regret that I cannot quote at greater length from this admirable article, but the following passages will suffice to illustrate his estimate of Dr. Liddon's sermons :—

The architectural conception of his work influenced his style. The fabric was close, compact, yet flexible, and warm with colour, but never marred with meretricious ornament. His taste was too severe to permit the use of ornament for the mere sake of ornamentation. Hence his discourse was invariably dignified, masculine, and vital, with never a trace of declamation.

Rich and helpful as his sermons were on the deepest questions of spiritual doubt and denial, he failed to hold his supremacy as a guide in purely theological opinion. His face was towards the setting not the rising sun.

His special function as a preacher was not in Newman's calling of piercing the secrets of the human heart: Liddon's function was that of the Christian apologist.

Liddon may not unfitly be styled the English Lacordaire: denied, to be sure, the imagination, the thrilling pathos, the dramatic power, the magnetic penetration, the inspiring voice and noble presence of his foreign prototype, but, like him, making it the devotion of his life to defend the Christian faith and to prepare the hearts of men for its reception, he spoke as one possessed by a mighty truth and not merely possessing it.

The *Chantauquan*, for December, says that Canon Liddon was the greatest preacher of the century, and thus accounts for his unique fame :—

After granting, however, as must be done, his natural eloquence, his vast wisdom, his argumentative ability and his sincerity, there remain to be noticed, three qualities, without which he never could have obtained his incomparable fame as a preacher. They were spirituality, affection, and natural force. He inherited from his father, who was a naval officer, that splendid combination of perception, decision, and energy which men call force. His love for humanity was unbounded; all that he said from the pulpit, no matter how dry the subject might seem, was full of an affectionate spirit, which his manner and tone expressed. Greatest of all, his spirituality was strong and abiding; the unseen world was as real and present to him as the visible world about him.

THE DRUSES OF THE HOLY LAND.

THE STRANGE RELIGION OF A STRANGE RACE.

MR. HASKETT SMITH, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, writes at some length on the Druses of the Holy Land. The most interesting portion of his article relates to their religion. The Druses call themselves Unitarians, and maintain that the belief in one God is the primary essential to everlasting salvation; at the same time they maintain that the one God has appeared on earth in human form in no less than ten incarnations. These incarnations took place in the following human beings: Ali, El Bar, Zacharias, Elias, Maal, El Kaem, Mansur, Maaz, Aziz, and Hakim.

Ali was the first incarnation, and this occurred at the inauguration of the present race of humanity, for although the incarnation was in human form, no man ever saw Ali at any time.

El Bar was the incarnate God-man from whom Enoch learned the truth. Elias, the fourth incarnation, is undoubtedly Elijah.

The fifth manifestation of the Godhead occurred in the person of Maal, who is said to have appeared upon earth in the time of Mohammed. This incarnation took place at "Tadmor in the East," now known as Palmyra.

Maal begat El Kaem, and El Kaem begat Mansur, and Mansur begat Maaz, and Maaz begat Aziz, and Aziz begat Hakim; and all these were individual and separate incarnations of the Godhead.

The Druses, who have ten incarnations, have twenty-one prophets and seven lawgivers. Their prophets are as follows:—

Adam, Noah, Shem, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Isaiah, Hezekiah, Nathaniel, Daniel, Doodoosalem, Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Jesus, Simon, Mohamed Ibn Abdullah, and Mohamed Ibn Ismail.

Their seven lawgivers are:—

Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, Mohamed the first, Mohamed the second, and Said el Mahdi, "and all these were one soul."

The Druses believe in transmigration of souls, while the ethical state of their religion is embodied in the following seven laws:—

1. The truth of the tongue.
2. The preservation of brotherly love.
3. The abandonment of idol-worship.
4. The disbelief in evil spirits.
5. The worship of the One God in every age and generation.
6. Perfect satisfaction with the acts of God.
7. Absolute resignation to God's will.

Prayer, almsgiving, and fasting are distinctly discountenanced, for the sacred books allege that the first three laws have done away with their necessity and use; *the truth of the tongue* is instead of prayer, and *the preservation of brotherly love* is instead of almsgiving, and *the abandonment of idol-worship* is instead of fasting.

They work all the seven days of the week; they very seldom pray; and consider religion as a matter more of practical work and conduct than of devotion. "They are one of the most exclusive races upon earth. They keep religiously and rigorously to themselves, never intermarrying with outsiders, never interfering with the religious opinions of others, and never allowing others to interfere with theirs. It would be equally impossible to convert a Druse to any other religion, as it would be to become a Druse one's self. They have one great saying with reference to their religion: 'The door is shut; none can enter in, and none can pass out.' They would on no account admit a proselyte into the mysteries of their faith, nor accept a convert from any other religion. It is equally out of the question to attempt to pervert any of the Druses to another creed."

THE PICTURES OF JEAN FOUCQUET.

In a second article in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, on Jean Fouquet—which is again accompanied by a very beautiful illustration—M. Henri Bouchot, after dwelling on his special and, at that time, very wonderful knowledge of the laws of art, his power of perspective, his manipulation of masses of men, his close following of nature in the rendering not only of the form but of the movements of animals, his genius for composition, passes on to give some account of his successive works, and of his great value as an historical painter. This flows naturally from the love of truth, which appears to have been at all times the inward impulse of his happy power of expression. In everything at which he looked he appears to have given, not by any special effort, but by that fortunate set of disposition, the "*glückiger hang*," on which Goethe has made us all feel the simplicity—to the beauty and characteristics which existed in it. He did not seek to add foreign qualities. If he had to paint the entry of a king into Paris, he painted Paris; and his drawing remains to this day as an accurate architectural note of the then standing towers and walls. But he found the inherent beauty of the scene, and made a picture: so with his peasants and his nobles, his horses and his men. To that which was round him he simply gave its best expression. When he had to paint a scene which was beyond the range of actual vision, he invested it still naively with the forms he knew. He has to illustrate the fall of Jericho; and knowing nothing of Oriental architecture he is content to site a Gothic town in his own familiar valley of the Cher, where, in presence of the hills and woods he knew, surrounded by such a host as he saw weekly in the religious processions of the town of Tours, the walls split open at the trumpet sound. In such an instance, of course, it is not Jericho that we get, but the whole has none the less a truth, a life, a charm of keen reality which is not lost even in the slight unfinished sketch in black and white which accompanies the present article.

He had the opportunity in middle life of studying in Italy, and profited by it, purging his style from the last remains of the archaic conventions of his predecessors, and yielding himself entirely to his own disciplined love of nature. He never achieved any high success in the nude. He loved and used the clothed figure as it is seen in daily life. But M. Bouchot says of him, "The human skeleton once dressed became his 'thing.' He could turn it, and posture it in the modern fashion, and surprise its slightest intentions. Under the stuff flesh breathes and moves in like manner as mind sparkles on his mouths and eyes." His fame spread through the then civilized world. In Italy, after he had returned home, his tradition lingered as an inspiration, but he did not know it. He returned to his little house and his homely insignificance at Tours, where, having finished the illustrations to a Josephus for Jacques de Nemours, the Count of Armagnac, he died in 1480. His death does not appear to have disturbed the authorities of his native town. They gave him no solemn obsequies, nor unusual service. He was to them simply an "artizan," a little *bourgeois*, a very humble citizen who had passed from life to death, and they sought for a successor to take his place in colouring shields and such like things. The municipal registers do not even name him, and only by chance an entry in the books of a little lodging-house keeper noted in 1481 "that the widow and heirs of the late Jean Fouquet, painter, owe him two 'deniers' for their paternal home." He was known to be alive at the beginning of 1480, and from this wretched little record the date of his death is fixed.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN DRAMA.

BY THE LATE DION BOUCAULT.

IN the *Arena* for November there appears a posthumous paper by Mr. Dion Boucault on the American Drama, in which the author of "The Colleen Bawn" says many interesting things which, whether they are true or not, suggest many topics for reflection.

THERE IS NO AMERICAN DRAMA.

There is not, he declares, and there never has been, a literary institution which can be called the American Drama. Since 1840 there has not been an English Drama either, for the English theatre has been paralysed since that time by an influx of French plays. These plays for the last century have been dramas of ephemeral existence, not one of which has survived the popular esteem. The French stage has now taken a new departure: instead of being an imitation of human passions and weaknesses, it is a philosophical school of sciology, for the illustration and argument of ethical problems. The domestic drama is to be a photograph of nature. Mr. Boucault stoutly maintains that nature has been over-admired. For nature he has little use, admiration, or respect; his homage and worship is reserved for the spirit that from the lowest of brutes has evolved the civilized man. The highest and sole court of appeal in literary and other matters is public opinion. He believes in the public *en masse*. After this preliminary dissertation Mr. Boucault passes on to discuss the influences which are likely to mould the future drama of America. He points out with much acuteness that a ready-made, polyglot population, which has never been thoroughly fused into one, which has no central organ which can be recognised as the brain of the nation, can only have the arts of a naturalized import. America for some time to come will be a Barnum who imports Jenny Lind between Tom Thumb and Jumbo.

RUINED BY ENGLISH IMPORTS.

To mend this state of things Mr. Boucault heaves an unavailing sigh for the establishment of an American conservatory—a university of the arts. That it would not want for students may be inferred from the fact that in eighteen months 2,000 applicants applied for admission to the School of Acting opened at the Madison Square Theatre in New York. The drama in America is a drama whose character is degenerating. The native product is ruined by English imports, and at present there are only four theatres in the whole of the United States devoted legitimately to the cultivation of the drama. Three are in New York and one in Boston, and they are the smallest in their respective cities. The money-changers have displaced the priests in the temple. Burlesque operetta is a hybrid produced by the mixture of the old English burlesque; the French *opéra bouffe* and negro minstrelsy occupy the stage.

THE NEW DRAMA OF THE NEW WORLD.

Notwithstanding this melancholy state of things, Mr. Boucault is not without hopes of the future. He says:—

The public has changed in this generation, and are eager now to recognise and support a native American drama. The managers fail to recognise this revolution, but they must come to it.

It seems probable that the drama of modern life, the reflex of the period, will prevail over every other kind of entertainment. This drama will present a character or a group of characters, not a complicated or sensational action, affording a physiological study by way of illustration, not by way of description.

The drama of the future will be prosaic and positive. Its grandeur will be in its truth—truth in its purity, its delicacy, and tenderness. Pathos will assume the place of passion. The plot, a subject simple and perspicuous, will be designed with one object, not to surprise the spectator with startling incident. The incidents will be merely contrivances to exhibit the characters.

The American mind is rather philosophic and scientific than poetic. It is positive and inquisitive. Its scope is the reach of our senses, and its imagination is bounded by its information. It is sensitive of the ridiculous, so it watches flights of fancy with a smile, and applauds the rocket, but reckons it all up without any emotion, inclining to regard poetic effusion as a kind of fireworks, and rhetoric as fustian.

The dramatic resources of France, England, and Germany appear to be exhausted. The dramatic power has always exhibited itself in the early periods of a nation's growth; when the race is young and mentally vigorous, the dramatists appeared and flourished. America has not yet got out of her teens; she is still growing. But that she will take the lead in the nations in intelligence is as certain as that she will surpass them in stature.

ITS TWO LEADING FEATURES.

There are two features which will probably appear in the near future of our drama. One of these is a theatre where the engrossing subjects of the hour will be exhibited, and performed as dramas of the period, illustrating great current events as closely as the pictorial newspapers present such to their readers—be it the adventures of the discoverers in Equatorial Africa, a Brazilian revolution, or Siberian revolt. In this manner was written the "Relief of Lucknow," produced in 1858. During the siege of Lucknow, while that city was still invested by the Sepoy mutineers, this piece was played in New York. This was called the "contemporaneous" drama. The other kind to which I refer, will incline to deal with the popular problems of the hour, whether social or scientific, such as hypnotism; the inheritance of criminal proclivities which Zola, Ibsen, and their followers maintain to be constitutional and irrepressible; the great struggle between labour and capital; representations of the millennium, described by such dreamers as Mr. Bellamy. *The American, who is nothing if not utilitarian, would enjoy a theatre put to such uses, properly—that is, by the true dramatic process. Independently of this matter, which will be the object, not necessarily the subject, of the play, an amusing or interesting action must prevail over every other consideration. And above all the interest must be domestic; for there is as much romance, as much poetry, and frequently more real tragedy in our home life than in all the works of imagination.*

Atalanta, in issuing its Christmas number, follows a different plan from that of most of its contemporaries, for it omits the serials and the usual brown owl paper for discussion. I have already referred to the Were-Wolf story by Clemence Housman, a new writer who has made a good beginning. There is a comedietta, "Cupid's Cunning," in two acts, and a very charming paper by Julia Cartwright, on "Children in Modern Art," copiously illustrated by children as painted by the moderns. There is a good ballad, "Sir Walter's Honour," by Miss Margaret Preston, and a paper on "Town Cats in the Country," which is charmingly illustrated, and for children will be the most popular part of the magazine.

THE MORALITY OF PESSIMISM.

BY AN ADMIRER OF SCHOPENHAUER.

"It is in the nature of fashion," M. Brunetière says in a review of Schopenhauer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for November 1st, "to *futiliser* all that it touches." Hence, since pessimism became the fashion, the true signification of it has been warped. Its profounder meanings have diminished down to drawing-room catchwords, and there is room for an intelligent reconstitution of the word of which Schopenhauer made himself a prophet. To attempt even to achieve this would be vain, he passingly says, were it not that fashion has for the moment turned its head away, and Schopenhauer is abandoned to men who may care when they read to think.

THE DEFECTS OF OPTIMISM.

Writing for the benefit of the latter class of readers, M. Brunetière finds in pessimism a system of morality, while in optimism—the philosophic optimism of a Leibnitz, who can arrive at the conclusion that all is for the best in the best possible world—he can perceive only a system of metaphysics. He contends for the one, that it has its foundation in actual experience, while of the other he says: "It is a consequence drawn from a certain idea which has been formed of God, whose omnipotence would be only a snare, and His goodness a vain word, if this world, which passes for His masterpiece, were radically bad." Schopenhauer assumes nothing, to begin with; he asks us only to look around us, and to draw for ourselves from what we see the answers to certain questions of fact. Is life good or bad? Is Nature our mother, or the impassive witness of our vexations and our sorrows? To these questions M. Brunetière himself sees but one answer. "By a road in which pleasures are too often snares set for our folly we are passing insensibly towards death, and death serves only as a passage of blood, which for all we know may lead not even to annihilation, but to an unknown more formidable even than life." He is aware of all that the optimists will urge in reply. Their arguments remind him of the line—

"When Augustus drank, all Poland reeled."

The pleasures of a few do not suffice for the happiness of others. His individual fate is not the subject of the pessimist's reflections; it is with human sorrows, with the misery inherent to our condition, that he is concerned. After all arguments have been made the best of this remains. The danger then arises that the optimist, blind to evil, shall remain content with things as they are. "For if life is bad, it follows that it contains neither its end nor its true cause in itself, that consequently it is by its climax that it must be judged, and that only by constant meditation upon death does life become anything more than a purposeless agitation.

DEATH THE SUPREME GOOD.

The manner in which Schopenhauer speaks of death may be compared with that of Bourdaloue in one of his finest and most solid sermons on 'The Thought of Death.' For the philosopher, as for the Christian preacher, it is from death that we learn to despise death, but also by a just reaction not to esteem beyond their real worth the satisfactions of life. Death alone gives life its interest and its meaning; it alone determines the price and worth of it. Because we alone, among sentient beings, know death, we are men; and whatever resemblance may be found in other respects between man and beasts, this

knowledge of death puts an abyss between them. Man might be defined as an animal who knows death, and who, without the certitude and the fear he has of it, would not be what he is, if, as Schopenhauer says, 'death is the inspiring genius of philosophy.' . . . Now, the desire to live is the dull instinctive desire to persist in our being; it is the tendency we have to gather everything towards ourselves as to the centre of the world; it is the disposition which comes to us from nature to consider others and the entire universe—if we could make ourselves master of it—as so many means put within our reach for the realization of the end which we alone present to ourselves. What results, if not that every inch gained upon the desire to live is gained also upon instinct and on egoism? Each effort made to strip ourselves of ourselves is a vice attacked at its source, a virtue of which we begin the apprenticeship. We begin by estimating at its just price wealth which is not wealth, such as fortune and glory, which does not mean that we do not pursue it since the society of man is to some extent based upon the common esteem in which it is held, but we no longer give to it the same excitement, eagerness, and vigour. It is justice which triumphs in us over egoism. A step further, if we are capable of it, and we renounce this wealth which is esteemed, we hand over to others the share which we might, had we chosen to do so, keep for ourselves. It is charity which adds itself to justice and completes it. Further yet, rise higher, let us recognise our own being in that of every other creature, and ask no other destiny for ourselves than that of humanity in general. Charity has passed into devotion, devotion into abnegation, abnegation into sacrifice. Then death may come, or, rather, what men call death; although it is, if we reflect upon it, only the term of perfection."

A CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE BASED ON REASON.

This, according to M. Brunetière, is the doctrine of Schopenhauer. The difference between him and the Christian teachers is that he founds upon actual experience of life what they base upon an act of faith. "He has thus shown that far from being an evil in itself, death, on the contrary, whatever fear it may arouse, being the supreme good, the enfranchisement from the 'I,' the *restitutio in integrum*, as he also calls it, it is towards death that we should tend, and consequently it is death which should rule life. Once more, to those who find the doctrine too hard, above all to those who find it strange, I content myself with repeating that since we find it at the basis of all religions it must needs be that ideal doctrine towards which man has aspired since he existed and began to know himself. Schopenhauer has only founded it upon reason. It may well be said that this is enough both for the glory of his name and for the duration of his philosophy."

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, as usual, contains a mass of interesting and instructive reading. Newbury supplies ample material in its reminiscences for a gossipy historical article by Mr. Doherty. Arbury Hall and the neighbourhood of Nuneaton supplies George Morley with material for a similar paper about George Eliot's Country. A paper on Nostradamus includes a good deal of information concerning his prophecies, and Mr. Farrer also brings to light some out-of-the-way information as to the books which have been burned in recent times by the public executioner. The *Groac'h*, a Legend of Brittany, by Mr. Boswell, will be for those who care for folklore the most interesting feature of the magazine.

HOW TO PUT DOWN OBSTRUCTION.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S AMERICAN PRESCRIPTION.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has brought back in his pocket from America a short way with obstructionists, which he expounds in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is a dull article, but it contains matter that is worth consideration. Mr. Chamberlain begins by pointing out that the Americans in Congress have succeeded in devising a very effective remedy against Obstruction. This remedy is the application of the previous question, the American form of closure, which has been developed into an instrument of extraordinary and almost merciless severity.

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.

The following is the present form of the previous question:—

There shall be a motion for the previous question, which, being ordered by the majority of the members present, if a quorum, shall have the effect to cut off all debate and bring the House to a direct vote upon the immediate question or questions on which it has been asked and ordered.

The previous question may be asked and ordered upon a single motion, a series of motions allowable under the rules, or an amendment or amendments, or may be made to embrace all authorised motions or amendments, and include the bill to its passage or rejection. (Rule XVII. Sec. 1.)

It appears to be the practice of the House, when the previous question is moved, to allow a debate of forty minutes, divided equally between the two sides, before the question is put from the chair. It is customary, either at the commencement of the proceedings on the measure, or during its course, to bring up to the House a resolution from the Committee on Rules fixing the length of time and the conditions under which further debate can be carried on, and this resolution is passed under the action of the "previous question" rule without discussion and amendment. The chairman of the Committee on Rules is the Speaker, who is thus entitled in practice to decide how long the discussion on every bill or stage of a bill shall be allowed, and when the final vote must be taken.

HOW IT WORKS.

By this proceeding, summary and arbitrary as it may appear to us, obstruction is rendered hopeless. At a predetermined date and hour the bill or resolution under consideration must be voted on, and the minority have only themselves to thank if they waste the intervening period on irrelevancies or personalities instead of using it to bring forward their strongest objections and most important amendments.

He describes the working of the rule in the case of the McKinley Tariff Bill, the result being that the House has ceased for the time to be in any true sense of the word a deliberative Assembly. It exists only to confirm the edicts of the Committee on Rules, and to register the laws prepared in caucus by the majority of the Select Committees. The net result of this is thus described:—

Every rule has been stopped, however, as soon as opened. New rules proposed by the Speaker, and carried under the operation of the previous question, have limited the power of taking divisions, and have altered the long-standing practice of the House with regard to counting a quorum. The minority have been baffled and beaten at every point. The most drastic resolution and the most complicated bill can be carried through the House in about seven hours if it is the pleasure of the majority to exercise its full powers; and it has been made evident that on the least sign of obstruction their powers will be used to the uttermost and without mercy.

THE DEATH-KNELL OF OBSTRUCTION.

Although this arrangement may appear of very baleful import to Englishmen, Mr. Chamberlain sees in it the

death-knell of obstruction, and rejoices that in future minorities will have to earn the privilege of fair discussion by giving the clearest evidence of their determination not to abuse the concession. He does not venture, however, to propose that we should adopt the American system in its entirety. He makes two suggestions. First, that the votes should be sent to one or more committees, and that the consideration by these committees should be substituted for the committee of the whole. If this is rejected, he thinks that the only remedy is for the House to fix beforehand on entering the consideration of Supply the number of days to be given to each class of the Estimates, and to order the committees to report each class when the fixed time is expired. He would apply the same principle to the discussion on Bills, that is, he would fix by resolution a limit of time in which the whole debate in committee should be brought to a close.

LET A COMMITTEE FIX THE LIMIT OF DEBATE.

The suggestion which seems most likely to secure the desired result, with due regard to moderation, is that a committee of rules should be appointed, similar in composition to the committee of selection, whose fairness and impartiality has never yet been questioned.

Any Minister or member in charge of a bill should be permitted, at any stage in its progress, to move that it be referred to the committee on rules with instructions to report recommending a fixed limit of time for its pending and subsequent stages; and this motion, as well as the motion for the adoption of the report of the committee, should be decided without debate.

The committee on rules would act under general instructions to take into consideration the character of the bill, the nature of the opposition, and the time of the session, and it should be competent for them to report in any case that in their opinion it was undesirable to fix any limit.

By such an arrangement it is almost certain that in every instance full time would be allowed for all fair discussion, while debate for the sole purpose of delaying a measure supported by the majority would be powerless to effect its object, and the *raison d'être* of obstruction as now practised would absolutely cease to exist.

Mr. Chamberlain's last word is that a practice of unlimited discussion has become incompatible with the popular progress of business under modern conditions. Its limitations is urgently and speedily demanded if popular government is to be saved from ridicule and failure.

A CATHOLIC VIEW OF THE LINCOLN JUDGMENT.

In the *Month* for December the Rev. John Morris, writing on the Lincoln case and the Anglican Prayer Book, says of the judgment:—

It is dignified—it shows remarkable care and research—and it is a very able and skilful attempt to end a great party fight by leaving the balance of parties in the Church of England much as they were. But whether it will really do so is still to be seen. The judgment is thoroughly Protestant in spirit, as a Church of England judgment was bound to be; yet in five out of the seven points—the mixed cup, the ablutions, the eastward position, the *Agnus Dei*, and the lights are decided in the Bishop's favour; the breaking the bread "before the people," and the sign of the Cross at the absolution and blessing, against him—in dispute the Ritualists win the day. Each party pays its own costs, even on the two previous decisions on points raised by the Bishop of Lincoln, which were given against him. The result is to disturb the *status quo* of the Church of England as little as possible, when discussion, so acrimoniously fought, had one way or another to be definitely settled.

PLEA FOR TITHES.

BY CARDINAL MANNING AND OTHERS.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for December the discussion begun by Mr. Carnegie and continued by Mr. Gladstone, on "Irresponsible Wealth," is carried on by Cardinal Manning, Chief Rabbi Adler, and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. I regret that by some typographical mishap my notice of these articles has been discovered at the last moment to have gone astray. I can therefore only mention that the articles are there, that the Cardinal welcomes the Gospel of Wealth, as preached by Mr. Carnegie, and applied by Mr. Gladstone, as true Christian socialism, which, if accepted universally, would change the face of the world. Cardinal Manning maintains that as England has grown richer her liberality in giving has grown less. The men who built all the cathedrals of England did not number as many as the present inhabitants of London. His Eminence sees as in a beatific vision the transformation that would be effected if everyone once more gave tithes of all his substance to the Lord and His poor.

THE REPUBLICAN DEFEAT IN AMERICA.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE AND ITS OBJECTS.

MORE even than the McKinley Bill the Farmers' Alliance is said to have contributed to the catastrophe which has befallen the Republicans at the elections. The Rev. Dr. Gladden writes on the Farmers' Alliance in the *Forum* for November in an article entitled the "Embattled Farmers." I have already published a sketch of their programme. Dr. Gladden says the Farmers' Alliance is running like wildfire all over our hills and prairies, and it will have at least forty members in the next Congress. He summarizes their demands as follows:—

1. Cheap money, to begin with. The farmers are generally debtors; they want cheap money wherewith to pay their debts. They are, therefore, in favour of the free coinage of silver; but they insist that even this would be an ineffectual remedy, since only about 45,000,000 dols. a year, at the utmost, could thus be added to the currency of the country, and this amount, they think, would be ridiculously inadequate.

2. The sub-treasury plan, so called, by which warehouses are to be built in every county where they are demanded, wherein the farmers may deposit cotton, wheat, corn, oats, or tobacco, receiving in return a treasury note for 80 per cent. of the value of the product so deposited, at the current market price. These treasury notes are to be legal tender for debts and receivable for customs.

3. The ownership by the Government of all the railroads, telegraphs, and telephones is another plank in the platform of the Alliance.

4. The prohibition of gambling in stocks and that of alien ownership of land.

5. The abolition of national banks and the substitution of legal-tender Treasury notes for national-bank notes.

6. The adoption of a constitutional amendment requiring the choice of United States senators by the people seems to be a popular measure among the members of the Alliance. To this they will be able to rally a strong support.

They have taken the field with these measures, and for the moment have swept all before them. He does not think that the farmers will hold together as a per-

manent party, but he thinks they may be able to stick together long enough to get important economic questions thoroughly ventilated. They are destroying the old sectionalism which divided the South from the West and the North, and paving the way for a reconstruction of parties.

The farmers' movement is not, probably, the deluge, but it will prove to be something of a shower—in some quarters a cyclone—and it will clear the atmosphere.

MR. GOSCHEN AS A MINISTER OF FINANCE.

SIR THOMAS FARRER, in the *Contemporary Review* brings to a conclusion his searching and well-informed papers on Mr. Goschen's finances by throwing his conclusion into the shape of the following speech which he puts into the mouth of the Administration which has had the benefit of Mr. Goschen's services at the Treasury.

We have enjoyed unequalled financial opportunities; we have been served by financial ability of the highest order. We have had five years of peace and plenty; and unexpected surpluses have been forced upon us by the prosperity of the country. We claim credit for a successful conversion of the Debt; for a satisfactory settlement of the Local Loans Account; for a careful and economical administration of the Civil Service; for a reduction of the Income Tax, of the tax on small houses, and of the taxes on tobacco, tea, currants, and silver plate; for a reduction of colonial postage; for the increase and improvement of the Stamp Duties, and the imposition of new taxes on Joint Stock speculation, on alcoholic drinks, and on expensive wines; for the admission (by a reform so trivial as to make it little more than an admission) that the Death Duties on personality and realty require to be equalized; for the admission that Death Duties may be made available to assist local taxation; and for the further admission, in the case of the Inhabited House Duty, and of the Estate Duty, of the principle of graduated taxation. On the other hand, we have not found time for our Chancellor of the Exchequer to reform the coinage—for which he, above all statesmen, is competent. We have made popular Budgets by infringing the principle of the new Sinking Fund, and by riddling it of three millions a year, and have thus set a fatal example to our successors; we have, in time of profound peace, spent upon Army and Navy out of revenue more than was ever spent in peace before, and we have, in addition, thrown a heavy burden for the same objects on future years; we have withdrawn annual expenditure from the control of the House of Commons; we have tampered with protection on wine and sugar; we have imposed taxes without knowing how they would be applied; we have added to the complications of the death duties, and have greatly increased their injustice; we have extended and perpetuated the vicious system of subsidies to local authorities; we have made them more dangerous to the national exchequer; we have increased the injustice of their distribution; we have intensified their injurious effect on self-government; and, in doing this, we have used these subsidies as a bribe to protect the landowner, and especially the urban landowner, against the just claims of the local ratepayer.

Some good things we have done, some useful hints we have given. As regards the larger aspects of the great questions of debt and taxation, the result of our acts and omissions has been a sacrifice of the future to the present; of local independence to local bribes; of justice in distributing public burdens to powerful party pressure; of patriotism to popularity.

A NORSE GEORGE MEREDITH.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON. BY M. TISSOT.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON, the Norwegian writer, to whose qualities the public has of late begun dimly to awake with something of the same surprise that it did to those of Ibsen, is also in the afternoon of his working life attracting the attention of French literary circles. He is the subject of two articles by M. Ernest Tissot in the *Nouvelle Revue* for November. They have, what we must call, in relation to work so little likely to be known to the general reader, the disadvantage of being analytical instead of synthetical in method. It is difficult to follow with interest the anatomy of an unknown body, and one complete description of one play would perhaps have left a more vivid impression of the nature of Björnsson's work than this careful and detailed dissection of the aims and spirit of the whole. But this is not to say that the analysis will not be gladly welcomed by the circles in which Björnsson is already known, as well as in others where as yet he is only wondered at. The biography with which the analysis is mixed will also serve to throw some light upon the influences under which he has worked, and the extraordinary difference which has been remarked between his late and his early work. M. Tissot divides his life into two main periods: the period before 1870, in which he was simply a Scandivarian; and the period after 1870, in which he became what he himself would have been inclined to call "a man."

BJÖRNSSON'S TEACHERS.

The Schleswig-Holstein war and other causes had contributed, up to the year 1870, to isolate the Scandinavian peninsula from general intercourse with Europe; but after the Franco-German war, and between Björnsson's two literary periods, communications were very much developed. The intellectual movement which was felt in Denmark spread to Norway, and the Jordan through which Björnsson's genius passed to its new life was a flood of thought let in upon him by the literature of France, England, and Germany. For a time he ceased entirely to write, and gave himself up to voracious reading. He was determined that having eyes he would see, and having ears he would hear. Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Stuart Mill, Steinthal, Max Müller, Taine, Comte, became the daily companions and teachers of a mind which, in point of years, might already have been presumed to be mature. The change which took place in him after the little current of his individual thought had joined the great river of the century was no less than the difference between his native mountain springs and the main floods of the world.

HIS CHILDHOOD.

He was born in 1832 in a picturesque valley of the Donerfeldt Mountains, where his herculean father cared as he could for the souls of a widely-scattered, rough, and hardy population. It needed apparently a herculean pastor to keep the little flock from straying, for they could only be driven heavenwards at times by the exercise of physical force. It was a place in which no pasturage would grow, and in winter the cold was so intense that it would have been dangerous to go out with an uncovered face, nor was it safe to touch the handles of doors. Snow piled itself up to the second storeys of the houses; for months all intercourse was suspended; and no one ventured on the snowy deserts except rare parties of Laplanders who came to sell frozen reindeer meat. The opening years of young Björnsson's life were not, therefore, spoilt with luxury. He was six years old when his father was happily appointed to another living

in the neighbourhood of Romsdal, not far from the sea. The valley of Romsdal is, a Norwegian proverb says, to other valleys what the sun is to the stars. The new parsonage was situated in the midst of exquisite scenery; flowers, waterfalls, and sunshine formed the summer delights of the astonished child. Here, too, under Nature's gentler aspects his mind began to expand, and he felt for the first time the passion for reading which thirty years later was to seize him again.

A MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN.

He went through the various experiences of schooling with the atmosphere always round him of a simple and moral country life. It was what we should call the school of muscular Christianity. He grew up a "Grundtwigian"—in other words, an optimistic Christian, orthodox, ideal, but not Puritanic. The strain of the Donerfeldt savage was in him still, and when he entered with full vigour and unconventionality into the literary and political life of Christiania, he made plenty of enemies as well as friends. He was intensely patriotic and Norwegian, as fully persuaded of the sufficiency of his country as of his Church, not inclined to deal gently with his opponents, and displayed generally in his conduct and his views, side by side with a natural nobility, the want of proportion which almost always characterizes intellectual energy that is in excess of its normal surroundings. To this period belong a long list of his earlier plays and stories. "A Ray of Sunshine," "Between Battles," "Hulda and Arne," "A Merry Comrade," "The Trilogy of King Sigard," "The Fisher's Daughters," are among the most important.

BJÖRNSSON TRANSFORMED.

In 1870 there came the epic poem of "Arngot Gelline," and then the long pause of study which changed the man of thirty-seven years of age into a new being—new, however, only in the sense in which the more perfect creature throwing off a shell is new. He became aware that much of what he had lived in was mere shell. Outside Norway he perceived the world; outside his Church, religion. He writes to his friend Brandes:—"Given the circumstances of my youth I was bound to have become Grundtwigian; but from the day on which I saw I abandoned those forms of belief. I am Norwegian, no doubt; but I am also man, and in these latter times I am almost tempted to sign myself 'A Man.' For my task is to narrate myself to others, and it seems to me that these words 'A Man' arouse immediately, above all in this country and at this time, a throng of new ideas."

A NORWEGIAN MEREDITH.

The scientific blood of the century had been infused into his veins. The desire for truth infected him with its ardent enthusiasm at the same time that new methods presented themselves. "His life," M. Tissot says, "displayed every form of courage." It was not till 1875 that he again began to write for the public. "Bankrupt," a play in four acts, was the first fruit of his new state of mind. It was followed in swift succession by "The Editor," "The King Maghild," "The New System," "Leonarda," "A Glove," and "Too High an Aim." These are all thoroughly modern, alike in spirit and in method. For a detailed appreciation of them we must refer the reader to M. Tissot. His later work appears in the essence of it to bear some resemblance to the deeper substance of George Meredith. He has known how to avoid, in M. Tissot's words, "the grievous divorce of soul and body," and while he accepts the facts of science he passes bravely to the harmonies beyond.

AFTER THE NEXT GREAT CANAL IS CUT,

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. A. F. MAHAN, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title of "The United States Looking Outward," discusses the question of foreign policy in the United States from a point of view which ought to be exceedingly distasteful to any English-speaking man, for throughout the greater part of his article Mr. Mahan keeps steadily in view the possibility of a war between England and the United States. To us such a suggestion seems as monstrous as a war between England and Scotland; and it is difficult to discuss patiently propositions that are based upon an assumption so horrible, not to say inconceivable.

The more practical point of Mr. Mahan's paper is the expression of the results which would follow to the United States after the cutting of the Central American Canal. He maintains that when the Canal is open through the Central American Isthmus, it will inflict a disastrous injury to the United States, rendering it much more vulnerable than it has hitherto been.

The following extract embodies considerations which the American will do well, no doubt, to consider, although they may entirely dismiss from their minds the possibility of having England as a future foe:—

We have not, but many other powers have, positions, either within or on the borders of the Caribbean, which not only possess great natural advantages for the control of that sea, but have received and are receiving that artificial strength of fortification and armament which will make them practically inexpugnable. On the contrary, we have not on the Gulf of Mexico even the beginning of a navy yard which could serve as the base of our operations. Let me not be misunderstood. I am not regretting that we have not the means to meet on terms of equality the great navies of the Old World. I recognise, what few at least say, that, despite its great surplus revenue, this country is poor in proportion to its length of seaboard and its exposed points. That which I deplore, and which is a sober, just, and reasonable cause of deep national concern, is that the nation neither has nor cares to have its frontier so defended, and its navy of such power, as shall suffice, with the advantages of our position, to weigh seriously when inevitable discussions arise—such as we have recently had about Samoa and Behring Sea, and which may at any moment come up about the Caribbean Sea or the canal. Is the United States, for instance, prepared to allow Germany to acquire the Dutch stronghold of Curaçoa, fronting the Atlantic outlet of both the proposed canals of Panama and Nicaragua? Is she prepared to acquiesce in any foreign power purchasing from Hayti a naval station on the Windward Passage, through which pass our steamer routes to the Isthmus? Would she acquiesce in a foreign protectorate over the Sandwich Islands, that great central station of the Pacific, equi-distant from San Francisco, Samoa, and the Marquesas, and an important post on our lines of communication with both Australia and China? Or will it be maintained that any one of these questions, supposing it to arise, is so exclusively one-sided, the arguments of policy and right so exclusively with us, that the other party will at once yield his eager wish, and gracefully withdraw? Was it so at Samoa? Is it so as regards Behring Sea? The motto seen on so many ancient cannon, *Ultima ratio regum*, is not without its message to republics.

THE MODERN DROIT DU SEIGNEUR.

"SHE MUST STAND IN WITH THE BOSS."

THERE is a very painful paper in the October *Statesman*—Mr. David Thompson's "History of Labour,"—in which he refers to the position of working women in America. He truly says that one who has given no attention to the condition of the working women can have little conception of the wrongs which they suffer. The nature of some of these wrongs is by no means unknown, unfortunately, in any country. I make the following extract:—

Large as the wages of clerks seem to girls who are provided with homes and the necessities of life by loving parents, they are often insufficient for those who are compelled to pay board, buy their own clothes, pay doctor's bills, &c. How they are able to do this many employers neither know nor care. Some are so brutal as to suggest means that most women would rather die than adopt, and yet which some women and girl wageworkers do adopt rather than starve. How painfully true this statement is may be ascertained by a reference to Joseph Cook's lectures on Labour, Lee Merriweather's "Tramp at Home," the reports of State Bureaus of Statistics, and other documents in which the relation of women's wages and morals is discussed by careful and thoughtful writers.

But the condition of clerks is delightful compared with that of some other workingwomen. That of many factory women and girls is worse, and that of nearly all sewing women is incomparably so. In certain lines of work and in certain establishments factory workers do well; in others they are unable to make a comfortable or sufficient living. To many factory life is synonymous with badness, but where there are many girls of loose morals among them, made so by tenement house and factory associations, the vast majority of them are noble and virtuous. There are constant complaints by working men that the necessities of poor girls are taken advantage of by unscrupulous men. Mrs. L. M. Barry, general investigator of woman's work and wages for the Knights of Labour, and a lady who, notwithstanding her knowledge of the bitter wrongs which working women suffer, speaks calmly of such wrongs, says: "A custom is rapidly increasing in this country which means shame, does honour and humiliation to womanhood, and I appeal to every father to be watchful of his little daughter if she be employed in any large establishment, or small one either, where she is made to understand that the price of her position is that she 'stand in with the boss.' Many may ask why I do not give name and locality? Because those who resent these pernicious approaches shrink from giving publicity to their humiliation, and those who do submit will not make their misfortunes public until perhaps they can no longer hide their shame. In very many instances facts were given that were blood-curdling, but no affidavit would be made."

There is a great deal more of this kind of thing going on in England than those who pride themselves on the advance of civilization since "the bad old times" appear to realize.

LIFE IN SIBERIA SIXTY YEARS AGO.

THE SOUVENIRS OF MADAME ANNENKOFF.

MADAME ANNENKOFF's touching memoirs are continued in the first number of the *Nouvelle Revue* for November. The October number left her as Pauline Guenble at the moment of submitting her request to the Tzar to be allowed to follow young Annenkoff into exile.

TO SIBERIA TO MARRY.

The request was granted. She reached Tchita in the early part of the year 1828, and was married there shortly after her arrival to a prisoner whose chains were temporarily removed at the church door and placed upon him again as he came out. She describes it as a village composed of eighteen houses and a ruined old *ostrog* which served as a place of confinement for the political prisoners. It was situated on the borders of a stream in the mountains. The situation was enchanting, the climate excellent, the soil extremely fertile. But the little settlement had not thought of drawing the profit that it might from these advantages. The outside houses were occupied chiefly by the relations of the prisoners. All the thoughts of the community centred upon the *ostrog* and its unhappy inmates. There was not sufficient room for them in this building.

As many as seventy people were in four rooms. They slept upon wooden benches (without bedding of any kind), and each had so little room that it was necessary to pay attention to every movement in order not to knock against your neighbour; the noise which the chains made was intolerable. But youth, health, and above all, the friendship which bound these young fellows together, enabled them to bear all their pains courageously. The chains caused the prisoners terrible suffering; they were heavy and, above all, excessively short, which was dreadful, especially for tall men like Ivan.

The ladies were allowed on occasions to go and see their husbands in prison.

THE EXILES' LOT IN 1828.

The prisoners passed their lives in manual labour, sometimes within, sometimes outside the precincts of the prison. How the life changed them in outward appearance may be derived from the following description of Madame Annenkoff's young and brilliant husband:—

The Princess Troubetzkoy told me how struck she was when, upon her arrival in Tchita, she saw Ivan Alexandrovitch for the first time at work. He was sweeping the street and heaping gravel into a cart. He was dressed in an old sheepskin pelisse with a rope round his waist. His beard, which he could neither cut nor shave, had spread over his entire face. The Princess did not recognize him at first, and when her husband named Annenkoff she would not believe that it was the same elegant young man with whom she had formerly danced at her mother's balls.

This Princess and another, Princess Wolkhovsky, were the first wives of this batch to follow their husbands into exile. They prepared the way to some extent for the other women, and had terrible hardships to undergo. They had joined their husbands at Nertchinsk, where the commandant was brutal, and they were not even allowed to see their husbands. Prince Troubetzkoy used to communicate with his wife by means of wild flowers, which he used to pick and drop upon his path.

These two charming women, who had been loaded with all the pleasures of life, had to bear every form of privation. They accepted them all heroically. For nearly a year Princess Troubetzkoy lived solely on black bread and kvass.

The rules at Tchita were very severe, but the whole settlement were under the orders of a "good and generous" commandant, Leparsky, and he made life

endurable by relaxing the rules at his own discretion. Husbands were allowed after a time to visit their wives, and the natural gaiety of youth asserted itself in spite of circumstances. The ladies learned to cook. There used to be little dinner parties, and for a few pages the "souvenirs" have all the charms of a desert island story.

THE FERTILITY OF SIBERIA.

Madame Annenkoff set the example of cultivating a garden, and the extraordinary fertility of the soil discovered itself. Not even in the "Swiss Family Robinson" did cabbages, if we remember rightly, grow so big that one man could not carry two of them, but had to bring them in a cart, as happened to Madame Annenkoff.

"It is impossible to imagine," she says, "the size to which the greater number of vegetables grew. There were beetroots weighing twenty pounds, turnips of eighteen pounds, potatoes of nine, carrots of eight."

Soon she did not know how to use all the produce of her garden, especially as the other ladies had followed her example with no less success. "In all Siberia," she remarks, "vegetation is surprising, but we were especially struck with that of Tchita." The results of the gardening brought a very welcome addition to the diet of the prisoners, which, before the arrival of their wives, had consisted chiefly of cabbage soup thickened with buckwheat flour. The ladies were allowed to send food into the prison. Madame Annenkoff's chief difficulty was to cook without a stove, which was, of course, a luxury unknown in Tchita. She managed at first with three braziers, afterwards she succeeded in obtaining a stove.

HUMANITY OF THE OFFICIALS.

There came a terrible moment for the good old commandant, when he discovered, by the letters of these ladies to their homes, which he was obliged, in his capacity of censor, to read, that the numbers of his little colony were likely to increase. He knew how to govern prisoners, he had learned to deal with prisoners' wives, but nursery regulations were beyond him. Madame Annenkoff was one of the offenders, a Madame Mouravieff and Madame Davidoff were as bad. The commandant gravely endeavoured to remonstrate, but again the gaiety of youth got the better of the situation. He was laughed at for his pains, and ended by good-naturedly accepting the inevitable. In the midst of every danger and privation, good humour and kindness seem never to have deserted the plucky little band. Madame Annenkoff's husband was poisoned with arsenic by a disreputable servant during one of his visits to her. He nearly died in prison after leaving her, but the prison servant, recognising the symptoms which were common in Siberia, where the use of arsenic as an instrument of vengeance is extensive, brought him a jug of milk to drink, and he recovered. The disreputable servant steals all her money, which is inconvenient, all the more that she is obliged to confess to the good commandant that she had kept money in her possession contrary to the rules of the settlement. The commandant accepts this, and he accepted so much else from the unruly wives of his submissive prisoners, and when, some time after, a portion of the money was recovered, he returned it to her keeping. After eighteen months of endurance, the prisoners obtain the great relief that their chains are removed. Life at Tchita becomes happier and more comfortable. It emerges into something resembling domestic life of educated labourers when the order comes to move to Petrovsk. In the midst of that wild journey the souvenirs break off.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

In the December *Century* Mr. G. P. Lathrop contributes a pathetic poem entitled "Marthy Virginia's Hand." At the battle of Antietam a colonel sent his orderly to see how many of the enemy had been killed in a wood which they had shelled.

"What's your report?"—and the grim colonel smiled when the orderly came back at last.

Strangely the soldier paused: "Well, they were punished," And strangely his face looked aghast.

"Yes, our fire told on them; knocked over fifty—laid out in line of parade.

Brave fellows, colonel, to stay as they did! But one I 'most wish hadn't stayed.

Mortally wounded, he'd torn off his knapsack; and then, at the end, he prayed—

Easy to see, by his hands that were clasped, and the dull, dead fingers yet held

"This little letter—his wife's—from the knapsack. A pity those woods were shelled!"

Silent the orderly, watching with tears in his eyes as his officer scanned

Four short pages of writing. "What's this, about 'Marthy Virginia's hand'?"

Swift from his honeymoon he, the dead soldier, had gone from his bride to the strife;

Never they met again, but she had written him, telling of that new life,

Born in the daughter, that bound her still closer and closer to him as his wife.

Laying her baby's hand down on the letter, around 't it she traced a rude line:

"If you would kiss the baby," she wrote, "you must kiss this outline of mine."

There was the shape of the hand on the page, with the small, chubby fingers outspread.

"Marthy Virginia's hand, for her pa,"—so the words on the little palm said.

Never a wink slept the colonel that night, for the vengeance so blindly fulfilled,

Never again woke the old battle-glow when the bullets their death-note shrilled.

Long ago ended the struggle, in union of brotherhood happily stilled;

Yet from that field of Antietam, in warning and token of love's command,

See! there is lifted the hand of a baby—Marthy Virginia's hand!

In *Lippincott* Mr. Walt Whitman thus chants the praises of the sunset breeze:—

Ah, whispering, something again, unseen,
Where late this heated day thou enterest at my window,
door,

Thou, laving, tempering all, cool-freshing, gently vitalizing
Me, old, alone, sick, weak-down, melted-worn with sweat;
Thou, nestling, folding close and firm yet soft, companion
better than talk, book, art!

(Thou hast, O Nature! elements, utterance to my heart
beyond the rest—and this is of them.)

So sweet thy primitive taste to breathe within—thy soothing
fingers on my face and hands,

Thou, messenger-magical strange bringer to body and spirit
of me,

(Distances balk'd—occult medicines penetrating me from
head to foot.)

I feel the sky, the prairies vast—I feel the mighty northern
lakes,

I feel the ocean and the forest—somehow I feel the globe
itself swift-swimming in space;

Thou blown from lips so loved, now gone—haply from endless
store, God-sent,

(For thou art spiritual, godly, most of all known to my
sense.)

Minister to speak to me, here and now, what word has never
told, and cannot tell,

Art thou not universal concrete's distillation? Law's, all
Astronomy's last refinement?

Hast thou no soul? Can I not know, identify thee?

In *Atalanta* there is a spirited ballad entitled "Sir Walter's Honour," by Margaret J. Preston. It tells how Sir Walter Raleigh refused to escape from the prison of Plymouth, into which he had been cast, although his wife and his son had not only provided means of escape but had actually conveyed him out of the prison. When he reached the ship, however, Sir Walter, under-breath, first spoke, and kissed, and kissed again Lady Elizabeth:—

"Nay, Bess! it must not,
'shall not be,

Whatever others can,
That I should like a dastard

flee

For fear of mortal man!

"Hist! not one other

pleading word:

Life were not worth a

groat,

If breath of shame could

blur my name;

Put back! put back the

boat!

"Ah, Bess—(she is too stunned
to speak!)

But thou, my boy, Carew,
Shalt pledge thy vow, even

here, and now,

That—faithful, tried, and

true—

"Thou'lt choose, whatever

stress may rise,

Whilst thou hast life and

breath,

Before temptation—sacri-

fice!

Before dishonour—death!"

Mr. Andrew Lang publishes in "At the Sign of the Ship" in *Longman's*, the following lullaby, by Mr. Eugène Field, which has never before been published, but which is one of the most delightful songs of childhood extant.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night,

Sailed off in a wooden shoe—

Sailed on a river of crystal light

Into a sea of dew:

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"

The old moon asked the three;—

"We have come to fish for the herring-fish

That live in this beautiful sea;

Nets of silver and gold have we!"

Said Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,

As they rocked in the wooden shoe,

And the wind that sped them all night long

Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring-fish

That lived in that beautiful sea;—

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—

Never afear'd are we;"

So cried the stars to the fishermen three:

Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw

To the stars in the twinkling foam—

Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home;

'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed

As if it *could not* be,

And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea;—

But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,

And Nod is a little head,

And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies,

Is a wee one's trundle-bed.

So shut your eyes while mother sings

Of wonderful sights that be,

And you shall see the beautiful things,

As you rock in the misty sea,

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:—

Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

THE TALENT OF MOTHERHOOD.

IS IT ENDANGERED BY EDUCATION?

ONE of the most interesting and suggestive articles in the reviews for December is Dr. Arabella Kenealy's paper on the "Talent of Motherhood" in the *National Review*. She begins by describing two patients of hers whom she attended at their confinements and advised before their first baby was born. They represented two types of womanhood. The first, whom she calls Mrs. Graham, was in ideal physical and intellectual health. She was extremely handsome, educated at Girton, and had never been ill in her life. She was perfectly happy, employed a housekeeper to manage her home, in order to be able to assist her husband in the office, where she earned tenfold the housekeeper's salary. The other patient, whom she calls Mrs. Eden, was a delicate, quiet, sensitive, nervous woman, pale-faced, and full of imagination and sentiment. Her nervous system was so sensitive that it answered to the least vibration of the atmosphere.

Struck by the contrast between her two patients, Dr. Kenealy awaited to see what the babies would be like, in order to form her own conclusion as to which type of womanhood would minister to the new generation.

When Mrs. Graham's baby arrived, a cry of horror and disappointment broke from her lips.

The wasted, puny frame, the low-browed, ill-developed head, the sunken, vacant eyes—the wretched baby was such a horrible contrast to its strong-limbed, vigorous, brilliant mother. The child grew stunted and ill-developed, with a narrow bulging forehead, sunken cunning eyes, and sensual mouth. His intellect is of a very inferior calibre, shallow, quick and selfish, and he has a marked deficiency of moral perception. His health is bad, his temper morose. He is a source of continual vexation and chagrin to his handsome, clever mother.

The child of the second patient, whom she calls Mrs. Eden, was a bright, healthy, strong-limbed boy.

The contrast between the two children led Dr. Kenealy to study the question carefully, and her conclusion is that the continuous strain of business or professional pursuits, as also of great social exertions, during the periods preceding the birth of a child, must of necessity show itself in the inferiority—physical, mental, or moral—of that child. Dr. Kenealy suggests that it was possible that Mrs. Graham's rare physical and mental ability was drawn from the reserved forces of her offspring, that the mother had artificially forced into activity and employed for her own use the latent power of her son; and she warns women, lest in the keen excitement of their new independence, the rush and activity of their new interests, they shall be forgetful of that grave trust, the welfare of their children, and, through them, of the progress of the race.

Dr. Kenealy says:—

I met the other morning some fifty or sixty girls trooping out of a high school, and observing these with attention—through my physiological glasses, as it were—I stood aghast at the picture of womanhood projected.

The girls ranged in age from twelve to sixteen, and the sallow skins, nerveless faces, sexless look, lustreless or spectacled eyes, and heavy anemic lips of the greater number—a small proportion being bright-eyed, eager neurotics—told a pitiable story of constitutions being wrecked between two forces; on the one hand, nature struggling to develop a healthy efficient womanhood; on the other, over-education exhausting the nerve-power and demagnetizing the blood by long, close hours of study and arduous application.

Just at the most trying epoch of her existence, when the future of her constitution trembles in the balance, the woman-child is taxed to the utmost, and generally with the worst possible results.

It is in the conservation of character that woman retains her inherent talent of motherhood; in that education which develops and cultivates her natural faculties, instead of substituting for these masculine, or, to speak more truly, neuter attributes artificially formed by the immaturity and dwarfing of her womanhood.

We honour the Christ-child, and the pure Virgin heart of the mother who bare Him. For nineteen hundred years we have set before us as a model the sacred life and teaching of the Nazarene, but we have been deaf to the teaching of the Virgin-Mother, which is a marvellous message to woman, putting before her the ideal motherhood of the Holy Son.

HOW TO GET DRUNK FOR FOURPENCE.

ETHEROMANIA IN ULSTER.

Dr. NORMAN KERR contributes an interesting article to the *New Review* upon the growth of ether drinking in the North of Ireland. More than two tons of ether are carried every year on the railways in one district of the North of Ireland. The headquarters of ether drinking is Draperstown. A population of a hundred thousand persons is more or less etheromaniac. On market and fair days, wherever there is a crowd, the atmosphere reeks with the fumes of ether. Dr. Kerr says that the smell is overpowering, nauseating, and loathsome. Persons of both sexes and of all ages have become slaves to this degrading and intractable disease. Women drink as much as men. One great advantage of ether from the point of view of the etheromaniac is this; you can get drunk and get sober again so much more rapidly.

The drinker of ether can become intoxicated and regain sobriety before the drinker of alcohol has really become properly intoxicated. I have known an alcoholist get thoroughly drunk twice in twenty-four hours, though this rarely happens, but the educated etherist can, at a pinch, get drunk and sober again six times in the same space of time. I have seen a man sober as a judge at noon, offensively drunk on ether in twenty-five minutes, and as sober as before by a quarter past one o'clock. The phases of an ether outbreak can all be exhibited in even less time. The rapidity with which the phenomena pass before the vision is truly astounding. The inexperienced can be drunk and sober again before he has any idea of being drunk.

At first it seems to produce very little serious effect, but if persisted in it brings on premature old age, and many disorders. Chronic and distressing inflammation of the stomach, impairment of the digestive functions, trembling, melancholy, and suspicions, lividity, coldness, and intermittent pulse, with persistent wasting, have not infrequently been the penalties paid by the excessive ether-taker. Dr. Kerr says he has seen an etheromaniac at forty-one a wizened, bent, decrepit old man. There have already been nearly a dozen fatal cases, perhaps more. The most terrible influence of ether indulgence is, however, on the *morale*. The ether inebriate, with a morbid and ever-growing craving for larger doses of the deadly drug, which he hates but must devour, sinks into a loathsomeness of falsehood, deceit, and cunning.

You can get drunk with ether for fourpence, but when you are a seasoned vessel it costs you as much as a shilling. Dr. Kerr proposes that naphtha should be added to ether as it is now added to methylated spirits from which the ether is extracted. He would abolish the retail trade in ether and confine the sale to druggists, who would be compelled to register the name and address of the purchaser, and the object for which the ether is applied. In every other way he would do his utmost to stamp out the nefarious and pestiferous traffic.

A POLYGLOT MAGAZINE INDEED.

ONLY IN FIFTEEN LANGUAGES!

MEZZOFANTI seems to have come to life again in the person of a correspondent of mine who rejoices in the prosaic name of Mr. A. Kersha, of St. Petersburg. Mr. Kersha, who is an engineer, resident at 64, Fontanka, sends me a prospectus of a new magazine which is sufficiently curious to be printed in the body of the REVIEW, instead of being consigned to the advertisement pages. Mr. Kersha is anxious that I should receive subscriptions for his magazine. Any orders sent to me I will forward, but I cannot undertake any responsibility for the delivery of the *Pantobiblion*, the first number of which has yet to appear. Mr. Kersha says that he knows eleven different languages, and will print his magazine in fifteen. The chief aim of his studies has been to read, rather than to write, all the principal languages of the whole civilized world. His colleagues will supply the remaining four. He says, humbly, that "the prospectus may contain some stylistic faults, or even spelling blunders, for when one knows eleven different languages it seems rather not a very easy matter to write correctly all of them." He therefore asks me to revise his prospectus. I think it will be more interesting, and therefore more to Mr. Kersha's interest, to print the prospectus exactly as I received it, with the directions to the printer:—"The twice underlined words are to be printed in large, fat-faced characters, and the once underlined ones although in smaller but all the same greater than ordinary brevier type."

With the beginning of the 1891 year a first Volume will be commenced of the **new Monthly Magazine**.

THE PANTOBIBLION;

**an International Bibliographical Directory
of Scientific Literature of the World.**

This Magazine each month will give all sort of bibliographical information about all new books published on all scientific subjects in all countries of the whole civilised world in all principal languages.

It will contain for every new scientific book the name of author, the title of book, the year of publication, the number of edition, the quantity of pages and illustrations, the form and size of book, the name and address of publisher, and the price of book.

An attractive feature of the *Pantobiblion* will be a series of little critical articles on all principal publications of the world. Each such an article will be written in a language correspondent to the reviewed publication, and therefore the *Pantobiblion* will be printed simultaneously in

FIFTEEN (15) DIFFERENT LANGUAGES—

english, french, german, italian, spanish, portuguese, dutch, swedish, danish, hungarian, rumunian, russian, servian, bohemian, and polish.

The *Pantobiblion* is thus the newest and most original & interesting monthly in the world. It is also the best and most instructive bibliographical publication of its class; moreover, it is the largest of all similar periodicals, as it gives every month 150-200 pages of the most valuable matter.

It enables the thoughtful reader to be "au courant" on all scientific events and questions of the day, and generally to keep pace with the times on the intellectual progress all throughout the world.

It will be found of incalculable value and greatest interest to all cultivated persons who are anyhow interested in the current literature and in the advancement of science in its broadest sense.

We appeal to all educated and intelligent men to support their journal, and to help us to create a central international organ of the world's scientific bibliography.

After the beginning of subscription year only a limited number of copies, beyond the beforehand subscribed for quantity, will be printed for sale; therefore we invite all who wish to secure a whole year (1891) copies to send in their orders now, as otherwise we cannot guarantee the each numbers.

Publishers & editors of the *Pantobiblion* :

Civil Engineer, A. Kersha,
Civil Engineer, W. Orłowski.

The subscription price for the *Pantobiblion* is one pound sterling (£1) a year, paid in advance.

Subscription orders may be addressed to :

**A. Kersha, Engineer,
Fontanka 64, S. Petersburg, Russia.**

A PLEA FOR A POOR MAN'S LAWYER.

In the *Arena* for November there is a very useful little report which comes most opportunely to show that the need for a poor man's lawyer (which General Booth proposes to meet in his new social scheme) has been practically recognised in Chicago. The report is headed "Bureaus of Justice," and is as follows :—

Justice for the poor and defenceless, however pleasing the thought to philanthropists and idealists, has never been conspicuous in its practical application among the children of men. Wealth, titles, and social caste have weighed heavily in the scales of the blind goddess in all ages since man traced his history on enduring tablets. Perhaps to-day as never before we recognise this truth, a recognition which is at once the supreme glory and shame of the present. An important evidence of the presence of this higher conception of right comes from Chicago.

More than two years ago in that city a society was formed, known as the Bureau of Justice, since which it has proved its value in aiding the defenceless and oppressed in a most practical manner. Supported entirely by voluntary contributions from high-minded men and women, who have been impressed with the fact that the very poor are annually defrauded of tens of thousands of dollars to which they are justly entitled, it has not fallen the prey of designing and conscienceless political Pooh-Bahs, who to-day have obtained so many positions of responsibility as rewards for questionable partisan service. During the past two years it has heard over thirty-five hundred cases, and has collected for the friendless poor claims amounting to more than ten thousand dollars.

The beneficent influence of such a society is threefold: it protects the otherwise helpless and oppressed from the robbery of the unscrupulous rich; it improves the best members of society by impressing them with their individual duty toward their less fortunate brothers, instead of, as is too frequently the case, expecting the State to do what is clearly the duty of the individual. It furthermore does more than aught else to restore the confidence of the poor in humanity, and check the growing impression that however blind justice may be, as seen in our courts, she still recognises the ring of gold and retains the sense of touch. The splendid example of Chicago should be followed by every city in the Union; but one thing must be guarded against, and that is, allowing this beneficent move to pass into the hands of the State or municipal governments. As long as it is sustained by voluntary contributions of high-minded citizens, it will fulfil its mission. If, however, its offices should become the prize for professional politicians, as would unquestionably be the case in the event of it passing into Government control, its usefulness in many instances would be at an end.

I reprint it in the hope that it may give an impetus to the establishment of a poor man's lawyer in every centre of population in the English-speaking world.

"A RECORD OF VIRTUE."

A SUGGESTION FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

In the *Century* for December, Anna Garlin Spencer gives an account of an experiment in "Moral Chemistry," which may well be repeated by all those who have to deal with the education of young people. Some time ago, Mrs. Grant started in the journal of woman's work what she called "A Record of Virtue." It was intended to counterbalance the record of crime which makes up so large a part of the daily newspaper. This suggestion led to the making of the experiment which Miss Spencer describes.

An Episcopal minister had a Sunday-school class of 100 boys so rough and rude that the regular Sunday-school teachers would have nothing to do with them, and turned them out of the Sunday school. It was upon this very unpromising material that the experiment of "Moral Chemistry" was tried. It was suggested to him that it might interest his one hundred bad boys in that pursuit, and offer prizes to those who could report a certain number of good, or kind, or noble deeds which they had themselves witnessed, or heard, or read about, either at the present time or in past history. I feel so strongly that the right way to help is to present examples of goodness instead of picturing wickedness and vice, that I think this experiment might be worth trying. No sooner said than done. The minister in question began operations as follows:—

I will buy fifty little pass-books to be given to the larger boys, in which they may write down the ten best and noblest acts they have seen or read in the papers during the past year. Christmas week I will give a grand banquet. The boys shall sit down to a feast and at its close a song or two—some ballad of brave and noble deeds—shall be sung, followed by a reading of some noble act, after which the prize shall be brought out and awarded to the successful competitor.

That was his plan. He bought the little books and pasted in each of them the following printed slip of paper:—

Write in this book the ten kindest, noblest, or best acts you have read or been told. Write plainly on one side of the paper, and as short as possible, and return Christmas.

The experiment was very successful. The books came in, and a strange collection of very crude stories. But the teacher derived almost as much advantage as the scholars from the experiment. The boys had sent many of their friends to find kind and brave deeds in the newspaper and elsewhere. Some of the conclusions were very curious. Here, for instance, are the entries made by one boy who did not think anything worth while putting in his book that he could not find in the Bible:—

Jacob was very kind his brothers sold him and when his brothers were in need he took them in his home.

David was a brave man he killed Goliath with a sling
Simson killed 1000 people with a mule jaw bone and he pulled a lion jaw into

Daniel was a brave man he was in by 7 lion
The seven Jews brothers was brave and there mother they were killed be they would not eat pork.

The second set of books showed a great advance upon the first. The directions for the second year were as follows:—

Write plainly in this book ten of the kindest, bravest, and noblest acts you have read, seen, or been told.

The design of this competition is to teach you to seek for and to love that which is kind, gentle, and brave, and to shun and hate those things which are base, ignoble, and wrong.

Miss Spencer says:—

The second set of books is an advance upon the first in understanding of the intention of Mr. White, in neatness, in accuracy, and in the proportion of those having the full number of items. In some instances the same boys tried again, and improved decidedly upon their original work, although knowing that they could not get another prize.

The far greater number of kind acts done by humble people in everyday fashion which are recorded in the second set of books show that the boys had at last understood that they were asked to note that which touched or might affect their own lives closely, and not merely to search history for sublime deeds of great men.

The whole collection of books given in at this second contest shows much moral discrimination, and many incidents recorded touch upon those finer and more delicate elements of kindness and nobility which the boys could hardly have seen much of in their homes. The principle of this unique enterprise in moral training is of universal application—the principle that attractive power towards the good rather than repressive power towards the bad is the mighty lever in character-building.

The great interest already manifested in this boys' "Record of Virtue," wherever it has been known, justifies this public recital of a most private and personal work.

TURKEY REVISITED.

BY MR. SHAW LEFEVRE, M.P.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE, who visited Constantinople in 1887, revisited it this year, and describes the result of his observations in an interesting paper in the *Nineteenth Century* full of the kind of remarks that we should expect from the author. He is observant, painstaking, and intelligent, and tells many interesting things about the country and the man who governs it. There is not much that is original or novel in his paper, but it goes to confirm the impression which prevails about the present condition of Turkey. Constantinople he tells us is dwindling in importance. The Turkish fleet is so obsolete that the Greeks, with their three new ironclads, will be able to prevent the Turks from landing troops in Crete. The Sultan, who is overwhelmed with small administrative details, professes to regard the English with more displeasure than any other nation. Their Ambassador, he says, is always addressing him on the subject of the condition of his people, but never seems to care anything about the safety of the dynasty. From the political point of view, the most important thing in Mr. Shaw Lefevre's paper is his shrewd remark that if Russia were to enter Asia Minor, she would probably not find much opposition on the part of the Turkish peasantry. In support of this, he tells the following story:—

I have been informed that the Russians, with very good policy, made a very favourable impression upon the vast body of prisoners they made in the war of 1877, exceeding 200,000 in number. They treated them with great kindness, fed them far better than they were accustomed to in the Turkish army, and released them eventually warmly clad and well shod. A friend told me, in illustration of this, that his servant, a Turk, who had been in the war, told him that at its close he was discharged from the army penniless and half-starved, with scarcely a rag to cover him, and with no shoes. "I was not so fortunate as my brother," he said; "he had the good luck to be taken prisoner, and the Russians gave him a good suit of clothing and a spare pair of boots, and he returned home in good health. If I am ever drawn for the army again, I shall take good care to be taken prisoner as soon as possible." Two hundred thousand men returning to their homes in Asia Minor have spread, it is believed, something of the same opinion among the Turkish peasantry.

MYSTICISM VERSUS COMMON-SENSE.

A FRENCH CRITICISM OF COLERIDGE.

It is as a reflection of his epoch rather than as an individual writer that Coleridge has appeared to M. Joseph Texte sufficiently interesting to repay a thoughtful and sympathetic study. A mystic, a worshipper of nature, and an optimist, he represented to some extent, the more clearly because of his exaggerations, the tendency of the school of the Lake poets, and with them of the poetry, at once mystically romantic and prosaically didactic, which made so deep a mark on English literature in the beginning of the century.

RUSSIAN NOVELISTS AND ENGLISH POETRY.

M. Texte appreciates at its full value this serious strain inherent in the English mind.

The English poets of the century, faithful to the principle which underlies their national literature, have all been, from Shelley to Swinburne, and from Wordsworth to Robert Browning, men of convictions and of faith. All, with the one exception of Keats, have struggled to defend or to destroy an idea. All have regarded their art as something infinitely grave, a sacred ministry, almost an apostolate. All have professed for pure literature, for frivolous and voluntarily useless art, the same contempt as the great novelist Tolstoi. "Poetry," one of them has said, "is a criticism of life," and in saying it, Matthew Arnold did not only define himself, he also judged all those or almost all those who have preceded and followed him. The pessimism of Byron, the humanitarian pantheism of Shelley, the passionate worship of Wordsworth for divinized nature, the republican convictions of Swinburne, the resolute and reasoned optimism of Browning, are striking proofs of it. . . . Pessimistic socialists and mystics alike, it is always the "still sad music of humanity" which is the refrain of their poems and the habitual theme of their meditations. No less than the Russian novelists, all these English poets have taken life in profound earnest, and have not been afraid to say so. None of them have stopped at the surface of things. There is no place amongst them for the indifferent or the sceptic.

THE MYSTIC IN ENGLISH POETRY.

How deeply they differ in this from the prevailing tone of modern French poetic literature M. Texte has no difficulty in pointing out. Their minds were formed, he thinks, in the first instance, by the ideas of the French Revolution, yet their work is absolutely rejected by modern France. The reason why is practically what the article endeavours to make clear. In the case of Coleridge the reasons have become more or less clear to everyone. On this account his exaggerations serve M. Texte's purpose well.

And, to begin with, is not the very idea which they form of poetry, notwithstanding all the strange intellectual voyages which we have been forced of late to make, too strange and too novel? This idea—let us make no mistake about it—is a mystical idea. They have faith in their work. They wish it to be good and also beautiful, but less beautiful than good. Their inspiration is prophetic. "All great poetry is an instruction," Wordsworth has said; "I wish to be considered as a master or nothing."

THE NATURAL VERSUS THE ECCENTRIC.

The essential characteristic of the classic school in France has always been that man should be studied in the general and universal manifestations of his nature. That which he possessed in common with others—not that which he possessed in distinction from others—has been held as truly interesting. This has always been defined by the best French critics as the "natural." Characteristics special to himself, but not

shared by his human fellows, are the eccentric. The tendency of English writers to exalt the eccentricity at the expense of nature has been a constant stumbling-block to French comprehension.

To seek, as the classics did, what is most general in man was, therefore, at bottom, to insist upon the social side of our nature, and throw it into prominence; it was to paint the human community as it works and moves under our eyes. Racine's "Andromache," Corneille's "Cid," Milton's "Satan," Ben Jonson's "Volpone," are so many generalizations, so many abstractions, so many summaries of a thousand observations and experiences. But Byron's "Manfred," Shelley's "Alastor," Victor Hugo's "Olympus"? what distinguishes them if not this, that they resemble, and wish to resemble, nobody; that they have, or claim to have, *their* sentiments, *their* ideas, *their* morality, and that they care, beyond all things, for *their* destiny. They all groan at being confined in a world which is too narrow; they all claim a nobler destiny; they all detach themselves from the present, and take refuge with anguish in the future.

HOW MYSTICISM AND DOGMATISM MEET.

And here begins the mysticism which M. Texte has selected the work of Coleridge to illustrate as the distinguishing feature of the English school. When the mind has once projected itself into the unknown there is room for the prophet and the martyr, but hardly for the thinker. Thought feeds upon experience. Where experience is wanting, reverie takes the place of logic—imagination is substituted for intelligence. A brooding imagination knows no law but that which each man makes for his own, and under its unchecked dominion we fall almost inevitably into one extreme or the other. Mysticism or dogmatism are the alternatives which present themselves for acceptance when the processes of reason are neglected. The two extremes meet often in the same mind. So it was with Coleridge. M. Texte points out how the worship of nature, by which his school was distinguished tended to develop his mystical tendencies, while at the same time the habit of being intellectually a law to himself degenerated into unlimited dogmatic license.

COLERIDGE'S LACK OF COMMON SENSE.

Summing up on the one hand his qualities, and on the other his defects, M. Texte says of him that he possessed in common with his school a "sincere and profound spirituality," which combined with his imaginative and artistic gifts to produce a lasting impression on the immense mass of people to whom "it is easier to feel or to imagine by fits and starts than to think, and who find it more in accord with natural idleness to prostrate themselves before an idea than to account for an opinion." What he failed in was the classic sense in common, which we translate by common-sense.

He failed to think and feel and imagine sometimes like other people. He never saw clearly into his mind. He never unravelled the skein of his ideas. He had only visions and glimpses—of which some were those of genius—but of which none ever bore testimony to the slightest sense of reality. He wrapped himself in a cloud, out of which he from time to time threw rockets. But generally when the rockets had been let off there remained nothing but dead ashes on the ground.

The dislike of the cultivated French mind for the pitfalls of mysticism and dogma, the knowledge of and respect for the laws of thought, which account for French devotion to classic models, account also in this critic's opinion for the failure of modern English poetry to obtain in France the appreciation which he holds it to deserve.

THE HUMANITY OF THE SMALL-BORE RIFLE.

FROM A MILITARY POINT OF VIEW.

IN the May number of this REVIEW allusion was made to a work recently published by Dr. Paul Bruns, Director of Clinical Surgery at the University of Tübingen, in which he showed from the result of practical experiments that whilst the new small-bore rifle was capable at short ranges of sending its bullet completely through as many as five ranks of men, the character of the wounds inflicted were of a clean and smooth nature, which greatly favoured the chances of recovery, and the probability of mutilation and crippling less frequent. The Professor, summing up his experiences from a purely surgical point of view, declared that "the new small-bore rifle is not only the best, but it is also the most humane, by tending to mitigate as far as is consistent the horrors of war." The question has now been discussed in a different form by a writer in the November number of the *Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armee und Marine*, in an article on "The Influence which the Introduction of the New Small-bore Rifle is likely to have on Tactics." Lieutenant Petermann, the writer of the article, of course treats the subject from a purely military standpoint, and it is therefore all the more satisfactory to find that he arrives at about the same conclusion as the Professor, although by totally different reasonings. As regards the tactical changes suggested, we may leave on one side the technicalities of the subject, which hinge on the fact that the new small-bore rifles, on account of their extraordinary accuracy and penetration—amply proved by Professor Bruns—will altogether prevent formations in column, or in double rank, within the effective range of infantry fire. On the score of humanity, Lieutenant Petermann points out that the introduction of gunpowder itself was a step in advance over the primitive methods of slaughter by clubs, swords, spears, &c., and that every improvement hitherto effected in firearms has tended to make battles still less bloody; principally because the increased range of the weapons has kept the combatants further apart, and has thereby rendered hand-to-hand encounters the exception, and facilitated retreat in sufficient time to escape wholesale slaughter. The high percentage of losses, for instance, which characterized the battles of the Seven Years' War—when the smooth-bore muskets then in use made it necessary for the combatants to approach within a hundred paces, or less, of each other—was never reached in the last Franco-German War. The moral effect of fire, however, does not depend so much on the actual number of hits made as on the time in which they are made. A regiment, for instance, which loses one-fourth, or even one-third, of its effective strength after fighting the whole day may still be in a condition of comparative efficiency, and is unquestionably far less demoralized than if it had lost a smaller number in an hour or in a less period of time. On this account it is of far less consequence to heap up the dead than to shake the nerves and destroy the morale of the living so that they may no longer be capable of making a determined stand. Its introduction cannot fail to make it exercise an immense moral effect in future battles; whilst, for the reasons given, this moral element will probably tend to reduce the percentage of loss. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that there will be any diminution in the actual numbers of killed and wounded; on the contrary, these will probably be greater on account of the greater masses of combatants who will be engaged; but, as shown by Professor Bruns, the majority of the wounds will be of a subcutaneous character and of a less dangerous nature than those inflicted by larger bullets.

HUMOUR AT SCHOOL.

SOME SCHOOLGIRL ESSAYS.

MR. H. J. BARKER, whose charming papers descriptive of children's humour have so often enlivened the magazines, sends a fresh instalment of stories to *Chambers' Journal* from his inexhaustible wallet. This time he devotes attention exclusively to girls' schools.

AN ESSAY ON DREAMS.

The first essay which I present is the effusion of a girl in attendance at a poor school at the East End. The subject for composition was "Dreams."

"Dreams are those queer short tales which come into your head when you are asleep. The boys have them as well as girls and women. They are not true. If you have had a good supper, they are rather longer and not quite so true. Meat or fried fish makes them very long. When you have no supper at all, you either do not dream, or else you can't remember them. We genelly dream some dreams over and over again.

"I have two short dreams which I have had a many times, but my brother has more which he can remember, and my mother has one nightmare, she says. I do not know why my father never says he has any dreams, except it is because they are so long he hasnt the time to remember them.

"I often dream that I am a baby, and my mother is tyetying me up and down in her arms, and siaging chicachick chuck to me. Then I always say, 'Why, mother, hark! that's the school bell ringing!' and she always says, 'So it is, chuck off to school with you, quick! I forgot as you wasn't a baby.' That is all I dreamt about that dream.

"The other is about dreaming, I am one of Mr. Mason's pretty pignons. I sing chicachick, and then I fly on to Mr. Mason's pignon house slates. As soon as I am nicely up there, and looking down over, I turn into a girl again. Then my mother always gets Mr. Mason's ladder, and fetches me down, and smacks me on the arms for climbing up. Them slaps always seems to stop my dreaming, else to wake me up.

"My brother says he is always on at dreaming that the policeman is always taking him to the station, and he never can wake till they are just marching him up the steps to the inside."

ON HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

The next selection is taken from a girl's scriptural exercise on "Hagar and Ishmael." There is a display of genuine sympathy in the child's essay, which is as refreshing as it is typical. After an opening paragraph, in which she gives a graphic description of the domestic arrangements of the patriarch Abraham's household (but which, from certain considerations, I am constrained to omit) the little essayist proceeds:—

"And behold, those two wives, Sarah and Hagar, were always quareling about things, Hagar telling Sarah as she laughed in God's face when he told her as she was going to have a baby, and Sarah telling poor Hagar as she was not a regular real wife, so she needn't talk. Wives which were not regular were called Jewish bondwomen. One exter one was allowed by God, so that it was not a sin.

"Also it came to pass that Sarah told nasty tales to Abraham, and asked him to turn poor Hagar and her little boy Ishmael out of doors. And behold, Abraham believed her. But before turning them out, Abraham kindly gave them a good loaf of bread and a bottle of water. So they walked out into a wilderness, eating the loaf and drinking out of the big bottle. They slept on the ground all night, and next day poor Ishmael and his mother did nothing else but cry for want of victuals. Then Hagar saw that her dear boy was drawing his breath quick as if he was dying, and she kneeled down on the grass and prayed to God as loud as she could, and looking at her little boy drawing his breath quick.

"And behold, while Hagar was praying like that, God heard her, and sent His angel with another loaf and bottle, and told Hagar to cheer up, because her darling boy Ishmael should not die, but should grow up to be a big man called Arabian of the Desert, and should possess herds of camels and goats."

THE STORY OF AN INCIDENT IN THE HOME RULE CAUSE.

THE FALL OF MR. PARNELL.

THE last month, full as it has been of startling and dramatic incidents, brought forth nothing more sensational than that which culminated in the expulsion of Mr. Parnell from the leadership of the Home Rule party. In the long and terrible story of the relations between England and Ireland few chapters have been more replete with pathetic interest and intense emotion. It has often been remarked as characteristic of the influence of Ireland upon the politics of the Empire, that it imparts to our somewhat dull and sober annals an element of the dramatic. On this occasion the dramatic touch is that of ancient Greece, for seldom has there been a story in which Nemesis played so great a part. Mr. Parnell and all the others who surround him seem but as puppets compared with this great Invisible Power, which, with veiled face, and slow but steady step, fills the principal rôle in this tragedy of our time. The only element—an element which is seldom absent from Irish incidents of the first rank—the stain of blood, is fortunately missing in this incident. It is therefore well to place on permanent record the leading outlines of the history of a very remarkable fortnight with such preliminary and elucidatory comment as is necessary to enable my readers to appreciate the significance and understand the bearings of the events described.

GALWAY ELECTION, 1886.

For many years past the tongue of scandal has been busy with the relations between Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea. In this there is nothing very extraordinary. There are very few statesmen whose names have not been associated with the names of ladies, married or unmarried, by that common rumour which is said to be a common liar. But so long as these reports are confined to the smoking-rooms of clubs and to the intimacies of private conversation, the great public is ignorant of their existence. That this was not the case in the present instance is due to the action of Mr. Healy and Mr. Biggar, who, at the Galway election, publicly objected to Mr. Parnell's intimacy with Mrs. O'Shea, and as publicly implied that Captain O'Shea was the compliant husband who connived at his wife's dishonour. The cause for this ebullition on their part was the determination of Mr. Parnell to force Captain O'Shea upon the constituency of Galway. Many things are said at elections that would not be tolerated elsewhere and on another occasion. The charge against Mr. Parnell was not the only one which figured in the campaign oratory of Mr. Healy and Mr. Biggar. I have no authentic report of their speeches before me, but it is asserted that they charged Mr. Gladstone and Lord Spencer with allowing the execution of men whom they knew to be innocent, and denounced Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan as the perpetrators of nameless crimes. As neither Lord Spencer nor Sir George Trevelyan deemed it necessary to take any notice of such unseemly attacks, Mr. Parnell and the O'Sheas cannot be blamed for treating with equal indifference the accusations levied against themselves. The incident is only important as being the solitary occasion on which the general rumours of the lobbies and of the smoking-room found utterance

on a public platform. It was known that Mr. Parnell was a great friend of the O'Sheas. Captain O'Shea had negotiated the famous treaty by which Mr. Parnell was enabled to escape from Kilmainham and resume his position in the House of Commons.

CAPTAIN O'SHEA AND HIS WIFE.

Captain O'Shea is Irish and Catholic; his wife is English and Protestant. Mrs. O'Shea comes of a gifted family, which has produced in our time soldiers and authors who have played their part with honour in the drama of contemporary history. None of them, however, left so deep a dint in the annals of their time as Catherine Wood, who by her marriage became Mrs. O'Shea. "Kitty O'Shea," as she was commonly called when Irish members talked in whispers of their leader's friendship, is a woman of great ambition, of free-and-easy manners, and of a suspicious temperament. She has aspired to play a considerable part—first in English and then in Irish politics. She had acquaintances and friends among the leaders of the Liberal party, and it was recognised by those who were on the inside track of politics that she was a kind of Egeria to the leader of the Home Rule party. Mr. Parnell, silent and reserved with all others, found relaxation in her society. Her house was the only place where he was received and where he cared to go, for at the time I am speaking of, about ten years ago, Mr. Parnell was considered in English society as impossible as Delaney or Joe Brady. Such intimacies are not uncommon; and as women become more and more interested in political affairs their number is likely to increase rather than to diminish. There was, therefore, among better men and women, a general feeling of resentment when people shook their heads and hinted awful things concerning the friendship between Mr. Parnell and the O'Sheas. Her friends declared that their only foundation was a certain freedom of manner which persons who were more reserved did not understand. So generally accepted was it that the friendship between Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea was purely platonic in its nature, that nothing was more common than for Liberal statesmen to communicate with Mr. Parnell through Mrs. O'Shea in the same way that English statesmen communicated with the Russian Government through Princess Lieven, or as, to take a more familiar instance, communications are believed to have taken place with the Russian Government through Madame Novikoff. It was not until the breakdown of the Home Rule Government of 1886 that Captain O'Shea and Mr. Parnell differed, and Rumour, eager for any incident that would confirm its suspicions, declared that the difference had arisen on account of the extreme intimacy said to have existed between Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea. Captain O'Shea and his wife had for domestic reasons lived apart, the husband occupying chambers in Victoria Street, while the wife lived with the children at Eltham.

The first time I visited Ireland was in the autumn of 1886, and I was much impressed at that time, when, in the course of my inquiries, I happened incidentally to

ask a prominent official of the National League whether there was any foundation whatever for the stories about Mrs. O'Shea. I have never forgotten the alarm with which he replied to my question. "For God's sake," said he, "never breathe that woman's name in Ireland. We hope there is nothing in it, and there may be nothing in it. If (which God forbid) there were anything in it, then it would be all up with Parnell in Ireland. No power on earth could save Parnell then. We are far too much tied up with bishops and priests for it to be possible for us to follow the leading of any man who was convicted of such an offence." The man who said this is now a prominent supporter of Mr. Parnell's. He is not a fanatic by any means, and his conviction, expressed with all the sincerity of terror, made a deep impression on my mind. Some Tipperary gentlemen, however, who knew Mrs. O'Shea, assured me emphatically that it was all a foul libel. Still I was not entirely at ease in my own mind, and when, after my return to England, I read a paragraph to the effect that Mr. Parnell was staying at Eltham in the absence of Captain O'Shea, I did not feel reassured. The paragraph in question went the round of the papers, and, among others, appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I received an indignant telegram from Captain O'Shea asking me to contradict the statement. I did so, and Captain O'Shea appeared at the office in Northumberland Street, when an interview ensued, which was one of the most curious that I have ever had, and, in view of subsequent events, probably one of the most remarkable. Captain O'Shea began by stating that he had been very much annoyed by the statement about Mr. Parnell's presence at Eltham; that Mr. Parnell had never been there since the difference which had divided him from Captain O'Shea. I suppose I must have appeared incredulous, for Captain O'Shea went on to make a certain statement, which, of course, I had no option but to believe. He invited me to interview him for my own satisfaction as much as I pleased. I said, of course, that I had no right to ask him any questions about his domestic affairs. He said he wished me to do so, as he desired me to be perfectly satisfied in my own mind upon the subject, whereupon I said, that while I knew nothing personally, I could not but be cognisant of the current reports as to the alleged quarrel between him and

Mr. Parnell on the subject of Mrs. O'Shea. Captain O'Shea declared in the strongest terms that there was not the slightest ground for these stories. The difference between them was purely political, and had nothing whatever to do with Mrs. O'Shea. Further, he declared that so far from having any reason to quarrel with Mr. Parnell about Mrs. O'Shea, he was perfectly satisfied that the relation between Mr. Parnell and his wife was quite correct, and one to which he could take no objection whatever; that not only was he on the most affectionate terms with his wife, but that he had never had any reason, at any time, to complain of the intimacy between Mr. Parnell and herself. Mr. Parnell had been her friend because he had been his friend; when he had ceased to be his friend, he had ceased to be Mrs. O'Shea's friend, and he did not believe that Mr. Parnell

and Mrs. O'Shea ever met since the rupture. Of course I expressed my gratification at this emphatic and explicit repudiation of current gossip, and observed that I was the more glad to hear from such an authoritative source of the baselessness of the rumours because they had been very persistent, and, in relation to the question of Mr. Parnell's presence at Eltham, I had seen a report written by the correspondent of an American paper which described Mr. Parnell as living at Eltham in his house. "Believe me," said Captain O'Shea, "there is not a word of truth in the story. Mr. Parnell has never been at Eltham since our difference, and, notwithstanding all these rumours, there has never been the least cause for me to suspect my wife, or to think that there has been anything whatever in her friendship with Mr. Parnell

to impair the affectionate relations in which we have always lived." That conversation took place on the 20th of December, 1886. Captain O'Shea being the guardian of his wife's honour, it was impossible for me to give any credence to the reports which I subsequently heard as to Mr. Parnell's alleged intimacy with Mrs. O'Shea.

On one occasion a year or two later another report appeared in the newspapers which led me to recall this conversation. It was reported that Mr. Parnell's stables at Eltham had been on fire, and that his horses had narrowly escaped destruction. Remembering what had happened before, I sent to Mr. Parnell to ask whether this was true or not, as I wished to know before inserting the paragraph. Mr. Parnell asked that the paragraph should not



From a photo by

MR. C. S. PARNELL, M.P.

Lawrence, Dublin.

be inserted, and soon afterwards came down to the office to explain why he did not wish the paragraph to appear.

"SECRET SOCIETIES" AGAIN!

He said that the horses were very valuable, and that if it were known that they were kept at Eltham, emissaries from secret societies would probably go down and mutilate them! In order to save the horses from the emissaries of the secret societies, the paragraph was not inserted, and the incident passed without further comment. When I was in Rome at the end of 1889, defending the cause of Mr. Parnell and the Irish National party against its enemies, I was anxiously asked what was the truth about Mrs. O'Shea, and great was the relief among the friends of Ireland when I was able to state, on the direct authority of Captain O'Shea himself, that the current reports were entirely baseless. Imagine, then, my astonishment to hear, shortly after my return from Rome, that Captain O'Shea had filed a petition for divorce against his wife, with Mr. Parnell as co-respondent. Captain O'Shea sent for me, and informed me that he intended to subpoena me as a witness in his case. I expressed to him very frankly my amazement that, after he had given me assurances of such an emphatic nature—assurances which I had repeated to those who had asked me about the subject—he should now be taking action in the Divorce Court.

THE SUSPICIONS OF CAPTAIN O'SHEA.

To this he replied that it was perfectly true that he had given me these assurances on December 20th, 1886, but that it was a remark which I had made to him at that very interview which had first aroused his suspicions as to the possible guilt of his wife, and therefore he intended to subpoena me as a witness at the trial. "Your remark," he said, "concerning the American correspondent first gave me reason to believe that there might be something wrong between my wife and Mr. Parnell. When I left your office your words weighed on my mind, and I determined to put her under observation. I found out that you were perfectly correct; that at the very time when I was at your office, denying that Mr. Parnell ever visited my wife, he was actually staying in my house at Eltham, and I would have begun proceedings at once had not Mrs. O'Shea promised never to hold any communications with Mr. Parnell again, either direct or indirect. That undertaking she gave in writing to her son, and, believing that she was faithful to her promise, I allowed the matter to remain until Mr. Parnell visited Hawarden, when I was suddenly apprised by my boy of the fact that Mr. Parnell had been living in the same house with my wife at Brighton. I called a family council at once. Every member of my wife's family concurred in advising me that nothing could be done but to begin proceedings at once. I did so, and I intend to call you as a witness at the trial."

HOW MICHAEL DAVITT WAS DECEIVED.

This intimation startled me not a little, and I at once communicated the substance of what Captain O'Shea had told me to my friends. Opinion was divided as to what effect it would produce in Ireland. Michael Davitt, who disbelieved the statement of Captain O'Shea, said at once, that if it were proved to be true there was an end of Mr. Parnell's leadership. The Irish people could not, and would not, follow any man who had offended against one of the most cherished principles of their race. But he said he would not believe it was true until it was proved; it was too great a disaster for the Irish cause to contemplate, and he would cling to the hope that Mr. Parnell was falsely accused. He came over to London to discuss the matter, and was profoundly impressed by the statement which I repeated to him. Shortly after this, when I met Mr. Davitt at Mr. Thaddeus's studio.

I found him radiant with joy. "Don't distress yourself," said he, cheerily, "don't distress yourself. Charlie is all right. There is not a word of truth in all that story Captain O'Shea told you. It has been a great load off my mind." "But," said I, "how do you know?" "I know," said Davitt, "because Mr. Parnell told me, and Parnell has never deceived me in his life. Over and over again in these last ten years I have been in difficult positions with Mr. Parnell, when it might have been very much to his interest to have misled me. I never knew him say a word that was false. I trust him implicitly, and when Parnell has given me his word, I am quite sure that he speaks the truth." "Then," said I, "you have seen Mr. Parnell?" "Yes," said Davitt, "I met him yesterday, and he came to my hotel—the Arundel Hotel—and remained in my room for nearly three hours. We had a long talk over the whole situation. I told him what you had told me about Captain O'Shea, and he said to me that there was no truth in it. He was most emphatic, most emphatic. I never saw him in better spirits. He told me that the whole thing was an infamous plot on the part of the *Times*; that he had got evidence to prove that Captain O'Shea was paid by the *Times* to bring this charge as a revenge for the discomfiture that had overtaken them in the case of Pigott; that he had all his proofs ready, and that, when the case came before the Courts, there would be an exposure of the conspiracy of the *Times* and of the enemies of Ireland that would cast into the shade even the enormous gain that had been secured by the exposure of the forged letters." I said I was very glad to hear it, but it seemed too good to be true.

MR. PARNELL'S FALSEHOOD.

"No," said Davitt, "there is no doubt about it. Mr. Parnell said to me, when I told him I was going over to Ireland, 'You can tell your friends that they need have no fear. Be quite tranquil about this. I will come out of this case without a stain upon my name and reputation.' And I believe him," said Davitt: "he has never deceived me yet." "Well," said I, "it may be so, but are you quite sure that Mr. Parnell did not mean that he was going to prove connivance on the part of Captain O'Shea, and that he was going to marry Mrs. O'Shea after the divorce?" Then said Davitt, emphatically, "Nothing of the kind. If Mr. Parnell has had anything to do with that woman, if there has been any criminal intimacy whatever, then the worst that Captain O'Shea could say about Mr. Parnell's capacity for falsehood is not too strong. You remember that in your Character Sketch of Mr. Parnell you quote two opinions about his truthfulness. One was by a friend, that was myself, who said Mr. Parnell had always spoken truthfully and had never deceived him, the other was by an enemy (that was Captain O'Shea), who said that he was the supreme liar of the world. All I can say is this, if Mr. Parnell has had anything to do with that woman, then the friend and the foe are of the same opinion. I could never believe that man again." Confident in his belief, Mr. Davitt went about in London and in Dublin, blithely repeating Mr. Parnell's positive assurances of his complete innocence. He communicated them to Mr. Morley among others, and then crossing to Dublin he filled the heart of Archbishop Walsh with joy, by repeating to him Mr. Parnell's solemn and reiterated assurances of his stainless innocence. Mr. Davitt did not find everyone so ready to believe no evil as the Archbishop, but he convinced everyone of one of two alternatives: either that Mr. Parnell was innocent, or that he had deliberately, cruelly, and wantonly deceived one of the most faithful and upright of men.

who, more than any other man among his supporters, had a right to be spared the humiliation of being made the victim of such deception.

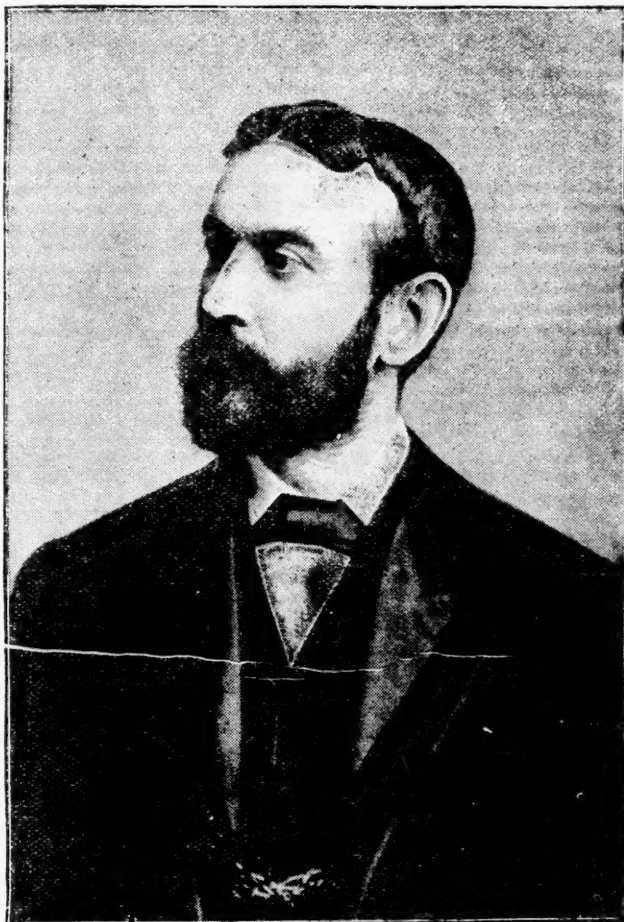
There the matter rested. On the 15th of November the case was opened before Mr. Justice Butt. To the astonishment of everyone, and most of all to the astonishment of those who had trusted Mr. Parnell's assurances, the case was undefended. Mr. Parnell did not even put in an appearance by counsel, while Mrs. O'Shea was represented by counsel only to declare that she would take no part in the proceedings. Then was

unfolded before the Court a long and miserable tale of a guilty intimacy, begun ten years ago, and persisted in apparently without intermission—save during the time when Mr. Parnell was in Kilmainham—down to the present time. This intimacy, which was alleged to have been carried on with the connivance of the husband, was proved to have led to frequent scenes between Mr. Parnell and Captain O'Shea, and on one occasion a challenge was sent to Mr. Parnell to fight a duel. It was also proved that Mr. Parnell, in this intrigue with Mrs. O'Shea, had found it necessary to assume disguises and to adopt aliases, and on two or three occasions to make his escape from compromising situations in a fashion which, to say the least, does not conduce to his dignity as a statesman or to his reputation as a man. The plea of connivance, and a counter accusation of adultery with her own sister, which was put in by Mrs. O'Shea, were not supported by any evidence, and the

effect of the pleading was to aggravate the heinousness of the offence which was proved against Mrs. O'Shea and her paramour. The verdict of the jury was decisive, and in summing up before the verdict was returned, the Judge declared that Mr. Parnell was a man who had taken advantage of the hospitality offered by the husband to debauch the wife. The decree *nisi* was pronounced, and the public was confronted as the result of the trial with a record against Mr. Parnell, which, whether true or false, had been drawn up after judicial investigation, in the course of which Mr. Parnell had not ventured to say one word in his own defence.

It is true that in the course of the evidence the statements made by Captain O'Shea to me in December, 1886, turned out to be as baseless as the declarations made by Mr. Parnell to Mr. Davitt in the spring of this year. So far from Captain O'Shea having had no reason to suspect his wife of undue intimacy with Mr. Parnell before that date when I made the innocent remark concerning the American correspondent's comments on Mr. Parnell's sojourn at Eltham, it appeared that he had actually challenged Mr. Parnell to fight a duel on account of his suspicions five years before. When Captain O'Shea called

upon me after the trial I at once told him that he had deceived me, and referred to his statement made in 1886, which he had repeated when he gave me notice of his intention to serve me with a subpoena. Captain O'Shea declared that he never deceived anyone, and that it was impossible for him to have deceived me. He said it was quite true when he saw me in 1886 that he had no suspicions of his wife, for the whole episode of the challenge to fight a duel had passed from his mind; he had buried it in oblivion because he had been convinced that his suspicions had been groundless, and that he had done a cruel injustice to Mr. Parnell. He did not explain how it was that the whole of the same year in which he had made the declaration to me that he had never had any reasons whatever to suspect the fidelity of his wife, he had been, as the evidence produced at the trial proved, endeavouring to secure a promise from her that she would never see Mr.



From a photo by

MR. SEXTON, M.P.

Laurence, Dublin.

Parnell again. This, however, is by the way. The great issues at stake depend very little or not at all upon the question whether or not Captain O'Shea's memory suddenly failed him in December, 1886, or whether, in an excess of remorse for having done an injustice to Mr. Parnell, he exaggerated the extent of his confidence in the latter. The news of Mr. Parnell's condemnation fell like a thunder-clap on the country. He himself, having foreseen what would happen, had prepared his henchmen for action. They declared that the verdict would make no difference to Mr. Parnell; he would go on as if nothing had happened—and he smiled with well-bred amaze.

ment when anyone ventured to suggest that the finding of the Court would make a difference in his former position.

TOO MUCH ZEAL AT DUBLIN.

Not content, however, with pursuing a defiant policy, his followers in Ireland, the men of the machine, the members whom he nominated to their constituencies, many of whom draw their income from funds under his control, set about making noisy demonstrations in his favour. If they had remained silent it is possible that English opinion might not have been so intensely excited. But it was more than flesh and blood could stand to hear the manner in which a grave outrage on the family and on morality was treated by the spokesmen of a race which has a right to regard itself as occupying a higher standard of morality in regard to those matters than either England or Scotland. We heard with amazement that, in the opinion of men who spoke for Catholic Ireland, adultery, complicated with treachery and habitual falsehood, was a venial offence, of no more account in the opinion of the people than the eating of flesh on Friday or non-attendance at church on Sunday. It was exactly the same mistake that was made by the partisans of Sir Charles Dilke after the first trial. But for the action of the *Daily News* and the *Daily Telegraph*, in asserting the co-respondent in the Crawford divorce case had left the Court without a stain on his character, because no legal evidence was tendered against him, there would have been no second trial, and Sir Charles Dilke, instead of having narrowly escaped a criminal prosecution for perjury, would probably have been able to have maintained his position in Parliament. The declarations at Dublin, unqualified by any expressions of regret, or any sense of humiliation and shame at the degradation which has befallen the country, provoked an outburst of indignation on the part of the English public.

AND TOO LITTLE AT HAWARDEN.

There is no doubt that, at this stage of affairs, the Liberal leaders, and many of the Liberal wire-pullers, would have been well content to have allowed Mr. Parnell to continue at the head of the Home Rule party without protestations on their part. The idea was that Mr. Parnell would not go—that his henchmen would refuse to let him go, and that, therefore, in the face of the Irish *non possumus* the only way of carrying on at all was to wash our hands of the business as an exclusively Irish affair. Unfortunately, those who made this conclusion reckoned without the English *non possumus*, which was quite as emphatic as that of the Irish. It is strikingly illustrative of the blindness which sometimes afflicts the leaders of a nation that no one on the Front Opposition Bench seems to have appreciated the fact that the British public would not stand Mr. Parnell continuing any longer as joint leader of the Home Rule party. When they were warned that there were breakers ahead, they shrugged their shoulders. Mr. Labouchere in *Truth*, and Mr. Messingham in the *Star*, declared that it was none of our business—the Irish could do as they pleased. If they stuck to Mr. Parnell we had nothing more to do with it but accept their nominee, and so forth and so forth. Then followed an outburst of indignation throughout the length and breadth of the land, which, in the course of twenty-four hours brought us to the verge of a crisis which threatens to entirely revolutionize the whole future of parties and the relations between the two countries. Mr. Price Hughes, in

the *Methodist Times*, was the first to express the feeling of natural indignation which was provoked by the bravado of the Parnellite party. He did so in terms which were unfortunately calculated to produce the maximum of offence in Ireland, although, no doubt, the very extravagance and injustice of his denunciations served better than anything else to indicate the violence of the coming storm.

NOT ADULTERY SO MUCH AS PERFDY.

As my action in this matter has been much commented on, I may say that, while I did not like the adultery, it was not the breach of the Seventh Commandment that convinced me that Mr. Parnell had become impossible. The damning thing was the deliberate perfidy with which he had deceived Davitt.

I cross-questioned Mr. Davitt very closely at the time whether there could be any possibility of misunderstanding Mr. Parnell's meaning. Davitt was perfectly clear and precise, and there can be no manner of doubt in the mind of anyone to whom he spoke that Mr. Parnell had practised a deliberate deception upon one of his most trusty followers, and had treated him with a careful, calculated treachery which rendered it absolutely impossible for any of us who knew the relations between the two men and the importance that depended upon absolute trust between them at the eve of so grave a crisis ever to trust Mr. Parnell again. This was very different from the mere consequential falsehoods which follow in the wake of ordinary adultery. This was no mere subterfuge, such as the taking of an alias, or the assuming of a disguise, or even of such a sorry comedy as that of leaving the wife by the balcony in order to come round and meet the husband by the front door; it was one of those supreme tests which enable you once for all to gauge the capacity for dissimulation and the extent to which long-continued falsehood has eaten into the very heart of the moral nature of the man. When Davitt left me, I said at once that Mr. Parnell seemed to be playing Sir Charles Dilke's game of double or quits, and if he did not establish his innocence it was all up with him once and for ever.

HOW MR. PARNELL WAS MISLED.

When Mr. Parnell was confronted with the verdict of the jury, the last thought in his mind was that it would entail his disappearance from the leadership of the Irish party. It must be admitted that he had considerable excuses for his cynical estimate of the situation. The leading case in recent times was that of Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Parnell had good reason to regard this as encouraging a belief that his leadership would be acquiesced in without serious demur. No serious person can contend for a moment that the conduct of Mr. Parnell can for a single second be compared with the infamies which led to the transfer of Chelsea from the Liberal to the Conservative side of politics. But although some ninety electors of Chelsea changed sides in consequence of the Crawford divorce case, there has never been any public stigma attached to Sir Charles Dilke by his late colleagues. The very last question that came before the Gladstone Administration which went out in 1886 was whether or not they should prosecute Sir Charles Dilke for perjury. Legal technicalities, such as the awkward fact that the legal adviser of the Administration had also acted as legal adviser to Sir Charles Dilke, stood in the way of any prosecution, and when Mr. Gladstone's last Cabinet quitted office, they left the prosecution of Sir Charles Dilke to their successors. Even if they thought

that it was desirable that Sir Charles Dilke should cease to be a member of her Majesty's Privy Council, they refused to take the natural and obvious step of advising her Majesty to strike his name off the list of Right Honourables, and to this day Sir Charles Dilke remains a Privy Councillor of the Crown. The Cabinet which followed Mr. Gladstone's not unnaturally refused to take any steps in the matter, on the ground that as Sir Charles Dilke's conduct had not been regarded by his political allies as calling for any action on their part, it would savour of political spite if they were to interfere in the

matter. Nothing but the transfer of ninety votes from the Liberal to the Unionist side in Chelsea at the General Election in 1886 kept Sir Charles Dilke out of the House of Commons. No sentence of social excommunication was passed upon him; he has kept up social connections with several of his former political colleagues; he has been welcomed as a contributor to our leading magazines; his book has been received with a chorus of welcome; and he was regularly advertised, directly after Mr. Gladstone, in the *Speaker*, the most official organ of the Liberal party of all the weeklies, as one of its most valued contributors. When remonstrances were made, objectors were told that they were vindictive, un-

charitable, and pharisaic. It was not surprising that Mr. Parnell, who was left without any hint whatever from any prominent member of the Liberal party that if he were cast in the Divorce Court under circumstances which would destroy confidence in his honour as a friend and his truthfulness as a man, it would render impossible his continuing leader of one wing of the Home Rule party, should think that he had only to sit tight and brazen it out. A timely, energetic word spoken to him privately before the trial might have averted everything, and even if after the trial an unmistakable intimation had been sent him from a sure source things would never have reached the disastrous crisis which culminated later. So far from such an

intimation being sent him, the newspapers, to which he might naturally have turned for information as to what was expected of him, proved, as usual in such questions, to be the blindest of the blind leaders of the blind. If Mr. Parnell thought that he could stay, and the Irish Parliamentary party were encouraged to declare that he must remain, at any cost, it is largely due to the fact that the organs of public opinion which should have given unmistakable utterance to the convictions which, as the result proved, were almost universal in the British electorate, were either dumb or uttered uncertain sounds when they

should have spoken with unmistakable emphasis and unhesitating promptitude. On this point, the *Echo*, of November 27, has some observations which are worth quoting if only to put on record the extent to which the Liberal Press failed in its duty alike in foreseeing the evil and in understanding the feeling of the nation of which it claims to be the mouth-piece.

"Great is the wrath," remarked the *Echo*, "of the Liberals against their fallen idol, whom but yesterday they delighted to honour with dinners, and fêtes, and burgess tickets. He is now bitterly reproached with the infamy of imperilling the interests of Liberalism by concealing from his followers at Tuesday's meeting the



From a Photo.]

REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

[by Russell and Sons.]

substance of Mr. Gladstone's communication to him; this last offence appears to be even more unpardonable than the departure by the fire-escape and the subsequent knock at the front door. Ah! well, after all, if Mr. Parnell has set his back to the wall, surely there were not a few who, ten days ago, were tempting him to take that very course. Professor Beesly was the first to interpose with what the *Pall Mall Gazette* described as 'words of wisdom.' What were those words of wisdom? 'Mr. Parnell is not an Englishman but an Irishman. He is responsible, not to us, but to his own countrymen. It is for them to decide whether he shall represent them or not. Depend upon it, they will decide for themselves, and whatever their decision may be, we not only ought to accept it, but we shall have to do so. We have no more to do with

his private life than with that of M. Carnot or M. Waddington.' The *Pall Mall Gazette* endorsed these words of wisdom, and declared that, 'in the main, Professor Beesly is undoubtedly right. The crucial question to be asked is—How will the Irish take it?'

BLIND LEADERS OF THE BLIND.

"The *Star* was exactly of the same opinion. The day after the verdict was given, it said:—'Mr. Parnell is not our leader. We have no decision to take in the matter. It is the Irishmen who must judge. If they say to-day, "We have a long and crooked furrow to plough; we will not at this moment change the man at the plough tail"; who is to say them nay. Not the Liberal party. Not any thinking man. Above all, not those who, while holding to the full the sanctity of all true relationships between men and women, have their eyes fixed on the redemption of the national honour and the salvation of the Irish people.' This is emphatic enough, but Mr. Labouchere was still more positive. Last week's *Truth* contained an article with the significant title 'Measures, not Women,' which was permeated with the characteristic cynicism of its writer. He said, 'It is not for the English to decide who is to be the Irish leader. To quarrel with the skilled commander of an army while the battle is being fought would be strange folly. My advice, if I may take the liberty to tender it, to Mr. Parnell is that he should not be diverted from the task that he has set himself to free his people by anything that has occurred or that may occur.' So much for the evening organs of the Liberal party; as for its morning organ, the *Daily News*, for a whole week it appeared to be ignorant of Mr. Parnell's existence. The Liberals looked to their oracle, but their oracle was as dumb as death. It would be easy to cite other spokesmen of the Liberty party—the *Manchester Guardian*, for example, which said:—'We fail to see that, judged by the ordinary standards which govern our estimate of public men, Mr. Parnell must be drummed out of political life. We are, at least, very certain that if this measure were dealt out to him it would have to be dealt out no less to others in whose case notorious shortcomings have been held to be no bar to political honours.' The *Bristol Mercury* also said:—'It will be arrant hypocrisy for London society to pretend to be scandalized at Mr. Parnell's offence. Home Rule is not rendered less sound as a legislative policy by yesterday's verdict. It must be remembered that it rests with Mr. Parnell's own countrymen, not with Englishmen, to decide his future position.' After all, who can wonder that Mr. Parnell has taken these gentlemen at their word? It is true that Mr. Gladstone has since expressed an opposite opinion, and all the journals who last week told Mr. Parnell to stay now still cry more vehemently that he must go. But, if these people were right last week, they and Mr. Gladstone are utterly wrong now."

THE REVOLT AGAINST MR. PARNELL.

Of course, they were wrong then, and they soon found it out. For wherever two or three Englishmen met together there were mutterings of disgust if they were Liberals, of exultation if they were Unionists. The former felt that they had been betrayed and that their cause had received a more damning blow than that which threatened it when the *Times* was declaring every day that it could prove that Mr. Parnell was the veritable writer of the forged letters. This muttering discontent found here and there vigorous utterance which from the eager response that it elicited showed unmistakably the intensity of the prevailing discontent; but all free expression of this feeling was regarded as treason to the Home Rule cause. The *Star* refused to publish an article a fortnight before the arrival of the Dillon-O'Brien manifesto, "A choice between Mr. Parnell and Home Rule," which I had to publish elsewhere, entitled "Mr. Parnell or Home Rule?" When the *Daily News* pretends that nothing was said in its columns or at Sheffield, in order that Mr. Parnell might retire with dignity, it presumes too much upon the

credulity of its readers. Nothing is more certain than that if the so-called "fanatics" had only held their tongues, no question would ever have been raised by the Liberal leaders.

A SUDDEN TRANSFORMATION.

But the "fanatics" could not be muzzled, and when at last Mr. Michael Davitt in the *Labour World*, representing all that is best and purest in the Irish National cause, mildly but firmly called upon Mr. Parnell to resign, the floodgates of English indignation were opened, and in a moment the whole aspect of affairs was changed as by magic. At the meeting of the National Liberal Federation at Sheffield, where representatives were gathered from Liberal constituencies throughout the country, there was only one opinion, although it found no voice in the speeches of the Liberal leaders. Wherever Liberal committeemen met together from north, south, east, or west that opinion found equally emphatic expression that only if Mr. Parnell went, and went at once, could the Home Rule cause be saved. As day by day went by, the universal impression gained ever fresh means of expression. Liberal candidates and members were told everywhere by their leading men that unless they could shake off this old man of the sea the battle was lost before the polls were opened. No power on earth could induce the stalwart fighting Liberal of the average constituency to take off his coat and put any enthusiasm or energy into his electioneering on behalf of a party which was led by Mr. Parnell. It was not that the Nonconformists would vote Unionist, but that they would not vote at all, or if they voted would vote, as it were, under protest, putting no heart in their work, and acquiescing very reluctantly in the prolongation of Mr. Balfour's rule as a less evil than the establishing of Mrs. O'Shea as the Uncrowned Queen of Ireland.

THE STAMPEDE OF THE PARTY.

The hope of the Liberal leaders that it might be possible to keep England quiet while the Irish Parliamentary party acclaimed Mr. Parnell as worthy of all confidence, was suddenly blighted, and they found themselves in a surprisingly short space of time face to face with what was in fact the stampede of their whole party. Telegrams rained into the Central Office of the National Liberal Federation from Liberal candidates announcing that they would resign their candidature if Mr. Parnell did not disappear. The best fighting men in the parts declared that the battle was lost beyond recovery unless this incubus was removed. This feeling, born of a sense of treachery, was perhaps strongest in Edinburgh. Mr. Parnell had within the last twelve months been presented with the freedom of the city. His name had been yet on the burgess roll after a long fight, in which his supporters had made his cause their own, had vouched for his integrity, and now heard with chagrin that the very moment they had been giving him the very highest tribute they had in their power, a tribute jealously reserved for men of stainless reputation who have conferred great services upon the State, they had been honouring the hero of a vulgar scandal, whose life for years past had been one long course of subterfuge and deceit. So intense was the emotion excited by this discovery that it became doubtful whether Mr. Gladstone could carry Midlothian if he had Mr. Parnell on his shoulders.

MR. GLADSTONE'S ULTIMATUM.

There is one thing to be said of Mr. Gladstone which is capable of cruel misrepresentation, but there is no doubt that there is no more daring political engineer in the execution of curves in English politics. The ambivalence

would be more just if he were compared to a helmsman than to an engineer. When the man at the helm sees the tornado ready to burst he does not spare a thought as to the previous course of the ship; he puts the helm hard about in a moment without minding the taunts of inconsistency, and considers himself adequately rewarded if he succeeds in weathering the storm. Just so acted the astute, resourceful, and audacious Palinurus of Hawarden. After keeping silence so profound that not one of his newspapers dreamed that he regarded the disappearance of Mr. Parnell as other than a misfortune, he suddenly launched, like a bolt from the blue, one letter to Mr. Justin M'Carthy and another to Mr. Morley, in which he declared that Mr. Parnell must go, or the Home Rule cause was so utterly undone that it was hardly worth his while continuing longer in public life.

When Parliament met, Mr. Parnell, whom some of his rare apologists in the North had been describing as "standing with bowed head, ashamed before the country," appeared in his place in Parliament, smiling and defiant. He took his place in the chair at the meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party, and allowed his obedient henchmen to elect him unanimously to the chairmanship, without giving them the slightest hint that by doing so they were imperilling the very existence of the Home Rule party. It has never been Mr. Parnell's habit to take his followers into his confidence, but surely no political leader ever led his followers to vote on a matter which was vital to the future of their cause without apprising them of an intimation which could not fail to affect seriously the decision of everyone present. Mr. Parnell's relations to his followers were not, however, like those which exist

between any other political chief and his supporters. He was at once their constituent and their paymaster. "Who is," said an Irishman to me anxiously, when talking to me of Mr. Parnell and his successor, "who is to choose the minibus?" And Mr. Parnell's position as the Great Elector of Ireland no doubt exempted him in his own estimation from the duty of allowing the elected such knowledge of the facts as was necessary for them to vote with intelligence, even when voting him supreme power.

If Mr. Gladstone could have foreseen that he might have to launch such a thunderbolt at Mr. Parnell, a private intimation before the close of the trial, or even when the verdict was declared, would probably have averted the whole mischief; but unfortunately Mr. Gladstone did not foresee the blaze of indignation that spread throughout the country, and he had to try to do at the eleventh hour, by a violent exercise of authority, that which one word might have done if it had been spoken in time. Finding that Mr. Parnell had taken no notice of his private intimation, Mr. Morley was instructed to publish Mr. Gladstone's letter. Belated though it was, it excited intense enthusiasm among the Li-



From a photo]

DR. WALSH, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

[by Laurence, Dublin.]

berals, who once more saw their veteran chieftain standing forth as the champion of all the principles which they held most dear. In Ireland it created a feeling of profound dismay and consternation. The machine men had declared so emphatically that it did not matter the toss of a farthing what Mr. Parnell did in his private life that it came upon his followers with all the startling force of an unexpected revelation that Englishmen cared enough about morality and good faith to sacrifice all

their hopes of office rather than condone Mr. Parnell's offence, or to have dealings with a man in whom the truth was not. Under these circumstances there had been some base enough to say that Mr. Parnell being a Protestant it was no concern of a Catholic nation whether or not he broke every commandment in the Decalogue. This toleration, born of bigotry and sectarian pride, fortunately was confined to a few.

ITS EFFECT IN IRELAND.

There is no doubt that the spectacle of the conscience of England revolting against a convicted adulterer, smote the conscience of Ireland, for offences against the Seventh Commandment are regarded much more sternly in Ireland than in this country. For Englishmen to show themselves more sensitive to an outrage on the family was indeed a reproach which could be felt by every decent Catholic in Ireland. Especially must it have gone home to the hearts and consciences of those priests of that Church which for centuries has been the keeper of the conscience of the Irish race. The Catholic hierarchy, however, at first remained silent. Privately through Archbishop Walsh and Archbishop Croke they made known their distress at the course which things were taking, and used such pressure as they could to secure the retirement of Mr. Parnell; but there was no public declaration, no formal repudiation of a leader who had betrayed his trust by besmirching the fair name of Ireland by a foul outrage on the sanctities of family life.

THE CHURCH AND ITS LEADERS.

No one had spoken more strongly on this subject than Archbishop Walsh in the first address he delivered on his return from Rome in 1885. Over and over again he pressed upon them to choose both good candidates and delegates. Everything that he said then applied with hundredfold force to the selection of the leader of the party, who not only leads the representatives of the people, but selects the representatives themselves. Thus a far greater issue became involved than the future of Ireland or the fortunes of the Liberal party, for the question has become a test of the reality and sincerity of the Catholic Church in Ireland in the principles which the Catholic Church has instituted to teach to the world. Such abnegation of its position of influence and authority as could have been involved in its silence in such a crisis could not have been anticipated by its worst enemy.

No sooner were Mr. Parnell's followers apprised of the fact that Mr. Gladstone took so serious a view of the situation as to declare that the game of Home Rule was up if Mr. Parnell did not retire, than they declared that it was necessary to hold another meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party. A requisition, signed by thirty members of the party, was sent to Mr. Parnell, and he summoned a meeting for the next day, when the discussion, which took place in private, was prolonged for hours.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY.

Mr. Parnell's feelings must have been far from enviable as he sat in the chair listening to his followers discussing whether or not his intrigue with Mrs. O'Shea rendered it necessary for them to relegate him to private life. The most experienced members of the party counselled his retirement, and the meeting was adjourned until the evening, and then again until the 1st of December. The situation was complicated by the absence of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, and by the fact that they will only return to go to prison for six months. It is natural that they should prefer that Mr. Parnell should remain where he was rather than that the question of his successor should be raised at a time when they are out

of the country. In their absence the only possible successor is Mr. Sexton. Mr. Justin McCarthy would be a figure-head; but for ability, for Parliamentary experience, and for the confidence with which he inspires others, no one is to be compared with Mr. Sexton.

MR. DAVITT'S APPEAL.

Mr. Davitt, who is fortunately outside Parliament, and is in possession of a valuable paper which circulates throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, published on November 27th an "Appeal to the Irish Race" to repudiate a leader who had not sufficient patriotism to efface himself for the sake of his country. No more interesting problem has arisen of late than the result of how far Mr. Davitt's appeals may have a response in the masses of the Irish people. It is there the battle must be fought, and there that the battle must be decided. There is no doubt as to the English opinion, although, curious enough, the issue was somewhat obscured by the conviction of some Liberals that the Irish contingent of our party constituted such an independent unit as to entail no responsibility upon us for its control or its management. As one of those who take this view wrote to me:

I do not consider myself a Home Ruler—I am a Liberal—but I support Home Rule because it is just and for the interest of England. We use the Irish Home Rulers to carry out our own policy; but they are not an integral part of our party. Neither do I feel in the least that the Irish Liberals are *solidaire* with the English Liberals. We agree upon Home Rule, and probably upon no other point in politics. We have no right, therefore, to insist on enforcing our moral standard upon a nation which may be guided by a different moral code. There is a great danger if the English Liberals learned to regard the Irish as comrades as well as allies that they will be grievously disappointed in the ethics of the Irish leaders. We are not responsible for Mr. Parnell or for the Irish.

THE HOME RULE ALLIANCE.

That may be all very well, but we shall never win the General Election on that principle. The victory at the General Election had become probable because we had learned to treat the Irish as comrades; because we taught the people that the Irish were worthy of support and enthusiastic co-operation. To suddenly turn round and declare that we are not *solidaire* with the Irish, and that it is no matter of ours if they were to put a Parnell, a Bolton, or a Delaney into the leadership, is to cut the ground from under the feet of all but a very few doctrinaire Home Rulers, who are not capable of securing the election of half-a-dozen members in the whole House of Commons. It is the union of the British and Irish democracies that has brought Home Rule within measurable distance. We have adopted the Irish leaders as our leaders, we have adopted the Irish cause as our cause, and we have also to take the risk of such sudden shocks as arise from the sudden discovery of the turpitude of Mr. Parnell.

TAKING THE IRISH TEMPERATURE.

As soon as the crisis seemed to be somewhat likely to become acute, I sent out copies of a leaflet, "Home Rule or Mr. Parnell?" to all my Helpers in Ireland, and asked them to report upon the questions at issue after due enquiry from the most influential men in their respective districts.

Our Association has not Helpers in every constituency in Ireland. At present the Association is only in its infancy; but the service which it was capable of rendering at such a crisis as the present was a striking illustration of the immense power which such an Association would be if it were universal and in possession of its daily mouthpiece. Our Helpers in Ireland are men and women of every shade of politics, from extreme Home Rulers to extreme Unionists, and their replies enabled me to understand how things were going far better than all the articles in the papers.

In addition to making this inquiry, I issued a pamphlet, "The Discrowned King of Ireland," a copy of which was sent to every Helper in the three kingdoms, and to every Catholic priest in Ireland.

THE OPPOSITION PARALYZED.

As soon as Parliament met it was evident that the Opposition was paralyzed by the discord which reigned in their camp on account of Mr. Parnell. The debate on the Address, which usually takes weeks, was finished in a single night, and the great initial battle on the Irish Land Bill, which had been threatened all through the recess, collapsed, Mr. Parnell and his colleagues voting for the Government, and Mr. Gladstone and his lieutenants leaving the House without voting. All was subordinated to the great question whether the alliance between the two sections of the Home Rulers would be preserved by the dismissal of Mr. Parnell, or whether after four years of close intimacy the alliance would be broken up by the action of the man who created it. Mr. Parnell himself displayed throughout this crisis the supreme qualities which have enabled him to write his name indelibly on the history of his native land. The character of the Irish leader has been tempered in the furnace of obloquy and denunciation for many years, and in the present crisis he displayed his great qualities to the full.

THE DISCROWNED KING AT BAY.

Nothing could be more superb than the disdain with which he treated both his followers and allies. It was magnificent, although it was not politics. Even those whose most cherished hopes he was doing his best to destroy could not refrain from according him the tribute of their admiration as they witnessed him at bay, treating with lordly contempt every protest and every appeal, and making the Irish members, who assembled to discuss his conduct, feel—as one of them said—"as if it were they who had committed adultery with his wife." At the same time, the unscrupulous and ruthless spirit with which he, in his political life, has gone like a cannon ball direct to his mark, was vitiated by the same fatal element that has rendered him impossible as the Irish leader. When he felt the ground slipping beneath his feet, and the majority of his supporters in favour of his retirement, he determined upon striking a blow at Mr. Gladstone, no matter at what cost, of the betrayal of private confidences.

HIS MANIFESTO.

His Manifesto to the Irish People was a document which revealed in every line the impress of a strong man of supreme ability, but of the strong man in whom the truth was not. The chieftain of the Irish clan disdained, when addressing his own people, to say even a word of the weakness which had exposed both him and his cause to the peril of imminent catastrophe; he treated the demand of Mr. Gladstone for the appointment of some leader with whom it was possible to treat with confidence as an attack on the independence of Ireland; and proceeded to support his contention by revealing private conversations which had been held with him by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley within the last twelve months. It is obviously impossible, after the evidence which we have had of the deliberate deceptions which Mr. Parnell is capable of practising upon his best friends, to accept his word as authority for any statement whatever, even when it does not involve a breach of confidence. Mr. Parnell stated that Mr. Gladstone had informed him at the meeting at Hawarden that the Irish members should remain, but only thirty-three of the 105; that Ireland should have Home Rule, but should not be allowed to settle her own land laws; that the control of the police must be left in the hands of the Imperial Parliament; and the appointment of judges,

resident magistrates, and others, should be left in the hands of the Imperial Government for ten or twelve years. As to Mr. Morley, Mr. Parnell asserted that Mr. Gladstone's lieutenant suggested that he should assume the Chief Secretaryship, and appoint another member of his party to one of the Irish law offices of the Crown. This, which of course is the natural corollary of the Home Rule alliance, filled Mr. Parnell with amazement. He also made other statements about the negotiation as to the Land Bill and the Plan of Campaign estates which were intended to strengthen Mr. Parnell's position as against that of Mr. Gladstone's in the judgment of the Irish people.

MR. GLADSTONE'S REPLY.

On the appearance of this manifesto, Mr. Gladstone published a letter, in which he denied the accuracy of Mr. Parnell's recital in regard to every one of the four points. What had passed was, according to Mr. Gladstone, merely a statement, perfectly free and without prejudice, of points, in which he thought the Home Rule Plan of 1886 might be improved, and as to which he was desirous to learn whether they raised any serious objections in the mind of Mr. Parnell. To none of these suggestions did Mr. Parnell offer any serious objection. Mr. Gladstone denied that he had made the statements imputed to him, or anything substantially resembling them, and he added that "the conversation was perfectly confidential, and that, to publish even a true account of it was to break the seal of confidence which alone rendered such political co-operation possible."

The general impression produced on English public opinion by the publication of the manifesto was to bring everybody to the conclusion on which Mr. Davitt had acted from the first. It is impossible to treat with a man who does not hesitate to try to stab you in the back the moment you are off your guard. Those of us who had protested against Mr. Parnell any longer being worthy of confidence after his demonstration of the deliberate deception which he practised upon Mr. Davitt, hardly expected to find so complete a vindication of their decision furnished to the world on such a short notice.

THE QUESTION ON IRISH REPRESENTATIONS.

Of course it hardly needs to be remarked that if Mr. Gladstone had really proposed to reduce the Irish members by more than two-thirds of their present number, at the same time that he insisted on still further narrowing the authority and prerogatives of the Home Rule Parliament, he would have displayed an inability to discern the conditions of the problem with which he was dealing which would be quite incredible but for the extraordinary blunder which ruined the Home Rule Bill in 1885 by the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster. Nothing is more obvious than that if the Irish remain, they must remain as they are, with unimpaired numbers and full authority to deal with all questions that come before the Imperial Parliament. Every change in the direction of curtailing the independence of the Irish Parliament is an additional argument for maintaining the *status quo* at Westminster as relates to the retention of the Irish members there. If the proposal had actually been made by Mr. Gladstone, it would have diminished our regret at the temporary collapse of the Home Rule alliance. For nothing could more clearly have shown that the elementary conditions of the problem had not yet been mastered by those who had the question in hand than these two proposals: first, to turn the Irish members out altogether, and then, when that proved to be impossible, to turn out seventy-three of them, at the same time that the questions in which the Irish people are most interested were reserved for a Parliament in which their representation is to be reduced. It is,

however, unnecessary to enter into a discussion on projects the realisation of which in any form Mr. Parnell is doing his best to postpone to the Greek kalends.

TREACHERY AS A DISSOLVENT.

While it is perfectly true and right that the Irish Parliamentary Party should maintain its independence, it is equally necessary that if it is to treat with any other body, it must do so through a representative who is so treacherous that he cannot be trusted by the other contracting parties of the alliance. Mr. Parnell has treated Mr. Gladstone as he treated Capt. O'Shea, and as he treated Lord Carnarvon. Even the *Times* declared of the publication of the manifesto:—

The manifesto is a rude shock to the delusions begotten of the "union of hearts." It shivers for ever the superstition that Mr. Parnell can under any circumstances be again treated by Englishmen as a trustworthy friend or as an honourable foe. It is probably the most shameless document that English public life has seen since the days of the Revolution. With unblushing effrontery it wholly ignores the disgraceful reasons which have forced its author to address his countrymen, while from beginning to end it consists of one long revelation of secrets disclosed to Mr. Parnell in reliance upon his personal honour.

THE BISHOPS SPEAK OUT.

Upon the Irish, the effect of the manifesto was instantaneous. It crystallized in a moment the opposition of all the responsible men which had been slowly forming in opposition to Mr. Parnell. The first to speak was Archbishop Walsh, followed immediately by Archbishop Croke—the two leaders of the Hierarchy, who anticipated the unanimous declaration was soon to come from the whole Catholic episcopate of Ireland. Dr. Walsh seems to have hoped against hope that Mr. Parnell might vindicate himself even at the last moment. He was even willing to have accepted from Mr. Parnell a published declaration that he was innocent, but, as no such pledge was forthcoming, his colleagues, said the Archbishop, "may rest assured that the party that takes him or retains him as leader, can no longer count upon the support, the co-operation, and the confidence of the Bishops of Ireland." As to the political manifesto, he looked upon it as an act of political suicide. Dr. Walsh added:—

We had better withdraw from Parliamentary action, and give up the cause of Ireland as lost, if we have no other possible leader than one who has shown that after accepting confidence of an English statesman, he has no scruples in making a desperate effort for scrambling out of a difficulty by abusing that confidence, and betraying it. We have been slow to act, said the Archbishop, trusting that the party would act manfully. Our considerate silence and reserve having been dishonestly misinterpreted, it was necessary to speak out.

He referred to Archbishop Croke's telegram as an embodiment of the views of the hierarchy. In this telegram, Archbishop Croke declared that unless Mr. Parnell retired, the elections would be lost, the Irish party seriously damaged, if not entirely broken up, coercion perpetrated, the evicted tenants hopelessly crushed, and the public conscience outraged.

TELL THEM I WILL FIGHT TO THE LAST.

In reply to this episcopal anathema, Mr. Parnell declared: "Tell them I will fight to the last." But it was not the Irish hierarchy alone that opposed him. The Irish delegates in America, after reading the manifesto, cabled over to this country a counter manifesto, in which, with the deepest pain, they declared that Ireland

had to choose between Mr. Parnell and Home Rule, and that they could not hesitate in refusing to sacrifice all hopes of an early settlement of the Irish struggle to Mr. Parnell's resolve to retain his present position. They implored him not to undo, in one passionate hour, the results of all his incomparable services to their country. They declared his manifesto to be very unjust to the English people, and to the point of view of national good feeling, to describe them as "wolves howling for his destruction." They declared that Mr. Parnell had entered upon "a rash and fatal path, upon which every consideration for Ireland's safety, as well as our personal honour, forbid us absolutely to follow him."

Thus fortified by the approval of the custodians of the national conscience, and the emphatic decision of the delegates of the Irish nation in America, the Irish Parliamentary party met to vote upon the position of Mr. Parnell.

THE IRISH M.P.'S AND THEIR CHIEF.

With that indomitable courage which has characterized him at all crises of his career, Mr. Parnell, instead of, as was expected, going to Cork to meet his constituents, took the chair at the meeting. The debate was prolonged and stormy. Mr. Parnell had them on the hip when he asked how men who, but the other day, after the divorce case, had proclaimed their unshaken devotion to him, and re-elected him unanimously to the chair, could now demand his retirement? On the other hand, they had him on the hip when they asked how he could be believed when he had publicly stated that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule would be a sufficient solution, six months after the time when, as he would now have them believe, Mr. Gladstone had proposed to him a Bill which would not realize the aspirations of the Irish race? Either Mr. Parnell deceived them six months since, or he deceived them in his manifesto. From this dilemma there was no escape.

Mr. Parnell, being in the chair, strained his opportunity to the uttermost. He spoke constantly, and on one occasion with genuine eloquence and passion. "Do not sell me for nothing!" he exclaimed, and it is obvious that he is resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible.

Since 1887 Mr. Parnell has practically been in retirement, but now, in order to retain his hold upon the leadership which he has forfeited by his own misconduct, he displays all the energy and unscrupulous determination of an old dog fox who has been run into by a hungry pack of eager hounds.

THE OUTLOOK.

The end is not yet. Writing on the night of 2nd December, all that can be said is, that unless Mr. Parnell is effaced, and that speedily, the Home Rule cause becomes practically extinct. The Irish Parliamentary party, torn into sections, will be neutralized as an effective force in politics, and the Home Rule party in the English constituencies will give up all hope of the Irish vote. The situation will be a curious reproduction of that of 1885, when it may be remembered Mr. Gladstone's supporters numbered half the members of the House, even when every Parnellite was counted as a Tory.

We may have to count the Parnellites as foes at next election; but the Irish will no longer be Parnellites. There will be some, no doubt; but the flower of the Irish nation will stand shoulder to shoulder with the English Home Rulers, and in the enthusiasm generated by the furnace of affliction through which the Home Rule alliance has just passed, who knows but that the unmasking of Mr. Parnell may materially facilitate the triumph of Home Rule?

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

THE Book of the Month is unquestionably Mr. T. Wemyss Reid's "Life of Lord Houghton." Lord Houghton occupied a unique position in England. He was a peer, a poet, and one of the central figures in London society whose literary friendships extended over the lifetime of two generations. Mr. Reid naturally does his best to idealize and glorify his hero. He was a good-natured, self-indulgent pagan, whose cynicism had a more literary flavour than Mr. Labouchere's, but who at bottom had as kindly a disposition and as good a heart as the editor of *Truth*. Lord Houghton was a sayer of good things, and perhaps, what is better, the collector of the good sayings of others. Here are samples from his own mint, together with those which he collected from the mints of other men:—

"Certainties in religion have become probabilities; probabilities, possibilities; and possibilities are dogmatically denied."

"Trust in leaders has the same relation to politics that credit has to commerce."

"Second childhood is childhood without its discipline, without its improvement. Do not call it childhood, merely because it is querulous, unreasoning, and exacting."

"Religion is the science of hope; till mankind possess a present that satisfies their whole being, so long religion must exist."

"You are a man of large heart," said Lady Waldegrave to me. "That may be," I answered, "but it is not nearly so useful as a narrow mind."

"Gladstone's method of impartiality is being furiously earnest on both sides of a question."

This record of some of Carlyle's sayings is given as Lord Houghton wrote them down:—

"Voltaire's 'Ecrasez l'Infame' had more religious earnestness in it than all the religions of nowadays put together."

"If Christ were to come to London now, He would not be crucified. Oh no! He would be lionized, asked out to dinner to hear the strange things He had got to say, and the bettermost people would wonder that a man who could be so sensible on some points should be so foolish on others, would wish He were a little more practical, and so on."

"Conversation with Ranke is like talking to a rookery."

"Cameron showing us an idealized portrait of Schiller, Carlyle merely said, 'He was a man with long red hair, aquiline nose, hollow cheeks, and covered with snuff.'"

"Charles Knight makes of himself a terrible ladle of twaddle to mankind."

"I know no guilt like that of incontinent speech. How long Christ was silent before He spoke! and how little He then said!"

"Harriet Martineau in her sick-room writes as if she were a female Christ, saying, 'Look at me; see how I am suffering.'"

"If Baelzebub were to appear in England, he would receive a letter from the Secretary of the Manchester Athenæum, as Eugène Sue did, requesting the honour of his interesting company, and venturing to hope for an address."

"Keats is a miserable creature, hungering after sweets which he can't get; going about saying, 'I am so hungry; I should so like something pleasant.'"

"Shelley is always mistaking spasmodic violence for strength. I know no more urned books than his. It is like the writing of a ghost, uttering infinite wail into the night, unable to help itself or any one else."

"Never write what you can say, and never say what you can write."

"Cobden is an inspired bagman, who believes in a calico millennium. He is always praising America to me. I said to him, 'What have the Americans done but beget, with unexampled rapidity, twenty millions of the greatest bores on the face of the earth?'"

"Poor Guizot! There he sat in his garret, full of high thought and fine theories, and visited sometimes by divine lights, and then comes the devil and tempts him with Secretaryships of State and Presidency of the Council, and such like, and leads him on and on into lies, and filth, and darkness, and then all at once lets him go, and down he falls into infinite night. I quite approve of Carnot not wanting education for Parliamentary men. He will thus get fewer of the insane, conceited, sniggering apes of the Dead Sea we have in ours."

"I cannot stand Disraeli trying to force his Jewish jackass cries on the world."

SAYINGS OF SYDNEY SMITH.

Sydney Smith speaking with some severity of the sporting clergy to H——, Archbishop of York. "Mr. Smith, do I understand that you object to the clergy riding?" "Not in the least, your Lordship, provided they turn out their toes."

"If you are every day thinking whether you have done anything for the Flowers of History, of course you will be unhappy."

"Are you always expecting the day when the ledger against Mr. M. Milnes will be brought out?" (Read Mr. Milnes's ledger in life.) "Please, sir, there is no ledger of Mr. Milnes, only a waste book."

Rogers, calling on S. S. very late, writing in the morning: "If I had known it was you, of course Mrs. Smith and myself would have got up to receive you."

Sydney Smith introduced by O'Connell after one of his Irish sixpennys to a large party: "I must present to you the ancient and entertaining defender of our faith."

"Lady Holland going with all her cooks and stew-pans to Holland House like the Homeric gods to Ethiopia."

"Murchison giving not *swarries*, but *quarries*; ladies all with ivory-handled hammers and six little bottles for each, to test the different stones."

"I cannot cure myself of punctuality."

"I suppose the creatures we see in the solar microscope tear one another to pieces for difference of opinion."

Discussion whether Macaulay was better to hear or read. Rogers says the former, because you need not listen. S. S.: "Oh! I'm for the latter, because you can't dogs-ear and interline him and put him on the shelf when he's talking."

Having some articles charged at the Custom House, asking under what head: "Unmentioned articles." I suppose you would then tax the thirty-nine."

"In the country I always fear that creation will expire before tea-time."

Asked to dinner at the Duchess's when engaged to Whitbread, writing, "Dear Duchess, sorry I can't; engaged to the fermentarian." Misdirecting the letter to W., who was furious.

"Calling the railroad whistle 'the attorney,' as being suggestive of the shriek of a spirit in torment, and 'you have no right to assume that any other class of men is damned.'"

"In a wet summer, using the anti-liquid prayer, Allen put up a barometer in the Vestry, and remained there during the rest of the service to watch the effects, but, I am sorry to say, did not find them very satisfactory."



REV. S. BARING-GOULD



H. RIDER-HAGGARD.



CLARK RUSSELL.



DR. GEO. MACDONALD.



HELEN MATHERS.



WALTER BESANT.



CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART.



E. L. FARJEON.



THOS. HARDY.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

A GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS LITERATURE.

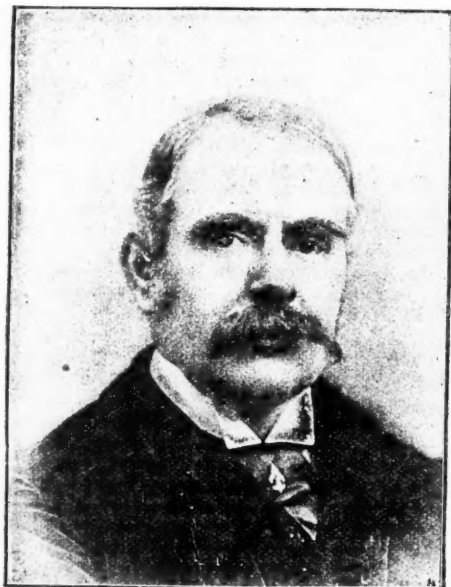
BEING A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO THE GIFT-BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

IN presenting readers of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS with a guide to Christmas literature, it is but fair to state at the outset that the following descriptive list of publications, while comprehensive as most, is by no means exhaustive. At this season of the year, editors' tables groan beneath the weight of what the *Times* once described as "certain opuscles denominated 'Christmas books,' put forward with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions incident upon the exodus of the old and the inauguration of the new year." The past month has seen the publication of hundreds of volumes, written and illustrated with no other object than to "swell the tide of exhilaration, etc.," incident to the time of year. To catalogue and describe all these books would require not twenty or thirty pages, but the whole of this REVIEW. Moreover, many Christmas books and Christmas numbers are still in the press; others have appeared, but too late to be included in our list, while some will not be out until the REVIEW OF REVIEWS itself is in the hands of its readers. Obviously, therefore, a complete guide to the voluminous Christmas literature of 1890 is out of the question.

But while the following list does not pretend to be exhaustive, we venture to think that most of our readers will find it sufficiently complete for the purpose for which it is designed. It has been compiled mainly for the convenience of those who are desirous of giving suitable presents to friends—young and old—and who are apt to be bewildered by the dazzling display of the bookseller's counter or of the stationer's shop. Here will be found books and booklets suitable for the nursery, for boys and girls at school, for the youth at the dormitory, or the young lady at home, and for grown-up men and women. Each book is briefly described, so that some idea of its contents and general character may be gleaned; and the price, where ascertainable, is in every case given. It may be useful to add that the Editor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS will forward, post free, any of the books mentioned in the following list, at the price therein indicated.

It will be observed that there are included among "Gift Books for Adults" a few works of the kind which usually appear under the heading of "The New Books of the Month." The exigencies of space have compelled us to hold over the usual list—which indeed could have contained few books of first-rate importance. The Christmas books hold the field for the time being, and few works of literary interest are likely to appear before January. There are, of course, exceptions to this as to every rule—one of the most notable being Wemyss Reid's "Life of Lord Houghton," published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. at the end of November. Another important book, Professor Church's "The Laureate's Country" (Seeley and Co.), will be published early this month; as also will Mr. Austin Dobson's new edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield," with illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thompson, a very charming gift book, and Mrs. Oliphant's "Royal Edinburgh." Both the last-named books will be issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., and all will receive an adequate if somewhat belated notice in the list of new books which will appear in our January number. Among Christmas numbers not yet out we must mention that of *Truth*—if only to introduce the portrait of Mr. F. C. Gould, which we are in a position to publish. F. C. G.'s work is so familiar to readers of the *Pall Mall Budget* and other periodicals that it will not be necessary to do more than mention his name.

It is worthy of remark that the excellent example set by Dickens and Thackeray of writing stories specially suited to Christmas reading is not now so extensively followed as it was some years ago. No novelist of the first rank comes forward with such seasonable productions as "A Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," and "The Haunted Man." Indeed, Mr. Walter Besant—whose portrait we give—is about the only novelist of standing who writes Christmas stories apart from those which appear in the Christmas numbers. Mr. Besant's latest story—"The Demoniac" (1s.)—is a powerful study of dipsomania. But it is difficult to see how this can be described as a Christmas story in the accepted meaning of the phrase, unless Mr. Besant desires to recall Carlyle's saying that "Christmas is a season when men celebrate the birth of their Redeemer by getting drunk." A more awful warning than that contained in Mr. Besant's book has not appeared for years.



MR. F. C. GOULD.



MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.

With thus much introduction we proceed to give our readers detailed notices of some of the most noteworthy among Christmas publications.

AMUSEMENTS AND GAMES.

The section of our Guide to Christmas Literature devoted to "Amusements and Games" requires but a very brief word of introduction. In spite of music, dancing, and the Christmas Tree, all excellent helps toward whiling away a pleasant evening, few children's parties are deemed to be complete without a few games. Brief notices of some books useful in this connection are subjoined:—

Messrs. W. and R. Chambers publish a small, simply written, but thoroughly useful work, entitled **Fireside Amusements: A Book of Indoor Games**, which should be welcomed by all who have the organizing of children's parties. Some of the games described are of a very simple character: "Pass in the Corner," "I wrote a Letter to my Love," "Blind Man's Buff," "Honey Pots," "Oranges and Lemons," and similar games, have been the common property of our nursery for the last century, if not for a longer period. More elaborate games, however, are given in this book, together with a list of forfeits, a collection of conundrums and riddles, some tricks in parlour magic, and hints for tableaux and acting charades.—(W. and R. Chambers. Cloth. Pp. 128. Illustrations. Price 1s.)

The little book noticed in the last paragraph merely contained hints for a couple of acting charades. A far more

thorough work on this particular subject is **Acting Charades and Proverbs**, by Anne Bowman, and other writers. Many of these charades are cleverly constructed and brightly written, and if acted with any show of histrionic skill, should go very briskly upon the drawing-room stage. The solutions are to be found in such compounds as Mendicant, Host-age, Rest-oration, Black-stone, School-fellow, Night-in-gale, Brace-let, and similar words. The Acting Proverbs illustrate such truisms as "All is not gold that glitters," "A rolling stone gathers no moss," "One fool makes many," and "Honesty is the best policy."—(George Routledge and Sons. 8vo. Boards. Pp. 328. Price 2s. 6d.)

"Professor" Hoffmann, the well-known conjurer, has reprinted a portion of "Modern Magic" under the title of **Tricks with Cards**. The book, which will be found a very comprehensive guide to the subject with which it professes to deal, first discusses the general principles of sleight of hand applicable to card tricks, and then proceeds to describe—(a) card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight of hand; (b) tricks involving sleight of hand, or the use of specially prepared cards; and (c) card tricks requiring special apparatus. The numerous diagrams help to elucidate the directions, which, however, are in themselves for the most part clear and to the point.—(George Routledge and Sons. 8vo. Boards. Pp. 146. Price 2s. 6d.)

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND BOOKLETS.



SOME OF MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK AND CO.'S CARDS.

Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner have at least one good point, they print the artist's name on the envelopes containing their cards. Other firms might with advantage follow their example in this. Among their artists are Miss Bertha Maguire, B. G. Sigmund, and G. G. Kilburne. Without doubt their cards are the best. No other firm has the same variety in subject and design, and no other firm employs such clever artists. We cannot single out any particular card for praise—one and all are pretty and artistic, with no glaring colours or crude tones. Their booklets, too, are pretty, but not so good as their cards, although a word of praise must be given to "Jeremi," a deliciously droll little book by H. T. S. Aveline.

A volume of poems, *The Mistletoe Bough* (3s. 6d.), has been sent us. It is illustrated very prettily by Mr. J. Wallis Gray. Herrick's *Let's Go a Maying* (2s. 6d.) has this year been turned out in the form of a Christmas booklet. Mrs. Bessie Nichol's illustrations are graceful and full of the spirit of the poem. Mr. George R. Sims' poems are always popular, with illustrations. This year his *Nellie's Prayer* (3s.) is chosen, and is well illustrated by Mr. J. Wallis Gray. — (*Raphael Tuck and Co. publish the above three.*)

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. have sent us a parcel of their publications. With this firm booklets seem fairly to have ousted the Christmas cards from the field. However, we must not grumble, some of their booklets are very pretty, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" (2s. 6d.), illustrated by C. Paddy, being the best. We can also recommend the booklets, "The Star of the East" (2s. 6d.) and "The Messiah" (2s. 6d.). Each of the above three are packed in neat cardboard boxes ready for despatch. Their booklets, in various shapes, are humorous. "The Frog's Wooing," and "The Old Woman and Her Pig" (6d. each), are just the thing for children. The Christmas cards are suited to every taste—humorous, artistic, and devotional,—the most novel

idea being that of four policemen who all stand in a row upright.

We are not quite sure that people ever go into a shop and ask for any particular firm's Christmas cards, but if they do we can advise them to ask for the cards of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co., who have always had a reputation for this class of goods. Booklets seem this year to have taken the place of cards to a very large extent, and Messrs. Tuck and Co. have some which are very pretty, viz.: "The Song of the Shirt" (1s.), "How they Met, and All About It" (1s.), (a very laughable account of how an engagement was brought about), and "Little Ahsid" (1s.) (a Chinese book). Some of the cards, too, are original and very pretty, the card with pictures of birds being perhaps the best. The designs of ships and seascapes are artistic, and there are several novel ideas in folding cards.

Poor People's Christmas is a small and delicately printed booklet, by the Hon. Roden Noel. It will do excellently in lieu of a Christmas card.—(*Elkin Mathews. Crown 8vo. Stiff paper. Pp. 22. Price 1s.*)

Mr. Walter Scott has sent us two little booklets, *The Godson*, and *If You Neglect the Fire You Don't Put It Out*. They are short stories by Count Tolstoi, "got up" in an attractive form and evidently designed for Christmas cards.—(*W. Scott. Crown 8vo. Paper. Price 1s.*)

Mr. John Walker's Society Cards are excellent of their kind. The designs are pretty, and the colours harmonize well. His booklets are also good.

The cards published by Mr. James E. Hawkins are chiefly religious. They would, we think, make good reward cards in Sunday schools. They are cheap and good.

GIFT BOOKS FOR ADULTS.

Mr. John Farmer describes his *Gaudeamus* as "a selection of songs for colleges and schools." We may be hypercritical, but we venture to think that many of the songs contained in his volume are more suited to the smoking concert than to the schoolroom. Take, for example, Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco," which, by the way, is most melodiously set—

Sweet when the morn is grey,
Sweet when they've cleared away
Lunch, and at close of day
Possibly sweetest.

These are the sentiments, not of the schoolboy, but of the experienced smoker—of one who offers incense perpetually at "Nicotia's pleasant shrine." "John Peel," "The Leather Bottle," and "Tally Ho!" again, are anything but boys' songs. The book, however, contains some delightful old English melodies—"Sally in our Alley," "The Vicar of Bray," "The Day of Biscay," "Down Among the Dead Men," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Hearts of Oak," and "There was a Jolly Miller"; several Scotch airs—"Auld Lang Syne," "Scots Wha Ha'e," "Ye Banks and Braes," &c.; and a few Irish favourites. Among the copyright pieces included in the volume is a very appropriate setting of Browning's "Epilogue":—

At the midnight, in the silence of the sleep-time,

We cannot help thinking that if some of the noble old English airs contained in Mr. Farmer's volume were substituted for the sentimental drawing-room songs now so much in vogue, it would be a distinct advantage to everybody concerned. Let us hope that this word to the wise giver of presents will be found sufficient.—(*Cassell and Co., 4to. Cloth. Pp. 210. One hundred songs. Price 5s.*)

Concerning all subjects connected with the history, literature, art, antiquities and social life of ancient Greece, no greater authority lives than Professor J. P. Mahaffy, and all the stores of his vast knowledge have been drawn upon in the preparation of *Great Pictures Drawn by Pen and Pencil*, just issued by the Religious Tract Society. "It is

to be hoped," says the author in his preface, "that the rapidly improving facilities for travel in Greece, and the increased safety for travellers, and tranquillity of the country, will induce much larger numbers to go and study the battlefields of Marathon and Mantinea, the sites of Olympia and Sparta, the beauties of the vale of Tempe and the gulf of Nauplia, and experience to the full the satisfaction of looking upon the scenes once familiar to Alcibiades, Socrates, Plato, and Euripides." We venture to think that one of the things most calculated to make a man wish himself in Greece is the perusal of Professor Mahaffy's book. Corinth, Bœotia, Phocis, Delphi, Olympia, Sparta, and Arcadia are all described as well in their present aspects as with due regard to their historical associations and architectural and antiquarian remains. One of the longest chapters is that devoted to Athens, especially to the Athens which existed, "when Atticart became

delightful anecdotes. The following seasonable little story is worth quoting:—

A dear little boy of six told me he loved Christmas Day, because on Christmas Eve he hung up his stocking, and the next morning he found a present inside. "What did you find last Christmas?" I inquired. "A ha'penny," he said, smiling with pleasure at the recollection. "but," he added truthfully, "I put it in myself overnight."

The pictures, it should be added, are pleasantly drawn, true to life, and nicely reproduced. The book ought to prove an effective reminder to many of the duties which the season lays upon the m. (*Cassell and Co. 4to. Cloth. Price 5s.*)

London Life in a very different aspect—in many different aspects, in fact—is treated of in Mr. F. Anstey's **Voces Populi**—a series of imaginary conversations reprinted from



the model for all the world, when sculptors and architects attained almost suddenly that unequalled skill in portraying and idealizing Nature, in planning and working with splendid materials which has ever since been the delight and the despair of artists." The illustrations which accompany the text are in every way worthy of the excellent "Pen and Pencil" series to which the book belongs.—(*Religious Tract Society. Imperial 8vo. Cloth gilt. Pp. 229. Price 8s.*)

Mrs. H. M. Stanley—better known in the artistic world by her maiden name of Dorothy Tennant—has gathered together some of the illustrations done by her at various times for *Little Folks*, the *Quiver*, &c., and has published them in book form under the title of **London Street Arabs**. Mrs. Stanley's introduction consists of very few pages, but it is charmingly sympathetic, and contains many

Punch. A few selected titles will best indicate the scope of the book:—

A Pastoral Play.
Third Class—Parliamentary.
Picture Sunday.
A Show Place.
At a Turkish Bath.
At a Wedding.
A Musical Prodigy.

Sunday Afternoon in Hyde Park.
At a French Play.
Trafalgar Square.
At a Water Picnic.
At the Lord Mayor's Show.

There are twenty-seven of these sketches—all of which exhibit considerable insight and humour. Mr. Bernard Partridge's illustrations—of which there are a considerable number—may be judged by the two specimens which Messrs. Longmans have kindly allowed us to reproduce. The one represents a Hyde Park demagogue in the midst

of his Sunday afternoon address; the other illustrates the piece entitled, "A Musical Prodigy." A brief extract, explanatory of the latter picture, is subjoined:—

IN THE CONCERT ROOM.

Polite Attendant (to a Strong-Minded Matron, who insists on standing with her numerous family in the gangway between the five-shilling seats): I really must ask you to go further back, madam—your tickets were for the shilling seats—you have no right to block the passage here.

The S. M.—There's no room in the shilling seats. I have brought my family all the way from Haverstock Hill on purpose to hear little Poushkin, and it's not likely I should go away now.

The Polite A. summons two other P.A.'s, who urge the propriety of retiring.

The S. M. (with spirit). If those are your orders, execute them! I am only a woman, with these defenceless children, but I warn you that



I will yield to nothing but superior force—you will have to drag us out!

[The P.A.'s smile at one another feebly and remain irresolute, with the bearing of baffled tyrants at a minor theatre.]

The S. M. (following up her advantage): Then perhaps you will let us have some programmes?

[The P.A. supply her meekly, and retire in discomfiture, leave the S.M. and her family flushed but triumphant in undisputed possession.]

—(Longmans, Green and Co. Ato. Half cloth. Pp. 136. Price 5s.)

Another English humorist—whose lyrics, set to delightful music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, have charmed hundreds of thousands of listeners—has seen fit to issue some of his most characteristic works in the form of a Christmas gift-book. Mr. W. S. GILBERT'S **Songs of a Savoyard** consists of all the best songs to be found in his comic operas, brought together in one handsome volume, and enriched by many quaint and characteristic sketches from the pen of the

author. These lyrics have a very distinct right to exist, apart from Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, as the following piece (from "H.M.S. Pinafore") will abundantly show:—

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,
Sad are the sighs that own the spell
Flickered by eyes that speak too plainly;
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When Love is alive and Hope is dead!



Sad is the hour when sets the Sun,
Dark is the night to Earth's poor daughters
When to the ark the wearied one
Flies from the empty waste of waters!
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When Love is alive and Hope is dead!

Of Bab's illustrations our readers must judge from the specimens reproduced. The first represents the Lord Chancellor—

The constitutional guardian he,
Of pretty young wards of Chancery,
The second shows the felon—

Whose capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as any honest man's.

The third is a fancy-sketch of the "aesthete" so effectively satirized in "Patience." "Songs of a Savoyard" is dedicated to Sir Arthur Sullivan "in just acknowledgment of the distinction his genius has conferred upon these songs during the fourteen years that we have worked together."—(*Routledge and Sons, 8vo. Buckram, gilt edges. Pp. x.—192. Price 10s. 6d.*)

The **Art Decorator** volume has reached us. As an example to our English decorators of what their German brethren can do, it will be invaluable—nearly every design is beautiful, both in colour and detail, and each and all should prove fruitful sources of suggestion. To those who wish to know further about the purposes of this valuable work we would say that the best account is that which is contributed as a preface to the volume by Mr. Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A., who says, "For the mass of English amateurs, more skilled perhaps in execution than in design, and for the hard-working decorators of our provincial towns from whom something more is expected nowadays in the matter of taste than used to suffice for the man with the paint-pot, there will be much in the pages of the book to admire, and practically to serve their purpose." But does not Mr. Wyke Bayliss mean "more skilled in design than in execution"? Surely it is in execution that our English workmen fail.—(*Electrotape Company, Imperial 8vo. Cloth.*)

London Pictures is another volume of the excellent "Pen and Pencil Series," and, it is stated, a volume which has been produced in response to numerous requests from the public. The author has wisely elected not to attempt too much in the small space which he has at his disposal, so that many well-known London features have been crowded out, only, it is hoped, to be included in a second volume, which, it is stated, may appear next year. The Mint, the Tower, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the General Post Office, are all fully treated in this volume, both in the text and in the illustrations, which have been done by such well-known artists as W. Leighton, Gordon Browne, and Victor Prout, while old maps, plans, and pictures have been reproduced, better to show the contrast between London as it was and as it is. Of all the books which have been published this season this is undoubtedly the best as a present for a country cousin.—By the Rev. RICHARD LOVETT, M.A. (*R.T.S. Imperial 8vo. Pp. 222. Price 8s.*)

It is impossible to describe the beauty of this work—the best of the cheaper art gift books—on John Bunyan and the country which is closely connected with his name. The letterpress is supplied by the Rev. John Brown, the greatest living authority on Bunyan, and the minister of the Bunyan Meeting. The illustrations, the majority of which are printed in colours, are by Mr. Allan Barraud, who has also added a large number of pen and ink sketches.—**Bunyan's Home.** By the Rev. JOHN BROWN, D.D. (*Ernest Nister. Oblong 4to. Cloth. Price 7s. 6d.*)

We have received from Mr. Elkin Matthews a little pamphlet devoted to the glorification of Miss Alma Murray as a tragic actress. The pamphlet contains four letters to Miss Murray from Mr. Robert Browning, also a very fine portrait of Miss Murray in the character of Beatrice Cenci.—**Alma Murray.** (*Elkin Matthews. Crown 8vo. Paper. Pp. 11. Price 3s. 6d.*)

These lectures on Dante were delivered as sermons at the Little Portland Street Chapel in 1878, and were reprinted in book form in 1879. The edition, however, soon sold out, and copies are now not only rare but valuable. This—the second

edition—has been brought out in answer to many requests.—**Dante: Six Sermons.** By Philip H. Wicksteed. (*Elkin Matthews. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 116. Price 2s.*)

Austin Dobson's **Four Frenchwomen** is one of the daintiest and cheapest little books which we have seen for some time. The four articles it contains on Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, the Princess de Lamballe, Madame de Genlis, have all been reprinted from the magazines, and very well worth while reprinting they are. The article on Charlotte Corday is perhaps the most interesting—it tells her sad story in a very full manner—while the last article—that on Madame de Genlis—is without doubt the best from the literary point of view. (*Chatto and Windus. Fcap. 8vo. Half leather. Pp. 206. Price 2s. 6d.*)

Mr. G. Manville Fenn's novels are generally worth reading, but **Lady Maud's Mania** is certainly not up to his usual level. The characters are farcical in the extreme. Lady Barmouth has a strong will, and exercises it on her husband, who suffers from the gout, and whom she consequently diets and plagues with all sorts of remedies. Lord Barmouth is an amusing but exaggerated character. Kept by his wife short of ready money, he is always borrowing of the servants, while his love for entables makes him always carry about in his pockets articles of food which he is constantly eating "on the sly."—(*Warne. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 312. Price 6s.*)

In his preface to this, the second edition of **The Career of a Nihilist**, Stepniak denies that his book is a political pamphlet in the guise of a novel. People who want to know the central ideas of the Nihilist creed must go elsewhere for their knowledge. We find here—as the author says—the Nihilists as men, not as politicians. The tale is one of the most enthralling in modern fiction, while the character drawing is perfect. (*W. Scott. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 320. Price 3s. 6d.*)

Among gift books for cultivated readers Mr. Mahaffy's new book is sure to be one of the most popular. There is no writer to whom we would sooner entrust the description of the inner life of the Greeks than to the genial Professor. His versatility makes him no inapt chronicler of the most versatile people of antiquity. He is in sympathy with them on so many sides of their life. A frequent traveller in Greece, he has acquired the feeling for a Greek landscape, and has learnt what it is to look upon a Greek statue under its own sky. He is an original enquirer into the history of the people. A philosopher and a good talker, he knows how to interpret the more serious aspects of their literature, and how to enjoy the easy banter of their lighter writers. His present task is a somewhat curious one. The Greek world under Roman sway was by no means purely Greek. All sorts of supple barbarians scrambled in the East for a little Greek varnish, and then brought it to the West for sale at fancy prices. Meanwhile Greece herself was living—or dying—in a quiet, unobtrusive fashion. Except at a few centres, as Athens or Corinth, the country was relapsing into pastoral ways as the cities became uninhabited. Learned men still came to Italy from Greece, and sometimes professors' chairs were found for them; but on the whole Greeks who respected themselves seem to have shunned the risk of competing with pushing adventurers. With this mixed world—Greek and un-Greek, honest and unscrupulous—Mr. Mahaffy has now to deal. It is impossible to read his account without interest. One respects the honest stay-at-homes; one laughs at the adventurers—or with them; one regrets the barren studies of the learned. The book is charmingly got up, and deserves a great success.—**The Greek World under Roman Sway, from Polybius to Plutarch.** By the Rev. J. P. MAHAFFY. (*Macmillan. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price 10s. 6d.*)

The rising generation knows less, it has been said, about the events immediately preceding their own time than about any other period of history. "Events of Our Own Time" is a new series which has been started with a view to correct

this, and the first volume of the series is now before us in the shape of Sir Edward Hamley's *The War in the Crimea*. Sir Edward is not only a military, but also a literary man of no mean merit, and this, his latest work, will certainly increase his reputation. The first chapters are devoted to an account—given in a very clear and admirable manner—of the causes which led up to and immediately preceded the war, a very just and impartial statement of both Turkey's and Russia's side of the question being given. In his account of the events of the war itself, the author has wisely avoided boring his readers with too much military detail. The volume contains maps and plans, and four excellent portraits on copper, making an excellent gift book.—(Seeley and Co. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 306. Price 5s.)

Nineteen Centuries of Drink in England, by R. V. French, can hardly by any stretch of the imagination be called a Christmas book. It is a new edition of an attempt at a history of drink in England, and is written with more moderation than one might expect.—(National Temperance Society. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 388. Price 3s. 6d.)



"CARRIAGES AT ELEVEN."
[From "Behind the Scenes."]

Behind the Scenes is the title of a little bouquet of tales, sketches, and verses which go to make up *Judy's Annual* for 1891. The peculiarity of the book is that each and all of the stories—some thirty-two in all—have been contributed by some popular actor or actress, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Alma Stanley, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Miss Amy Roselle, her husband Mr. Arthur Dacre, and Mr. W. S. Penley being among the number who have contributed tales—all more or less good. The best is, perhaps, the humorous story, "A Terrible Startler," by Mr. Weedon Grossmith. We have reproduced one of the illustrations (of which there are many, by such well-known artists as Mr. Alfred Bryan, Mr. J. Bernard Partridge, and Mr. Fred Pegram.)—*Judy's Annual* for 1891. (Judy Office. Crown 4to, stiff paper. Pp. 96. Price 1s.)

The bound volume of *Dignitaries of the Church* has reached us. It will make, without doubt, the best and the most popular of the gift books for members of the Church, giving, as it does, portraits of all the most popular and well-known divines of the day. The volume before us contains eighteen panel photographs by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, with biographical notices, among them being portraits of the

Archbishop of Dublin, Bishop of Ely, Bishop Smythies, and the Rev. Carr Glyn.—(Simpkin, Marshall and Co. Imperial 8vo. Cloth. Price 21s.)

The *Sunday at Home* is one of the best of the Sunday magazines, and the volume before us is one of the best and is sure to be one of the most popular of Christmas gift books. It contains serial stories by Evelyn Everett Green and Isabella F. Mayo, and sermons by many well-known divines, The Dean of Westminster and the Rev. Harry Jones being among the number. The illustrations, of which there are over two hundred, are excellent, Mr. Gordon Browne being responsible for the majority.—(R.T.S. Royal 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 828. Price 7s.)

The yearly volume of the *Quiver*—another excellent Sunday magazine—has also reached us.—(Cassell and Co. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 952. 200 Illustrations. Price 7s. 6d.)

Readers of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS will know exactly what class of entertainment to expect in the *Leisure Hour Volume*. In every respect it is one of the best of the family magazine annuals.—(R.T.S. Imperial 4to. Cloth. Pp. 860. Profusely illustrated. Price 8s.)

The *Sunday Magazine Volume* and the *Good Words Volume* have reached us. This year they are better than usual, both in illustrations and literary merit. Both will make excellent gift books.—(Isbister. Royal 8vo. Cloth. Price 7s. 6d. each.)

Booksellers, we are afraid, will not take kindly to the new "Pseudonym Library" on account of its unusual shape; but we are sure book-buyers will welcome it, if only because of its dainty binding and clear type. Its shape, too, has its advantages: it will enable it just to be in one's hand without any effort on the part of the reader. *Mademoiselle Ixe*, by Lance Falconer, and *The Story of Eleanor Lambert*, by Magdalene Brooke, are the volumes already out. The library, by the way, is devoted to fiction, and very good they are too, the first of the two being very interesting and even exciting.—(T. Fisher Unwin. Long post 8vo. Pp. (about) 160. Price 1s. 6d. each.)

Maitland of Laurieston is the latest, and perhaps the best, of Miss Annie S. Swan's (Mrs. Burnett-Smith's) novels. The story of the old Scotch family is very charmingly told, all the characters being excessively lifelike and well drawn. Although not exactly a Christmas book, it is sure to command a large sale as a Christmas present. Mrs. Burnett-Smith has achieved a remarkable popularity in Scotland, and is gradually securing a reading public south of the Tweed. The Lowland Scotch which she has wielded so effectively in some of her tales must for that reason be used sparingly, for although the clansmen are numerous in the South, she is naturally ambitious of reaching English readers, and the dialect is a stumbling-block even where the supreme genius of Burns is concerned. The distinctly religious tone which is manifested in all her tales should not, however, make them less welcome in Puritan England than Covenanting Scotland. Mrs. Burnett-Smith has passed the thirty years of her life in Middlethian, now in the country and now in the town, except during the long holidays which she has spent roaming over her native country, wandering on the Continent, and touring in the United States and Canada, where, by the way, her writings are also widely read. "Aldersyde," published in 1883, was the first of her books which made a mark, and the latest is "Maitland of Laurieston" noticed above.—(Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 446. Price 6s.)

I read Dr. Conan Doyle's *The Sign of the Four* when it first appeared in "Lippincott's Magazine," and can cordially recommend it as one of the most exciting and well written detective stories that have appeared. I took it to read on a night journey from Paddington to Penzance, and read it uninterruptedly from the evening to the next morning. Sherlock Holmes, the central figure, is an amateur detective of quite extraordinary powers; the way in which



J. G. Therry & Co.] MISS ANNIE S. SWAN. [Edinboro'.]

he describes a man, his character, and history—a man whom he has never seen or heard of—from simply handling that man's watch, is one of the closest bits of reasoning which I have seen in a detective story. (*Spencer Blackett. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 282. Price 3s. 6d.*)

Mr. Lloyd C. Sanders has been very successful in his *Life of Sheridan*, the latest volume of the "Great Writers" Series. The story is told in a very interesting and pleasant manner, and the volume has the advantage of a bibliography by Mr. J. P. Anderson, of the British Museum.—(*W. Scott. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 180. Price 1s.*)

Woman Poets of the Victorian Era is the title of a volume of "The Canterbury Poets," which Mrs. William Sharp has edited and arranged. The selections in this volume are from the pens of Lady Dufferin, Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, C. G. Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, Emily Pfeiffer, Mathilde Blind, A. Mary F. Robinson, Constance C. W. Naden, Amy Levy, Ellice Hopkins, and many others. (*W. Scott. 18mo. Cloth. Pp. 295. Price 1s.*)

The volume of the Camelot Series for this month is Balzac's "Short Stories," translated and arranged by William Wilson and Count Stenbock. The stories selected for production in this volume are short, and will not tax the interest of the reader, but, at the same time, it will give him some insight into Balzac's peculiar genius. Balzac is so much neglected in this country that a popular volume of this kind is to be heartily welcomed. (*W. Scott. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 197. Price 1s.*)

We regret that space and the time at our disposal prevent us giving the long notice to Mr. Le Gallienne's *George Meredith: Some Characteristics* which it deserves. We can only say that it is one of the best pieces of purely literary criticism which we have seen for some time, the chapter on "The Egoist" being the best. We hope—in spite of the author's denial of an attempt to make "convertites"—that this book will add greatly to Mr. George Meredith's readers; it certainly deserves to. A careful and very exhaustive bibliography by Mr. John Lane, and an article by Mr. Morton Fullerton on "George Meredith in America," are added; and for illustrations, a striking portrait of Mr. Meredith and a pen and ink drawing of "The Chalet" at

Dorking, by his son, Mr. Will Meredith. (*Elkin Matthews. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 250. Price 7s. 6d.*)

George Washington's Rules of Civility is a delightfully "got up" little book, fine paper, clear print, and dainty binding. Some of these rules of civility, written by George Washington when he was fourteen years of age, are very quaint, viz.:—

Keep your nails clean and short, also your hands and teeth clean, yet without showing any great concern for them.

Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it favours of arrogance.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, the editor, has retained all the odd spelling and grammar, and has added an historical preface, tracing all the maxims to their sources. (*Chatto and Windus. Post 8vo. Vellum. Pp. 180. Price 2s. 6d.*)

Mr. John Todhunter has reproduced his *Sicilian Idyll* in book form. It is sure to be widely read on account of the large amount of interest which it excited on its production as a play last summer. The book is very daintily "got up," and Mr. Walter Crane has contributed a frontispiece. (*Elkin Matthews. Post 8vo. Parchment. Pp. 40. Price 5s.*)

On Service is one of the best military books which we have seen for a long time—the best if judged from an artistic standpoint, for the colour printing is very fine. The author, Captain J. Percy Groves, has given us a very interesting account of the history and achievements of most of our regiments, giving also an account of numerous battles and daring deeds. He is well seconded by Messrs. Arthur and Harry Payne, who have illustrated the book, in a truly superb manner, with pictures of soldiers in our English and Colonial regiments, with pictures of Tommy Atkins in and out of action, and with pictures of some of the more exciting of our latter-day battles, the pictures of the finding of the Prince Imperial and of the last stand of the 66th Regiment at the battle of Maiwand being splendidly drawn and executed.—(*Tuck. Imperial 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 75. Price 14s.*)

Year in. Year out. by Mr. Walter Paget, contains verses and quotations from the poets on the different months and seasons, with twelve charming designs in colour, illustrating the months.—(*Nisbet. Small 4to. Cloth. Price 3s.*)

It must often have occurred to people that a book is wanted in which one could write down all the principal events of one's lifetime. Such a book is *Life's Footsteps*—one of the most charming art gift books of the season. Each page is illustrated with very pretty designs in two colours, the illustrations serving the purpose of a frame in which to write.—(*Nisbet. Imperial 8vo. Cloth. Price 10s. 6d.*)

Books for the People is a bound volume containing a number of the penny stories and booklets which have been such favourites with the poorer classes. "Christie's Old Organ" and "Jessica's First Prayer" are among the stories which have been collected. The book is profusely illustrated by many hands.—(*R.T.S. Imperial 4to. Cloth. Price 2s.*)

The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson was so largely reviewed and quoted in the Press when it was appearing in *The Century Magazine*, that it is hardly worth while to notice it at any length here. Old play-goers who can remember Jefferson will welcome it, and play-goers whose memory only takes them back through the last decade will be glad of it if only on account of the excellent portraits of latter-day favourites which it includes. There is hardly an actor or actress of any note, ten years ago, who does not figure in these pages, while some of the stories are as fresh as they are amusing. (*T. Fisher Unwin. Royal 8vo. Vellum. Pp. 501. Fully illustrated. Price 16s.*)

The Ibsen craze has died out, but those—the true lovers of Ibsen for his own sake—who remain will welcome the *Emperor and the Galilean*, the double play which makes up the fourth volume of the "Prose Dramas." It was, so Mr. William Archer tells us in his preface, in 1864 that Ibsen

first conceived the idea of a drama on Julian the Apostate, but it was not till 1873 that the idea was really carried into execution. (H. Scott. *Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 353. Price 3s. 6d.*)



(From *Sketches of England*.)

It is pleasant to find a Frenchman who appreciates England. Such a one is M. P. Villars (of the *Journal des Débats*), who in conjunction with M. Myrbach (the illustrator of "*Tartarin sur les Alpes*") has produced *Sketches of England*, one of the most delightful books on England from the foreign point of view which we have seen. The authors, apparently, have kept out of the beaten track of Continental tourists, only exploring those unknown, to foreigners, parts which are more distinctly characteristic—Oxford, Ramsgate, Liverpool, and our North Wales seaside resorts. One would like to quote at length from this charming book, but space will not allow. M. Villars says:—"But to Englishwomen much will

be forgiven, and is forgiven, because they are, a great many of them, so lovely. For the number of pretty faces one meets in London is as extraordinary as it is pleasant, and more than makes up for the want of interesting display in the shop windows." The illustrations by M. Myrbach are all excessively good, the ones of North Wales being the best. We cannot include the cover in our praise, for it is hideous. Apparently, the binder attempted to get something of the French style, but he has failed completely.—(*Art Journal Office. Imperial 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 180. Price 21s.*)

Mr. Henry Irving has made it his practice during the last few years to publish a souvenir of his more important plays. That of "*Ravenswood*" is now before us as a little present to be sent in lieu of Christmas cards; for playgoers it is sure to be popular. The illustrations are very good, the portraits by Mr. J. Bernard Partridge being exceedingly lifelike.—*The Souvenir of Ravenswood*.—(*Cassell. 8vo oblong. Stiff paper. Price 1s.*)

The *Art Annuals* is a collection of the extra Christmas numbers of the *Art Journal* which have appeared during the last seven years. Each number is devoted to the life and work of a particular artist; thus Sir F. Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, L. Alma Tadema, J. L. E. Meissonier, J. C. Hook, Rosa Bonheur, and Birket Foster, are the artists treated of in this volume in an exhaustive way and by different writers, Mrs. Andrew Lang writing on Sir Frederick Leighton. The illustrations are very beautiful (there being 26 full-page engravings and etchings, and numerous wood engravings), making in all the best of gift books for the art lover.—(*Art Journal Office. Imperial 4to. Cloth. Price 21s.*)



By J. BARNARD PARTRIDGE.

[From *Ravenswood Souvenir*.]

It will be convenient here to mention the yearly volume of the *Art Journal*, which is a perfect treasury of good things. —(*Art Journal Office. Price 21s.*)



BENEATH THOSE RUGGED ELMS. (From the "Art Annual.")

Shakespeare and His Birthplace is a companion volume to "Bunyan's Home." The artist, whose name we regret to see is not given, has done his work excellently well, his coloured pictures and his pen and ink sketches

Shakespeare's name, and has produced, in spite of the meagre details at her disposal, a very interesting book.—(*Ernest Nister. Oblong 4to. Cloth. Price 7s. 6d.*)

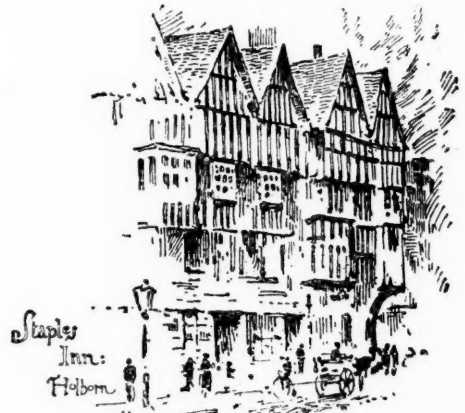
London Views is a portfolio of twelve pictures of the most prominent places in London, Westminster, St. Paul's, Whitehall, the National Gallery, &c. Mr. Alan Barraud is the artist, and all the plates are reproduced in the most exquisite manner.—(*Ernest Nister. Price 6s.*)

Twym's contributions to *The Bailie* have been collected, and are now bound up together under the title **One-and-**



(From "Shakespeare and His Birthplace.")

being alike delightful. Mrs. Emma Marshall has supplied the text, not missing a single place which is connected with



(From "Familiar London.")

Twenty Pages. The plates are amusing, but we have so much of this style of thing in our own comic papers that we doubt if the book is likely to be a great success.—(*Bryce, Glasgow. Crown 4to. Boards. Price 1s. 6d.*)

Mr. Lewis Morris' **Odatis: An Old Love Tale** is never likely to appear in a prettier form than in the book which Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner have sent us. In every way it is one of the prettiest art gift-books of the season, the late Miss Alice Havers and Mr. G. P. Jacomb Hood had

responsible for the illustrations, which are produced in photogravure.—(*Hildesheimer. Large imperial 8vo. Cloth. Price 21s.*)

As a gift-book for friends in the country we can cordially recommend **Familiar London**, a series of sketches in colour and in pen and ink, of London and London life. The artist, Mr. Alan Barraud, has been very successful in his choice of the most beautiful of London spots, while Mr. C. J. L'Estrange's letterpress is interesting, and is of the greatest service as a companion to the illustrations. A special word of praise must be given to the coloured plates, they are really exquisite.—(*Ernest Nister. Oblong 4to. Cloth. Price 7s. 6d.*) We have reproduced one small pen and ink illustration from this book. Of course the chief illustrations are in colours, and the pen and ink sketches—though very beautiful—are secondary in importance. This applies to all the illustrations which we have given from Mr. Ernest Nister's books.

Some Old Love Songs is a collection of poems from Shakepeare, Lodge, Suckling, and others. The illustrations are by the late Miss Alice Havers, whose designs are one and all charming, especially beautiful being those which have been reproduced in colours.—(*Hildesheimer. Large crown 4to. Cloth. Price 7s. 6d.*)

A companion volume to the above is Miss Havers' **Book of Old Ballads**. The illustrations are all beautiful, and the book will make an excellent present.—(*Hildesheimer. Large crown 4to. Cloth. Price 7s. 6d.*)

POPULAR SCIENCE.

SIR ROBERT BALL'S **Story of the Heavens** is not exactly a Christmas book, though we can think of no work likely to give greater pleasure to a youth with a taste for science than this comprehensive introduction to the study of astronomy. It is less mathematical than Herschell's "Outlines," and gives more attention to the picturesque side of the science. Here are a few of the questions which Sir Robert Ball endeavours to answer in his fascinating pages:—

What is the sun—how hot, how big, and how distant? Whence comes its heat? What is the moon? What landscapes does its scenery show? How does the moon move? How is it related to the earth? What of the planets—are they globes like the earth? How large are they, and how far off? What do we know of the satellites of Jupiter and of the rings of Saturn? How was the memorable discovery of Uranus made, and what was the intellectual triumph which brought the planet Neptune to light?

These are some of the subjects discussed in "The Story of the Heavens," and concerning these, as well as concerning comets, shooting stars, coloured, variable, double, and multiple stars and nebulae, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland has a host of interesting things to say. (*Cassell and Co. Large 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xx. 552. Eighteen coloured plates and numerous illustrations. Price 12s. 6d.*)

Those who require a cheaper and less advanced work on astronomy, will do well to purchase the same author's **Starland**, a reprint of a series of lectures delivered to juvenile audiences at the Royal Institution during the Christmas holidays of 1881 and 1887. This book covers the same ground as the preceding, but, of course, in a less thorough manner. It is simpler in style than "The Story of the Heavens," and for younger children it will no doubt prove the more useful present. (*Cassell and Co. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 376. Illustrations. Price 6s.*)

Turning from the contemplation of the mightiest efforts of nature to some of the greatest achievements of man, we are glad to welcome Mr. HENRY FRITH'S **Triumphs of Modern Engineering**. These triumphs, as Mr. Frith truly observes, are "many and stupendous," the advance made during the present reign being in every way remarkable. Fifty years ago railway travellers were content to be carried in trucks, such as cattle are now conveyed in, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, standing up exposed to rain and wind and sun. Now the journey from London to Edinburgh—400 miles—can be made (in luxuriously appointed carriages, by the way) in 414 minutes! Nor has this progress been confined to railway work alone. Engineering generally has advanced by leaps and bounds, as a glance at Mr. Frith's interesting little volume will show. His first chapter is devoted

to railways, especially to the Metropolitan District lines; after which he proceeds to consider tunnels and subways (the St. Gothard, Severn, and Mersey tunnels among them), canals, (including the Manchester Ship Canal), waterworks, light-houses, docks, drains, the steam engine, &c. The book is literally crammed with facts, and though written ostensibly for the young, will be found equally interesting to children of a larger growth. (*Griffith, Farran, and Co. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 320. Many illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.*)

Somewhat similar in character to the preceding is **Foundry, Forge, and Factory**, in which Mr. W. J. GORDON has revised and expanded a series of articles contributed by him to the pages of *Leisure Hour*. These articles describe a visit to "Armstrong's," and give an account of the Forth Bridge, as well as of the work of the shipwright, the iron-founder, and the timber-man. "Among the Glassworkers" is the title of a chapter devoted to an industry concerning which little is generally known. It is pointed out in the article on "Building a Railway Carriage," that the limited mail as it leaves Euston, with its engine, passenger coaches, brakes and post-office vans, is worth nearly £15,000. The Brighton express is worth nearly as much, each Pullman car costing something like £2,700. The cheapest carriage used on the Midland—the six-wheeled third-class, with its five compartments—costs no less than £390. The papers on "A Reel of Cotton," "Printing a Cotton Gown," and the "Centenary of the Rotary Press"—the last-named accompanied by numerous diagrams—will be found exceptionally interesting. (*The Religious Tract Society. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 320. Illustrations. Price 2s.*)

Mr. J. MUNRO has certainly brought together a representative collection of distinguished scientists in his **Pioneers of Electricity; or, Short Lives of the Great Electricians**. But why should Thales occupy the place of honour? All that the sage of Miletus knew about electricity was the solitary fact that a piece of rubbed amber attracts straws and other light bodies which are brought near it. This curious property he is said to have attributed to the existence of a "daemon" within the gum. This is interesting no doubt; but it scarcely entitles Thales to be called a "great electrician," and it certainly does not justify Mr. Munro in devoting nearly twenty pages to a description of Miletus (with quotations from Diogenes Laërtius, Herodotus, Pausanias, Plutarch and Pope) and to an account of Thales and his philosophy. Gilbert, the author of "De Magnete," of course deserves a place in the collection, and so does Benjamin Franklin, who, with the schoolboy's kite, demonstrated the fact that the electricity of the thundercloud is identical with that of the electrical machine. Other "great electricians," the story of whose lives are told in Mr. Munro's book, are De Coulomb, who was the first to apply mathematics to the phenomena of electricity; Volta, whose famous pile gave the world a new source of electrical energy; Sir Humphrey Davy, who discovered "Electrolysis"—the breaking up of chemical compounds beneath the influence of the electric current, and who first produced the electric light; Ersted and Ampère, who systematically studied the relations between magnetism and electricity; Ohm, who invented the famous law which bears his name; and Michael Faraday and James Clerk Maxwell, the main features of whose work are familiar to all who have read any science. The biographical sketches are eminently readable; and the scientific facts, though put in popular form, are, so far as we have been able to test them, correct. (*The Religious Tract Society. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 250. Portraits. Price 2s.*)

In **Famous Men of Science**, Miss Sarah K. Bolton has written one of her books of short biographies. Galileo Galilei, Sir Isaac Newton, Linnaeus, Cuvier, the Herschells, Lyell, and Agassiz being among those who are treated of in this volume. Each biography is short and to the point, giving the main points of each man's career and explaining his teaching in a very clear and lucid manner. As frontispiece, a portrait of Louis Agassiz is added. (*Hodder and Stoughton. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 377. Price 3s. 6d.*)

The magic glasses treated of in Miss Arabella Buckley's new book, **Through Magic Glasses**, are the telescope, microscope, spectroscope, &c. No praise is needed to introduce this book to those who already know Miss Buckley's works, but to those who do not we may say that we can imagine no better book to give to a girl or boy than "Through Magic Glasses." Miss Buckley possesses the rare gift of making science as attractive as a fairy tale. There are numerous illustrations and diagrams. (*Sturford, Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 234. Price 6s.*)

A glance through the illustrations of **Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century** will show what a wide field the author has covered in this volume. The copy now before us (in the eighth edition revised and brought up to date) will make an excellent present for any young person who has a leaning towards science, covering as it does the whole field of science, embracing railways, firearms, light, sight, electricity, and in fact every subject in which science has made innovations during the last century. Some idea of the bulk of the work can be given when we say that there are four hundred and thirty-two illustrations.—By Robert Routledge. (*Routledge, Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 680. Price 7s. 6d.*)

Professor A. H. Green's lecture on **The Birth and Growth of Worlds** has been reprinted, and now forms one of the volume of "The Romance of Science Series." It is an attempt—and a very successful attempt—to put forth, in as few words as possible, the latest findings of our philosophers as to the origin of our own and other worlds. Professor Green begins with a survey of the work which was done by the pre-scientific philosophers of the eighteenth century—Burnet, Ray, and Whiston—and explains the attempts which they made to make their findings agree with the Biblical tradition. The volume is furnished with some useful plans, and also with a bibliography.—(*S. P. C. K. Small post 8vo. Price 1s.*)

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

Most of the illustrated papers herald the approach of Christmas by issuing special numbers full of seasonable matter in the shape of stories, verses, and pictures. With each of these is presented a coloured supplement of the kind familiar to everyone who has seen a bookstall in December, or who has in the month taken a walk down the Strand. They are all excellent things in their way; the only drawback being that they are published so prematurely that most of them have been read and forgotten by the time Christmas really comes. The following list contains a selection from the Christmas numbers already to hand:—

The coloured plate given away with the Christmas number of the **Graphic** is a careful reproduction of Sir Frederick Leighton's "Desdemona"—a beautiful maiden leaning forward in her chair and listening—no doubt to those marvellous tales with which the wily Othello won her heart. In respect of colour—one of the President's strong points—the production is excellent. The other pictures, several of which are in the style of the late Randolph Caldecott, are good. With regard to the letterpress the *pièce de resistance*, of course, is Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Group of Noble Dames." One other story, "Similar Cases," completes the volume.—(*190 Strand. Price 1s.*)

Messrs. David Christie, Murray, and Henry Herman contribute the principal story to the Christmas number of the **Illustrated London News**. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is also *en evidence* with "Mrs. Hawksbee lets out—an Unhistorical Extravaganza." Both contributions are eminently readable. The pictures are for the most part seasonable.—(*198, Strand, V.C. Price 1s.*)

If variety be desired—and one does not want too much of a good thing (no, not even of a Christmas pudding)—**Holly Leaves**, the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated Sporting*

and Dramatic News, is just the book to give it. It contains half a dozen stories, a goodly number of verses, and a drawing-room comedy, "The Charm," from the pens of Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, the authors whose adaptation of "Gringoire" was successfully produced a few years ago. The coloured supplements, of which there are two, consist of facsimile reproductions of Madrazo's "Fancy Free" and Louis Wain's "A Cat's Christmas Dance." The number can be thoroughly recommended. (*148, Strand. Price 1s.*)

Two stories, profusely illustrated, and a couple of pieces of music make up the Christmas number of the **Figaro Illustré**. Monsieur Edouard Cadoi's story bears the title of "The Little One;" the other, "The Story of a Theft," is from the pen of Georges Ohnet. The illustrations, which are reproduced in colours, can scarcely fail to please—indeed, the number, as a whole, is superior to anything produced in England. It can be obtained both in English and French.—(*Goupel Gallery, 116, New Bond Street. Price 3s. 6d.*)

The most attractive coloured supplement issued this year, is that presented with the Christmas number of the **Lady's Pictorial**—a reproduction of Mr. Corcas' "Queen of the Roses." No doubt many of our readers have admired the maiden's beautiful face at the bookstalls. The other illustrations in this number are excellent specimens of drawing in black and white. "Slide No. 42," the first story, is illustrated by Mr. Bernard Partridge; "Yves Vow" by Maurice Grieffenhagen, and "Elisabeth" (from the pen of Mrs. Oliphant), by A. Forestier. The stories all possess merit.—(*172, Strand. Price 1s.*)

Father Christmas is, as its sub-title—"the Children's Casket of Pictures"—implies a Christmas number devoted entirely to the interests of children. It consists of pictures, with descriptive verses attached. The number of "doggies" and "gee-gees," and "pussy cats" which it contains cannot fail to please the little ones to whom the Annual is given. There are also a few pictures which the elders may like. (*193, Strand. Price 1s.*)

A splendid sixpennyworth is the Christmas number of the **Penny Illustrated Paper**—full of readable stories and good illustrations. Mr. George R. Sims contributes a new tale, entitled "The Murderer's Dog;" Miss Clo. Graves, in "For His Sake," tells an affecting story of the Eighteenth Century; while the Editor, Mr. John Lathey, jun., deals with the labour question in a story called "A Daughter of the People," which shows how a poor London girl, born under the most adverse circumstances, may with proper culture become a gentlewoman fit to grace any society. Other contributors are Manville Fenn, Byron Webber, Howard Paul and Kate Bishop. The coloured picture, "Baby's Own," will please in the nursery. (*10, Milford Lane, Strand. Price 6d.*)

The Christmas number of **Household Words** consists of a complete story, "The Murder on the Moors," by Gertrude Warden.

The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot, although no more than a short sketch, must be regarded as the most important contribution to the Christmas number of the *Detroit Free Press*. It is a powerful study of life at the East End of London. "One Day's Courtship," by Luke Sharp, a regular contributor to the *Press*, is a useful foil to Mr. Kipling's sombre tale.

The Christmas number of **The Monthly Packet** reached us too late for anything but a very short notice. It is a budget of stories by a large number of writers, among whom are Beatrice F. Cresswell, Mary Bramston, and C. R. Coleridge. The stories are all seasonable. (*W. Smith and Innes, Crown 8vo. Paper. Pp. 260. Price 2s.*)

The Christmas number of **Judy** has appeared under the title of **The Judy Annual**. We do not think that *Judy* is appreciated as it should be, it is one of the best of the comic papers, second only to *Punch*, and occasionally better. This, the Christmas number, is an excellent little

budget of sketches, verses, and rhymes. Among the artists are Alfred Bryan, J. Bernard Partridge, Hal Ludlow (with the same old faces and types), and Maurice Grieffenhagen. — (*Judy Office*. Price 3d.)

The Christmas double number of **The Gentlewoman** is very good. It contains, in addition to the usual budget of stories, a most beautifully printed picture on satin—one of the prettiest effects we have seen. Among the stories—all appropriate to the Yule-tide season—are "An Actor's Story," "A Church Story," "A Society Story," and "A Greek Story," the last being illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane. (*The Gentlewoman Office*. Price 1s.)

The Christmas number of **Beauty's Queens** has reached us. It contains a pastel portrait of the Princess of Wales, and full-page portraits of Mlle. Inverni and Madame Lillian Nordica, and numerous articles and illustrations, all dealing with beauty in the present or the past. (*Beauty's Queens Office*. Price 1s.)

Loaded Dice is the title of the "Round Table Annual" for this year. It is a very exciting "shocker," by Mr. Paul Merritt, the well-known dramatist, and is illustrated by Mr. Hal Ludlow, the *Judy* artist. What a pity it is that Mr. Ludlow has not more variety in his drawing, all his faces and



MR. PHELPS.



M. WADDINGTON.



COUNT CORTI.

Illustrations from "The World" Christmas Number, by ALFRED BRYAN.

The chief attraction in the **Vanity Fair** Christmas number is the double-page cartoon, printed in ten colours, entitled "In Vanity Fair." The picture—which we have reproduced—contains caricatures of thirty-two of the most prominent men of the present day—literature, the drama, sport, and music—are all represented. Among the writers who have contributed seasonable tales are Mr. James Payn, the Earl of Desart, Mr. James Runciman, and Mr. Cecil Raleigh. (*Vanity Fair Office*. Price 1s.)

One of the cheapest Christmas Numbers is that of **The Newcastle Weekly Chronicle**. In addition to a large coloured plate, entitled "Geordie and the Bairn," it contains tales by the Queen of Roumania, John Strange Winter, and Adeline Seargeant, together with a large amount of other pictorial and literary matter. (*Newcastle Chronicle Office*. Price 6d.)

types are the same; he seems to have but one model. (*Judy Office*. 8vo. Stiff paper. Pp. 122. Price 1s.)

As usual the **Sunday Magazine Christmas Number** is issued in the shape of a novel. This year Dr. George MacDonald is the author, the title of the book being "The Flight of the Shadow," illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne. **Good Words Christmas Number** is a story by Mr. C. Blatherwick, entitled, "In the Shade of Schiehallion." — (*Isbister and Co*. Price 1s. each.)

"Q," the author of "Dead Man's Rock," has contributed the story to **Yule Tide** this year. It is entitled "I Saw Three Ships," and like all "Q's" stories, the scene is laid in Cornwall. The plate, one of the best of this year's coloured supplements, is a reproduction of George W. Joy's "Prince Charlie's Farewell to Flora Macdonald." — (*Cassell and Co*. Price 1s.)

We have reproduced two out of the many illustrations by Mr. Alfred Bryan in the **World Christmas Number**, which appears this year in the form of a novel under the title of "The Salt of the Earth." Of course, the illustrations are the main thing in a Christmas number of this sort) but it is enough to say that Mr. Bryan is fully up to his usual level, his full-page cartoons being particularly clever. One of them represents Mr. John Burns—a capital likeness—speaking at a Trafalgar Square meeting. On the platform with him is Cardinal Manning.—(*The "World" Office. 1s.*)

The two plates given with the Christmas number of **The Pictorial World** are—(1) Mr. C. Lidderdale's "First at the Tryst" (a pretty picture of a girl leaning on a style), and (2), one of Mr. Louis Wain's cat pictures, "Blind Man's Buff." Of the stories, Mr. E. W. Hornung's "Sergeant Seth" is the best; it is short, but very exciting, and well written. (*Pictorial World Office. Price 1s.*)

CHRISTMAS STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

Miss L. T. Meade is deservedly popular as a writer for girls, and **The Beresford Prize** is in every respect worthy of her high reputation. It is a story of school life. The prize referred to in the title is an exceedingly difficult one to obtain—so difficult, indeed, that few girls ever care to compete for it. The heroine of Miss Meade's book is in a fair way of winning it, when it so falls out that an event occurs which disqualifies her. This is doubly unfortunate; for if she had won it, a rich uncle would have sent her brother to Cambridge. However, Miss Meade is not the sort of writer to bring a heroine who wins all our sympathies so near the goal only to disappoint her and the readers of the book. The difficulty is got over, and Miss Alison Hilton—for that is the young lady's name—wins the "Beresford Prize Extraordinary."—(*Longmans, Green and Co. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 356. Illustrations. Price 5s.*)

The principal female character of **His Young Neighbour** (Ellen Louisa Davis) is a young lady who, together with her aunt, takes a furnished house next door to the abode of a very mysterious gentleman. No one can understand why the gentleman in question is scarcely ever seen out of doors except at night. One day the young lady sprains her ankle—she is not absolutely the first heroine in fiction to whom such an accident has happened—and the gentleman—this incident, again, is not absolutely new—makes his appearance at the right moment to escort her home. They naturally become friends, and the reason for the gentleman's mysterious behaviour becomes apparent. He suffers from a strange deformity of the face—the nature of which, by the way, is neither stated nor even hinted at in the book. However, the young lady conquers her repugnance, if she ever felt any, and marries him in spite of the features which he is wont so carefully to hide.—(*Religious Tract Society. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 257. Price 3s.*)

Of All Degrees is an interesting story from the pen of Leslie Keith. The plot is too complicated to be set out at length; but we may mention that the story starts with the death of an Army colonel, who leaves his daughter and a grandson entirely unprovided for. The young lady is forced to work for her living; while the grand-son is compelled to sell out of the army and become a clerk. To add to the daughter's troubles, which are neither few nor light, this young gentleman, of whom she is exceedingly fond, embezzles a large sum of money, and is compelled to fly from the country. In the result, however, things work out as happily as can well be expected. For the processes employed in bringing about this conclusion we must refer our readers to Mr. Leslie Keith's book. (*Religious Tract Society. Pp. 352. Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.*)

Her Benny has long been the most deservedly popular of Mr. Silas P. Hoeking's books, and the publishers were quite justified in issuing it in its present

attractive form. We join with the author in hoping that "now that he appears in finer dress, his welcome will be none the less hearty, and that he will continue to play some humble part in winning sympathy and help for the waifs and strays of our streets." The edition before us is excellently got up. (*Warne and Co. 4to. Pp. 288. Illustrations. Price 6s.*)

The Green Girls of Greythorpe, by Miss C. R. Coleridge, is a story of the Lake district. The Green School at Greythorpe is an old endowed institution that has come under the notice of the Charity Commissioners, who decide—whether properly or not is a question which we need not discuss here—that a reorganization and extension of the school is necessary, and that the education which it affords must be brought into harmony with modern requirements. While the necessary building operations are being carried out a number of the girls are taken to a quiet spot in Cumberland for a holiday. It is with the adventures which befall them in the mountains near Scree-side that Miss Coleridge's story is largely taken up. The local scenery is described, and the manners and customs represented are such as existed in the neighbourhood of the Cumberland mountains thirty or forty years ago. (*National Society's Depository. 8vo. Cloth, gilt. Pp. 250. Price 3s.*)

An excellent series is published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Co. under the general title of "The Crown Series of Books for Girls." **Poor and Plain: A Story for the Elder Girls**, by Mr. Seymour, shows how a young girl reared in affluence becomes by the death of her father almost penniless, and how, therefore, she is compelled to experience the "sweet uses of adversity." After many adventures—all of an interesting character—this "poor and plain" young lady opens a home for decayed gentlewomen, in which they live together in the communistic fashion favoured by the early Church. The story would not, of course, be complete without a love affair; and our "poor and plain" heroine succeeds in gaining the affections of a very rich young gentleman. But wedded happiness is not to be her lot. Her fiancé is killed in a railway accident, and dies, leaving her the whole of his immense property. Thereafter, Lucy Everard becomes a sort of Angela Messenger—minus the beauty which all Mr. Besant's heroines possess—and devotes her life and her money to the furtherance of all worthy charitable schemes. The home which she founded in the days of her adversity turns out to be a great success.—(*Griffith, Farran and Co. 8vo. Cloth. Gilt edges. Illustrations. Pp. 336. Price 5s.*)

Other new volumes in the same series, as handsomely "got up" as the preceding, are "Cathedral Bells," by Vin Vincent; "The Miller's Daughter," by Annie Beale; and "Crooked S," by Austin Clare. All are fully illustrated.

Pleasantly characteristic of the books to be purchased at the National Society's Depository is **The Vicar's Trio**, by Esme Stuart. The trio in question are the vicar's three children—Matty, Lucy, and Bernard—who work a much-needed transformation in the character of the young Lord Falconbridge, a near neighbour of theirs. Brought into contact with this scion of the nobility in the course of their efforts on behalf of the Church Restoration Fund, they bring the peevish and irritable boy to see that the rank and wealth with which he has been endowed bring with them equally great responsibilities. The moral, as all will agree, is beyond reproach. As prizes for Sunday schools connected with the Church of England, the publications of the National Society are without a rival. (*8vo. Cloth. Pp. 274. Price 3s. 6d.*)

"To J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., with warm wishes for the success of his great scheme, Universal Penny Postage, I beg to dedicate this romance of Queensland." It is with these words that Mr. Hume Nisbet prefaces his new boys' book, **Bail Up**, a tale of bushrangers and Chinamen, opium dens, and gambling saloons. Mr. Nisbet's tale will be particularly interesting to colonists, giving as it does a picture of Queensland in its early days as a colony. The author has

added a frontispiece and a vignette.—(*Chatto and Windus. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 319. Price 3s. 6d.*)

Rex Raynor is a book of great interest by Mr. Silas K. Hocking. Mrs. Raynor, a poor artist's wife, takes in a small baby to nurse with her own child for a rich banker's wife. The banker's child is, however, carried off by an attack of syncope, and Mrs. Raynor, fearing that she will be accused of not having taken sufficient care of the child, substitutes her own. Original illustrations are added by Harold Copping. Surely it is time that publishers dropped the very ugly style of binding in this volume.—(*E. Warne. Post 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 232. Price 3s. 6d.*)

For good literature, at a cheap rate, commend us to a little series published by Messrs. W. & R. Chambers, which consists of a number of readable stories by good writers, each of which is published at sixpence. Titles and authors' names follow:—**Nesta, or Fragments of a Little Life** (Mrs. Molesworth); **Willie Nicholls; Self Denial** (Maria Edgeworth); **Malcolm and Doris** (Davina Waterson); **The Night-Hawks** (Eva Knatchbull Hugessen); **The Golden Lady** (L. T. Meade); **A Farthingful** (L. T. Meade); and **Fred Stamford's Start in Life** (Mrs. Fairbairn).

Turning from these little books to stories of a more ambitious character, we pause for a moment to commend **Fine Gold; or, Ravenswood Courtenay**, by Emma Marshall, in which a young gentleman marries a clergyman's daughter, without, however, telling her that he is a nobleman's son. His father casts him off. The son dies, leaving his young wife a widow with three children. One of these—the youngest—is adopted by the grandfather; and upon the same day that his elder brother is coming, uninvited, to visit him, he meets with a gun accident, the ultimate result of which is the re-uniting of the family. He loses his arm, but all ends happily. (*S. W. Partridge and Co. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 160. Illustrations. Price 1s. 6d.*)

Not by Bread Alone cannot be described as cheerful reading. The author of "The Occupations of a Retired Life" introduces us to the Café Dante, which stood in Woburn Street some thirty years ago, and which was the meeting-place of a number of Italian conspirators. One of them, Pietro, has a little boy—the son of an Italian of rank—left in his charge, but, unfortunately, Pietro gets killed by a traitor to the cause. The troubles of the little fatherless protégé may, without difficulty, be imagined. Eventually he gets drowned while endeavouring to save the life of another. The characters of Mr. Asquith, Mrs. Warner, and Cicely, are well drawn.—(*R. T. S. Pp. 352. Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.*)

The girl with a gift for music, who has to support her mother and brothers, is not entirely new to fiction. Miss Emma Marshall has treated the subject pleasantly enough in **Alma; or, the Story of a little Music Mistress**, a book which will no doubt be read with some interest.—(*Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 352. Price 3s. 6d.*)

There are plenty of boys and girls who ought to be pleased with **Love and Justice**, by Helen Shipton. It tells the story of a dwarf who had the taking care of his dead sister's child, and who hated every person who came near the little girl because he thought they wanted to steal her love. Finally, however, he is taught the unwisdom of his ways and he goes to live with a brother, where they all share the little girl's love. A fire, and scenes in a lodging house and the ward of a hospital add considerably to the interest of the book. (*S.P.C.K. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 248. Price 2s. 6d.*)

The evils which arise for the want of thought will be vividly brought home to readers of Miss Jennie Chappell's new story, **Without a Thought**. The contrast between the two sisters is very effectively indicated. (*S. W. Partridge and Co. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 288. Price 2s.*)

The Red Thread of Honour, by Marianne Kirlen, is not so much a story as a succession of incidents of school life somewhat loosely strung together. The boys of the Minster School form a sort of knighthood among themselves, according to the rules of which the boy who did the noblest deeds, or best overcame the temptation to wrong-doing in one term, should be selected as the leader of the other boys during the next. Hence a "red-thread of honour," binding together the whole school.—(*Olipphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 160. Illustrations. Price 1s.*)

A cruel and harsh father, a disobedient daughter who marries the man of her choice and is unhappy, a baby who is left on a doorstep and reared as a foundling, and a gipsy with another baby—all make their appearance in **Zoe**, a story by the author of "Laddie." The plot is too complicated to be set out here; and we must content ourselves with saying that elder girls will read the story with interest, and no doubt with profit.—(*W. and R. Chambers. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 128. Frontispiece. Price 1s.*)

The hero of **Stedfast Gabriel** (Mary Howitt) is a brave lad upon whose doe the lord of the neighbouring mansion has—Ahab-like—set covetous eyes. Stedfast Gabriel refuses to part with it. The young lord's mother, Lady Mountjoy, interferes, and makes it very unpleasant for poor Gabriel; and it is not before he saves the young lord's life that things really run smoothly once more. "From that hour the tide of his fortunes changed."—(*W. and R. Chambers. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 136. Price 1s.*)

In **The Parent's Assistant; or, Stories for Children**, we have a delightful volume of tales, written by a woman, who was born not long after George III. became king. The purpose of these stories may best be explained by an extract from Maria Edgeworth's preface:—

It has been attempted in these stories to provide antidotes against ill-humour, the epidemic rage for dissipation, and the fatal propensity to admire and imitate whatever the fashion of the moment may distinguish. Were young people, either in public schools or in private families, absolutely free from bad examples, it would not be advisable to introduce despicable and vicious characters in books intended for their improvement. But in real life they must see vice, and it is best that they should be early shocked with the representation of what they are to avoid. There is a great deal of difference between innocence and ignorance.

The best part of a century has passed since this preface was penned, yet the truth of the last sentence quoted is still far from being generally recognised. Let us hope that this new edition of the "Parent's Assistant," which is entirely worthy of the merits of the book, may do something to spread the truths which Maria Edgeworth spent her life in endeavouring to inculcate.—(*George Routledge and Sons. 8vo. Cloth gilt. Pp. viii. 376. Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.*)

An equally well-known work of Maria Edgeworth's is **Early Lessons**, which Messrs. Routledge have issued in a uniform edition with "The Parent's Assistant." The volume contains "Rosamond; a Series of Tales"; "Frank; a Tale"; and "Harry and Lucy," to which are added, "The Little Dog Trusty," "The Orange Man," and "The Cherry Orchard." W. F. A. Fraser contributes a number of appropriate illustrations.—(*Routledge and Sons. 8vo. Cloth. Gilt. Pp. 560. Price 3s. 6d.*)

The young lady who forms the principal character in **The Family Coach, Who Filled It, Who Drove It, and Who Seized the Reins**—so the full title runs—fancies, like a good many other people, that she is sent into this world for the express purpose of advising and guiding her fellow mortals. But—this, again, is the experience of a good many other people—events show her more than once, and more than twice, that things would have gone much better if she had left them alone. At last—this unfortunately is the case with but a few other people—she learns the lesson of humility, which gives a finishing touch to her character, and transforms Miss Henrietta Strangways into an admirable and lovable girl. In the course of the story, the Strangways

family make a journey from London to Mentone to meet their parents who have just arrived from India, and the account of their travels and of the arrangements for conveying their pets is distinctly amusing. The authors names are given as M. and C. Lee.—(*National Society's Depository*. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 225. Four illustrations. Price 3s.)

The opening scenes of Miss M. Bramston's **Dangerous Jewels** are laid in Brittany at the time of the great French Revolution. The children of the Baron de Kergoët are sent to England in order to be out of danger; but while on their way to their grandfather at Plymouth they are kidnapped by gipsies for the sake of the family jewels which they are carrying with them. Their trials, their rough life in a lonely hut on the moorlands of Devonshire, and the death of the gipsy-girl who decoyed them are all exceedingly well described. The gipsies gained little by the possession of the

up his opinion than before. "Tom's Opinion" is an interesting story of school life, pleasantly told. (*Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.* 8vo. Cloth gilt. Frontispiece. Pp. 126. Price 1s.)

Another tale by the author of "Honour Bright," pointing, almost exactly the same moral, is **Hardy and Foolhardy**. Here again is shown the unwisdom of judging by appearances, for it is not the boy who seems so brave, and who rushes blindly into danger, that shows the truest courage, after all, but his shy and unassuming younger brother. (*Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.* 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 128. Price 1s.)

We have four other stories by the same author upon our tables: **All's Well! Larry's Luck, Halt, and Two Blackbirds**. All are published by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co. (Price 1s. each.)



From "Stories for Somebody" (DOROTHY TENNANT.)

jewels; for they brought nothing but ill-luck to the camp. Finally, therefore, they thought it best to return them, so that in the end both the children and the "dangerous jewels" arrived safely at their destination.—(*National Society's Depository*. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 290. Illustrations. Price 3s.)

The folly of jumping at conclusions is the lesson set forth in **Tom's Opinion**—a story from the pen of the author of "Honour Bright." Tom, returning home for the holidays, is loud in the praises of a new schoolfellow whom he describes as a "king," and equally warm in his denunciations of another new-comer whom he characterises as a "cad," to all which his mother very properly points out that it is not wise to judge by appearances. The events of next term show Tom how rashly and how wrongly he has misjudged his two schoolfellows. Roy, his hero, proves himself to be a thoroughly bad lot—takes a crib into the examination room and generally misconducts himself—while the other boy, the only son of a poor widow, exhibits qualities little short of heroic. Tom, having learnt the homely but useful lesson that "all that glitters is not gold" is less anxious to set

Three short tales from the pen of Mrs. Molesworth go to make up **The Green Casket and Other Stories**. The story which gives the little book its title is based upon a not very interesting incident in the life of a young servant: the names of the other two are "Leo's Post Office" and "Brave Little Denis." (*W. and R. Chambers*. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 116. Illustrations. Price 1s.)

In the same series as the preceding volume is **Their Happiest Christmas**, by Edna Lyall—a pretty story setting forth the pleasures which are to be derived from doing good to others. The children of the story spend their money in presents for the suffering inmates of the Hip Hospital, whom they visit upon Christmas Day. So delighted are they with it all that they determine that they will, when they grow up, keep a children's hospital on their own account.—(*W. and R. Chambers*. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 120. Illustrations. Price 1s.)

A Message from the Sea, by A. E. Evans, is very suitable for a Sunday-school prize. It is the story of a little boy who, while at the seaside, makes friends with an old boatman, whom in virtue of his connection with the sea, he looks up to as a

sort of hero. The father, who is naturally anxious to find out something about his son's acquaintance, discovers to his great amazement that he is a confirmed drunkard. He forbids the old man ever to speak to his son again. One day the little boy finds a soda-water bottle upon the shore, in which there is a note written from a sinking ship by the old boatman's son, begging the old man to give up "drink. This is the "message from the sea," and it has a most salutary effect. Needless to say, the shipwrecked son turns up alive and well—when did the *deus ex machina* ever refuse to descend in a child's story?—and all ends happily. (*Religious Tract Society. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 160. Illustrations.*)

Miss Edith Carrington's **Stories for Somebody** are as delightful as the pictures which Mrs. H. M. Stanley has drawn to illustrate them. The first—there are six stories in all, be it noted—introduces us to Maggie, a naughty little girl who is always grumbling, and who, when anything happens, puts the blame upon the shoulders of "Somebody." "Somebody" takes her thimble; "Somebody" hides her gloves; "Somebody" tramples all over her garden; "Somebody," in a word, is Maggie's greatest enemy. She is cured of her grumbling ways in time, however, in what manner the curious will do well to turn to the book to see. "An Untidy Story" relates how another little girl is punished for refusing ever to put things in their proper places. In "Eyes and No-Eyes" many curious facts in nature are pointed out to a little boy, who takes a ride on the back of a bee—"No-Eyes"—accompanied by a good fairy called "Eyes." The prettiest, albeit most pathetic, story in the book is "Grandfather's Spectacles." (*Griffith, Farran, and Co. 4to. Cloth, gilt edges. Pp. 190. Profusely illustrated. Price 6s.*)

Many a child who has wept over "Christie's Old Organ" and "A Peep Behind the Scenes" will hail with delight a new story by the author of those popular volumes. In **The Mysterious House** Mrs. Walton introduces us to a gang of coiners, who take a house in Grosvenor Square, of all places in the world, to carry on their nefarious proceedings. One of the gang has a blind boy named Gran, of whom he is passionately fond, and a perpetual struggle between right and wrong goes on in his breast. On the one hand there is poverty and a peaceful conscience; on the other, there is (or will be) affluence and the weight of guilt. One day, as he is walking along the highway, he espies a runaway horse and trap, the latter containing a little girl. Acting on the impulse of his better nature he rushes forward, stops the horse, and at the expense of his own life saves that of the little girl. He dies in the hospital, but not before the little girl's father has assured him that he will protect his wife and child. It is satisfactory to know that the Grosvenor Square gang of coiners are duly laid by the heels.—(*Religious Tract Society. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 96. Price 1s.*)

Heart of Gold is one of the best and prettiest of Mrs. L. T. Meade's stories for girls. It is the tale of two twin sisters—Joscelyn and Hope Harron—who at the age of nineteen are left, by the death of their mother, totally unprovided for, and with no accomplishments from which they might earn their living. At this crisis a rich aunt steps in and invites them both to come and live with her permanently, but owing to an unpleasantness which has been caused by the aunt's unkindness to her mother, Hope refuses, although Joscelyn, the weaker and more worldly-minded of the two, accepts. Hope, meanwhile, develops a wonderful talent for teaching backward little boys, and earns enough money in this way to support herself. It would be unfair to Mrs. Meade to follow the story to the end. We can only add that it is written in a charming manner, and that excellent illustrations are added by J. Bernard Partridge and Stanley Thorn.—(*E. Warne. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 315. Price 3s. 6d.*)

Told by the Fireside is a budget of tales for our little ones, by such well-known writers as Mrs. Molesworth, E. Nisbet, Emma Marshall, L. T. Meade, G. Manville Fenn, and

Helen Milman. All the stories are very pretty, and are admirably adapted for their purpose. Marie Seymour Lucas has illustrated the book with sixteen coloured and sixty "process" illustrations—some of which are very charming.—(*Griffith and Farran. Large crown 4to. Boards. Pp. 88. Price 5s.*)



From "Stories for Somebody" (DOROTHY TENNANT.)

It is rarely that one gets a children's book made up of tales by such well-known writers as have contributed to **Over the Sea: Stories of Two Worlds**. Mrs. Campbell Praed, "Tasma," Countess De la Warr, F. E. Weatherley, and Hume Nisbet have all contributed tales of Australian life and adventure—tales which will interest both boys and girls who are just in their teens. The volume is very fully illustrated with coloured plates and black and white drawings, the frontispiece, entitled "The Sea Bird's Message," being very pretty. (*Griffith and Farran. Large crown 4to. Boards. Pp. 48. Price 3s. 6d.*)

Nut-Brown Roger and I is a totally impossible book, but none the worse, from the boy's point of view, for that. The hero, Harry Solway, is a boy who runs away from his grandfather, who ill-treats him. He falls in with a highwayman—parents need not be afraid, he is not a real highwayman, and the book is not a glorification of knights of the road—who befriends him. Nut-Brown Roger—so the highwayman is called of the people around—turns out to be the Earl of Belsize in disguise, who has assumed the character in order the better to be able to frustrate the designs of the villain of the book. The hero is a very jolly boy, and the book is very exciting.—(*Blackie and Co. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Illustrated. Pp. 192. Price 2s.*)

Norman Reid, M.A., is the tale of a feud that was carried on between the leading elder of the church and a young minister, who turns out, to the surprise of everyone, to be the elder's son. The story is not particularly interesting. (*Olipphant. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 312. Price 3s. 6d.*)

The Boy's Own Paper Volume is brimming over with matter of all sorts, calculated to please all classes and all kinds of boys. Gordon Stables, David Ker, Jules Verne, André Laurie, and the Rev. A. N. Malan have all contributed long serial stories, and there are numerous articles on subjects of interest. As usual the volume is full of illustrations.—(*R.T.S. Imperial 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 824. Price 8s.*)

The Girl's Own Paper still holds its own in spite of its numerous rivals; this year it is as good if not better than usual. The volume before us contains a number of serial stories, one of them, "Kathleen's Handful," being by the author of "L'Atelier du Lys," and "The Honeymoon at Hawthorne Place" being by Cuthbert Bede, the late author of "Verdant Green." Besides the usual number of articles on dress and cookery, there are articles on specialist subjects written by specialist writers, Miss Lisa Lehmann writing on the "Treatment of the Voice." Mr. Edward Walford has a series of articles, entitled "Tales of Great Families." Special praise must be given to the illustrations, which are excellent; there is one on nearly every page.—(*R.T.S. Royal 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 826. Price 8s.*)

Laid in the Norfolk Broads, the story of **Noah's Ark** is very prettily told. It is the old story of children changed at birth, but the incidents and characters are novel, and the story is well worth reading. (*F. Warne. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 276. Illustrated. Price 3s. 6d.*)

Jack Frost has one great virtue, it is original. Instead of narrating, all over again, the old stories about Little Miss Muffet, Jack and Jill, and others of our old friends, it sets to work to tell stories of their later life—stories which are told in a delightful manner by Helen J. Wood, R.E. Mack, and Clifton Bingham. The illustrations are as charming as the letterpress, being executed, both in colours and in pen and ink, by Mr. John Lawson. Decidedly a book to buy.—(*Nister. Large crown 4to. Price 3s. 6d.*)

If Mr. Norway's previous books have not already made him a prime favourite with boys, this book will make him so. **Hussein the Hostage**, as the book is called, is laid in a comparatively new country, as far as boys are concerned, and will delight everyone, old and young, for it is so exciting that once it is taken up it is difficult to put it down. Hussein is a prince of the tribe of the Bakhtizari, who determines to free his tribe from the oppression of the Persians. At the commencement of the struggle, however, he is captured by the Persians, and held as hostage for the good behaviour of the tribe with the unpronounceable name. His follower, Askar, manages to rescue him, and conveys him to a cave which had been prepared as a hiding place. The Persians, however, find out and lay siege to the cave, but whether they succeed or not must be left to the readers to find out. Mr. John Schonberg has illustrated the volume.—(*Blackie. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 352. Price 5s.*)

Duties' Bondmen is one of the best of the smaller books for girls, and is sure to make a popular Sunday-school prize. Everyone knows Miss Helen Shipton's books, and this one is quite up to her usual level.—(*S.P.C.K. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 256. Illustrated. Price 2s. 6d.*)

Carnford Rectory, by Mary F. Davidson, is an interesting girl's story, with some clever illustrations by Mr. Fred Barnard. Two young children, a boy and a girl, half Italian, and with no knowledge of English customs, are entrusted by the last wish of a dead mother to the care of a very stiff and prim English clergyman and his wife. The complications which ensue are very interesting.—(*S.P.C.K. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 160. Price 1s. 6d.*)

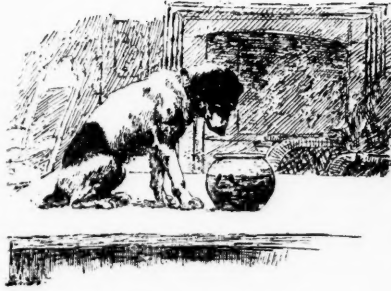
Miss Frances M. Peard's previous stories have been of an historical character, but in **The Locked Desk** she has given us a story of modern life. Mrs. Barton, the wife of a Cornish fisherman, has a brother who has been convicted of theft. She has a great dread of her children getting to know of this stain on the family honour, but in spite of this she keeps the paper containing the report of his trial locked up in a desk, which she opens every day. The term of sentence at last expires and the brother comes—as Mrs. Barton had expected—and reveals himself to the children. How he steals the locked desk—which he thinks must contain something valuable—and finds only the report of his own trial is very graphically told. The illustrations are by Mr. W. S. Stacey.—(*National Society. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 293. Price 3s. 6d.*)

"Won by Love" is the story of a weak, passionate girl, whose mother dies when she is twelve years old, and leaves her the oldest of a family of three children, over whom she has little or no control. Their father leaves Irene Kendall, as she is called, in charge of everything, and spends most of his time in New York, where his business is. He returns, however, one day to announce that he has re-married, and the latter half of the book is an account of the trouble which is brought upon the house by the young wife, who is looked upon by the children as an interloper, and regarded with suspicion. After a time, however, by her kindness, she wins their trust and love, and then all goes happily.—**Won by Love: The Story of Irene Kendall.**—(*Olipphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 256. Price 2s.*)

Miss Christie has written a very interesting little story which is sure to prove popular for Sunday-school prizes. The Blakes are a large family of children who live with their father in a quaint old rambling house in Surrey—just one of those houses which one is always meeting in books of this class. They all are living very happily till one unlucky day Colonel Blake takes an old friend's son to live and go to school with his own children. Jem Allardyce, as the boy is called, proves rather a bad character, and various troubles ensue; but at last the good of the home life prevails, and he drops his bad habits. This book is quite the best of the smaller books for children. **A Boy's Honour.** By Maud Christie.—(*S.P.C.K. Post 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 96. Price 9d.*)

Ever since people began to write tales, the marrying of people of unequal rank in life has proved a fruitful source of interest. Miss Green, however, has handled an old theme in a skilful manner. **The Stronger Will** is full of interest. Of course, like all of Miss Green's books, it is a story of family life without any particularly exciting incidents, but for all that it is well worth reading. Florence Tennant, who possesses the strong will of the title, is a very well-drawn character.—(*Olipphant. Crown 8vo. Fully illustrated. Pp. 306. Price 2s. 6d.*)

Our Own Gazette volume has reached us. It is the organ of the Young Women's Christian Association, so that it is sure to have a wide popularity among girls of all classes.—(*Partridge. Imperial 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 168. Fully illustrated. Price 2s. 6d.*)



THE BOWL OF GOLDFISH.

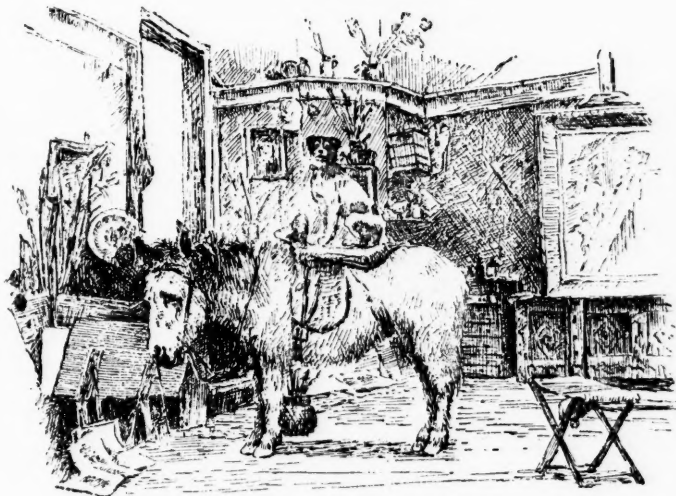


"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."



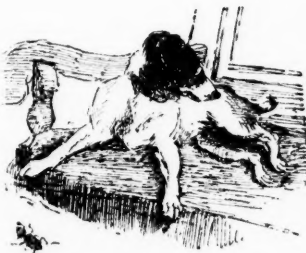
A TICKLISH QUESTION.

Yet another edition of "Teufel the Terrier," the latest *Pall Mall* extra. The text is by Mr. C. Morley. It is a wonderful shillingsworth.



TEUFEL AND EDWARD THE DONKEY.

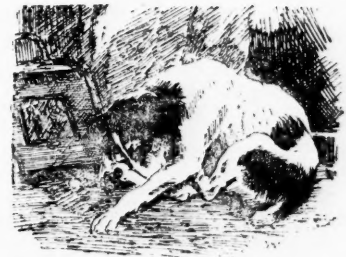
We have reproduced a selection of the best of Mr. Yates Carrington's charming illustrations.—*Pall Mall Gazette* Office. Price 1s. ; cloth 3s. 6d.



THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.



TEUFEL AND JOCK THE MONKEY.



A CHARACTERISTIC POSITION.

From "TEUFEL THE TERRIER."
(*"Pall Mall Gazette"* Office. Price 1s.)

When We Were Children. by E. M. Green, is a charming book, and the children of whom it tells are charming too. It is an account of the sayings and doings of four little children, the games they used to play at and the things which they used to pretend. One of their favourite games was to pretend that they were the Royal Family, and then they pretended to ride out and buy presents for Prince Leopold, for their number did not allow them to act the prince. Their loyalty, too, was so great, that after reading about the civil war they imagined that another such war would come, so they prepared a little corner in the hayloft for the Prince of Wales to hide in, and they used to save their teas and lunches so as to get ready provisions for his use. But alas! the civil war never came. This is only one of the pretty episodes in this delightful book which is fully illustrated by W. G. Burton.—(*Griffith and Farran*. 4to. Cloth. Pp. 192. Price 6s.)

The Little Ladies. by Helen Milman, is a pretty but somewhat amateurish story by the authoress of "Boy." It is the tale of two little girls who are left without father or mother when very young. The story of their later life—one is hurt in a carriage accident and is unable to walk, while the other, after some years, marries—is very prettily told. The illustrations are by Miss Emily F. Harding.—(*Griffith and Farran*. Crown 4to. Pp. 192. Fifty illustrations. Price 6s.)

Mr. F. B. Doveton, the author of **Maggie in Mythica**, says, in his preface, "I have kept out of the beaten track as far as possible, but a certain family likeness is almost inevitable in works of this kind." The family likeness to "Alice in Wonderland" is certainly remarkable—like characters, like title, and even like incidents; the only difference being that Mr. Doveton's book is rubbish, while that of Mr. Lewis Carroll is classic. Thirteen passable illustrations are added by Mr. T. H. Wilson. (*Sonnenschein*. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 220. Price 2s. 6d.)

Bevis is the only boy's book which Richard Jefferies ever wrote. When it first appeared, some six years ago, it was in the form of a three-volume novel, and consequently did not reach the hands of many. We can, however, heartily recommend it, not only to boys, but to their elders, as a book which smells of the country and of country life. Bevis is a delightful boy, and Mark too—we get to love them both. Let us hope that the publishers will see fit to republish "Wood Magic," another tale in which these characters appear. The illustrations in this volume are not particularly good.—(*Sampson Low*. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 362. Price 3s. 6d.)

Jules Verne! Among boys a name to conjure with. What memories of half-forgotten books does it bring back! Journeys into the Interior of the Earth, Voyages on Comets, Journeys to the Moon, Submarine Boats—all are creations of his marvellously inventive brain. **The Purchase of the North Pole**, his latest work, is a sequel to "From the Earth to the Moon." J. T. Maston, the secretary of the Gun Club of Baltimore, evolves the plan of changing, by the discharge and subsequent recoil of a huge cannon, the world's axis, so as to lay bare the North Pole and the wealth of minerals which it is supposed to contain. The plan is kept secret, but a limited liability company is formed for the purchase of the Polar cap, all the shares being taken up by members of the Gun Club. When, however, the plan is made known the world becomes alarmed the surface of the earth will be changed, whole countries and peoples will be buried under some thousand feet of water, while Britain and Southern Australia will have only the most rarefied air, and measures are taken for the arrest of the directors of the scheme. They have fled, however, and when their whereabouts become known it is too late, they cannot be stopped, and the world resigns itself to its fate. Let the boys, and their elders, see the result for themselves.—(*Sampson Low*. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 182. Fully illustrated. Price 6s.)

ALMANACKS, DIARIES, and POCKET-BOOKS.

Mr. John Walker has sent us a selection of his "loop-back" pocket diaries, and from what we can judge we should say that they are without doubt the best in the market. The peculiarity of the "loop-back" diaries is that the pencil is inserted in a loop at the back of the diary; a very novel idea, and one that will be of the greatest convenience.

Messrs. De La Rue and Co.'s parcel of diaries, pocket-books, &c., for this year will be very hard to beat, the chief point about their pocket-books and diaries being the extraordinary amount of information which is placed at the commencement of each book. It is like a pocket "Whitaker." Some of the pocket-books sent us are very dainty in binding and paper. For small miniature finger and other diaries, Messrs. De La Rue are without doubt the best.

We have received from the **Religious Tract Society** some pocket-book diaries which will be very convenient. All the feast and saints' days are notified, and each day is provided with a text. We have also received "The Penny Almanack," "The People's Almanack" (1d.), and "The Child's Almanack" (1d.)

Messrs. Charles Letts and Co. have sent us a number of mercantile and other diaries. They are all distinguished by good paper, printing, and strong binding. They have sent us also a diary, entitled "Household Accounts," and "The Improved Cellar Book," both of which strike us as being of the greatest use. Their smaller pocket diaries, too, are very compact and neat.

From the **Stationers' Company** we have received "The British Almanac and Companion" (2s. 6d.), a publication which is literally crammed with information on all sorts of subjects. Everything of interest to anyone seems to be included in this volume, and there are specialist and signed articles on the Architecture, Art, Drama, Music and Science of the year.

From Messrs. Cassell and Co., who publish for the **Letts's Diary Company, Limited**, we have received a parcel of office and general diaries, almanacks, and diary pocket books. These diaries are too well known to need any description. Suffice it to say that their office and general diaries are undoubtedly the best both for paper and binding, and that their small finger waistcoat pocket diary is a marvel of compactness.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co.'s "A.B.C. Weekly Housekeeper" is an invaluable aid for the housekeeper. A space is allotted to each day, and a weekly summary of expenses is provided. Recipes and the "articles in season" column will also be useful.

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co.'s "tear off" Calendars are this year better than ever. "Every Day" (containing quotations from celebrated authors), "Day Unto Day" (from the Bible), and "The Shakespeare Calendar," are all deserving of the highest praise. Price 1s. each.

Messrs. Nister and Co.'s "Shakespearean Year Calendar" is sure to be popular on account of its artistic base. It is of the "tear off" sort, with quotations for every day of the year. Price 1s.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

For a boy who loves to read of adventure, and there are few who do not, we can suggest no more suitable present than one of the volumes of the Crown Library of Tales of Travel and Adventure, a comprehensive series issued by Messrs. Griffin, Farran and Co. Space does not permit us to describe these excellent books separately and at length; but the least we can do is to record their titles and the authors' names. One recent addition to this excellent series—Archdeacon Chiswell's **The Slave Prince**—is described as "a story founded on fact." Fact or fiction, it is un-

qu
P
in
is
an
"a
he
th
th
fac
37
vi
Co
to
Ch
sto
llu
w. J
"Cr
a do
It
prod
The
hero,
Engl
Muri
is, a
carri
night
to re
islan
cann
deit
comm
very
racte
and
Wina
The
Bay
Rom
and a
224.

questionably interesting, and, so far as one may judge from a hurried perusal, it seems skilfully told. (*Seco. Cloth, gilt. Pp. 378. Price 5s.*)

Mr. R. M. Freeman's **Steady and Strong: or, A Friend in Need**, is a school story in which an existing institution is described under the name of Chudleigh Abbey. The story and characters, however, are "purely fictitious," except that "the headmaster in the story has been modelled upon the headmaster of the actual school." It is gratifying to learn that "the three bad characters in the school, introduced for the sake of the story, are entirely without foundation in fact." (*Griffith and Farran. Seco. Cloth. Gilt edges. Pp. 379. Illustrations. Price 5s.*)

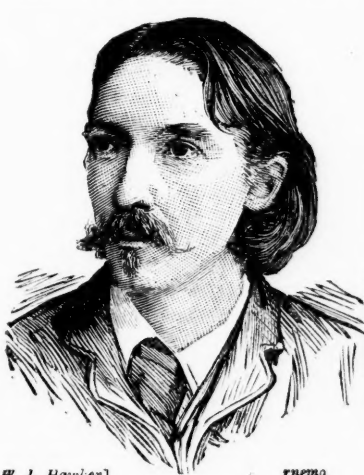
Another volume in the same series is Mr. GEORGE MANVILLE FENN's **Cutlass and Cudgel**, a Tale of the South Coast. "Manville Fenn," "Cutlass and Cudgel," these words to the wise will be sufficient.—(*Griffith and Farran. Seco. Cloth gilt. Pp. 374. Price 5s.*)

Finally Mr. A. H. Drury has written for the same series a story entitled **In the Enemy's Country**, which has been illustrated by Mr. H. Petherick. The older volumes in the

Another of the many tales "founded on fact," recently published, is **The White Kangaroo: A tale of Colonial Life**. The story, the scene of which is laid in South Africa, contains much interesting information concerning life in the bush. (*Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. Seco. Cloth. Pp. 178. Illustrations. Price 2s.*)

The Red Mountain of Alaska is an exciting story of adventure from the pen of Mr. Willis Boyd Allan. The "red mountain" is composed almost entirely of cinnabar, an oxide of mercury from which the metal can be easily obtained by heat. A Massachusetts family go to Alaska, and, under the guidance of an Indian, set out in search of the mountain. Their adventures, for which we must refer our readers to the book itself, form the staple of Mr. Allan's story. (*S. W. Partridge and Co. Seco. Cloth. Pp. 320. Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.*)

Blacks and Bushrangers. Adventures in Queensland, by Mr. E. B. Kennedy, is almost sufficiently described by its title. This is a new and cheaper edition of an interesting book. (*Sampson Low, Marston and Co. Seco. Cloth. Pp. 312. Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.*)



W. J. Hawker]

MR. R. LOUIS STEVENSON.



MRS. E. LYNN LINTON.



MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN.

"Crown Library of Travel and Adventure" to the number of a dozen or more, are still in print.

It has been left to Mr. Grant Allen's practised hands to produce the best boy's book of the season, for that is what **The Great Taboo** undoubtedly is. Felix Thurstan, the hero, is a Fiji civil servant, who is on his way back to England on leave of absence. In the same boat is Miss Muriel Ellis, with whom Thurstan falls in love. Near the island of Bonpari a breaker strikes the ship, and Miss Ellis is carried overboard. Thurstan plunges in to save her, but it is night, and although he succeeds in reaching her he is unable to regain the ship. With much difficulty they reach the island, which is inhabited by cannibals, ruled over by a cannibal god, Tu-Kila-Kila by name, who welcomes them as deities who have been sent across the sea in answer to his command. The adventures among these bestial cannibals are very exciting, most of them, too, being of an original character. "The Great Taboo" is tastefully bound and printed, and deserves to be the success of the year.—(*Chatto and Windus. Crown Seco. Cloth. Pp. 280. Price 3s. 6d.*)

The lives of Lord Clive, Captain John Smith, Good Knight Bayard, and Garibaldi, are briefly told in **Heroes of Romantic Adventure**. The book also contains portraits and a few maps.—(*W. and R. Chambers. Seco. Cloth Pp. 224. Price 2s.*)

The Swiss Alps have been described so often that one wonders what can induce a publisher to accept a book upon the subject. Yet numerous books concerning them are issued every year, and it is said that even newspaper editors sometimes print articles upon the Alps and Alpine matters. Miss Lily Watson has sent out a foil to **Within Sight of the Snow: A Story of a Swiss Holiday**, in the shape of a pleasant little story, called "A Surrey Idyll." Not that the story of the Swiss Holiday is in any degree unpleasant; it is, on the contrary, very brightly written. The only drawback is that the subject is so dreadfully hackneyed. (*Religious Tract Society, Seco. Cloth. Pp. 160. Illustrations. Price 1s. 6d.*)

It is but right that our young people—girls as well as boys—should learn something about the Great Britain beyond the seas, and about the people who inhabit it. Much useful information is contained, though not obtrusively thrust forward, in Mr. Theo. Giff's **The Little Colonists: or, King Penguin Land**—a very pretty story of life in the Falkland Islands. It is a volume of what is called the "Coronet Library for Girls." (*Griffith, Farran and Co. Seco. Cloth. Pp. 164. Price 2s. 6d.*)

In the same series—they are not stories of adventure, but it is convenient to include them here—will be found

Rollica Reed, by Eliza Kerr; **True of Heart**, by Kay Spen; and **Claude and Claudia**, by Mrs. Herbert Martin. All three are excellent stories for girls.—(Griffith, Farran & Co. "Coronet Library for Girls." Price 2s. 6d. each.)



JEROME K. JEROME.

The same firm issue a book of adventure which will interest girls. **Queen of the Rancho**, by Mrs. Emma E. and G. L. Hornbrook, is an exciting story of life in the "Far West." The authors point out, in a preface, that there was at one time—and indeed now is—a very marked preponderance in the number of the male over the female population. This fact naturally adds considerably to the importance of the heroines of the book. It is illustrated by the well-known "Savage," Mr. John Proctor.—(Griffith, Farran and Co. 8vo. Cloth. Gilt edges. Pp. 318. Price 3s. 6d.)

A Boy's Adventures in the Old Savannahs form the subject of one of Mr. George Manville Fenn's numerous Christmas books. No abstract, however full, would do justice to Mr. Fenn's story **Mass' George**, and we are compelled, therefore, simply to counsel everybody to read it.—(Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 551. Illustrations. Price 5s.)

First upon our list comes a very handsome reprint of a popular favourite, **The Swiss Family Robinson**. The editor, the late Mr. William H. G. Kingston, says that "it has been translated by members of the family from the German, with the omission of the long sententious lectures found in the original, and some slight alterations calculated to enliven the narrative." We have not the original German at hand, and cannot therefore say how far Mr. Kingston has improved the story; but we may safely assert that the volume before us makes most interesting reading. We can imagine no more acceptable present for a boy than this handsome book.—(George Routledge and Sons. 8vo. Cloth, gilt. Pp. xvi. 490. Coloured plates and other illustrations. Price 7s. 6d.)

The story of the relief of Emin Pasha crops up again and again in the Christmas books for 1890. No work on travel and adventure is complete without some account of Stanley's expedition, and it forms the subject of at least one story. **Recent Travel and Adventure** supplies brief accounts of the more stirring incidents of modern exploration,

supplemented by numerous interesting biographical facts concerning the men who took part in them. Stanley's rescue of Emin Pasha naturally occupies a prominent place, and is followed by descriptions of Thomson's journey through Masailand, the travels of General Gordon, Lady Brassey's famous voyages in the *Sunbeam*, the work of Livingstone in Africa, and of Vambéry in Central Asia, and the late Sir Richard Burton's visit to Medina and Mecca. The narratives are necessarily brief; but as the original authorities are in each case given, those whose interest in the subject is awakened will be able to seek further information elsewhere.—(W. and R. Chambers. Cloth. Pp. 288. Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.)

"A splendid enterprise!"—so Mr. Edward N. Hoare, M.A., describes the expedition upon which his story, **Lennard's Leader; or on the Track of the Emin Relief Expedition**, is founded. The narrative is, of course, fictitious, but the reader will find included in it a summarized account of the adventures of Stanley and his companions, which will no doubt enchain his attention and possibly lead to the perusal of larger works. Mr. Hoare has taken no liberty with actual facts, or with any of the personages mixed up with the Expedition, except with Tippoo Tib. (The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Cloth. Pp. 314. Illustrations. Price 3s.)

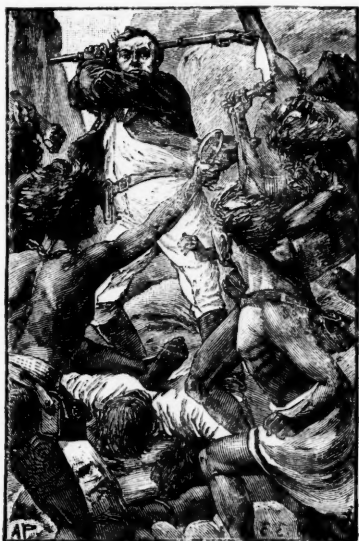
The late Captain Mayne Reid was one of the most popular writers for boys that have ever lived, and the publishers of **Stories of Strange Adventure** are quite justified in placing his name upon the title-page of the book, although only two of the stories are from his pen. One of these, "A Prairie Apparition," describes an exciting adventure in Texas; the other, "Brothers against Brothers," sets forth an affecting incident which occurred during the American Civil War. "Tom Turner's Duel," one of the anonymous stories of which the book is chiefly made up, is a tale of college life. The titles of some of the others are "My Friend the Tiger," "A Terrible Railway Journey," "A Midnight Skate," and "The Boneless Burglar." The adventures are all sufficiently exciting; but it may be doubted if all the stories are good reading for boys other than those of mature years. (Sampson Low. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Illustrations. Price 5s.)

A Yacht Voyage Round England is a new edition of one of the late W. H. G. Kingston's works. This book will make an excellent class-book of British Geography, but we are afraid boys as a rule will not care much for it. It is too much a guide-book and too little a story of adventure. The illustrations, however, are both numerous and excellent.—(R.T.S. Crown 4to. Cloth. Pp. 320. Price 5s.)

It is impossible to imagine a better book for its purpose than **By England's Aid**, a new story of adventure which Mr. G. A. Henty has written, and which will find its way into the hands of some thousands of boys before the New Year. Many will welcome it as a sort of sequel to "By Pike and Dyke"—one of Mr. Henty's previous works, which the new book follows immediately in point of historic interest. The two heroes, Geoffrey and Lionel Vickars, are the sons of a clergyman in Essex, who has been the tutor to the Earl of Oxford and his brothers. On England espousing the cause of Holland against Spain, the two boys enter the service of Sir Francis Vere, and go with him to Holland as pages. They are present at the siege of Sluys, and by their promptness discover a plot which would have lost the town to the English. On their return to England they are instrumental in saving the life of Queen Elizabeth, and are on board one of the ships which are sent against the Spanish Armada; but Geoffrey, the elder of the two, is washed overboard, and finds himself on board one of the Spanish ships, where he escapes death by feigning madness. Enough has been said to show that "By England's Aid" is brimful of adventures, while Mr. Pearce's illustrations are very vigorous.—(Blackie. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price 6s.)

Yet another book from Mr. Henty's prolific pen, and a very good one it is too. It is the tale of a family—father, mother, son and daughter—who have to emigrate owing to a bank

failure and the consequent loss of all their money. They unluckily choose New Zealand, which, at the time, was broken up by a religious struggle between the Maoris and the English colonists, and most of the troubles which ensue are the result of this choice. The Renshaws are accompanied to New Zealand by an old friend, Mr. Atherton, a man of great courage and herculean strength, whose presence of mind saves the family in many exciting adventures. Mr. Renshaw himself is an antiquarian dreamer, more interested in Julius Cæsar than in the ordinary necessities of everyday life, so that most of the business falls into the hands of his son Wilfred, a lad of sixteen, but thoroughly competent and courageous. Their adventures with the Maoris, before they are at last able to settle down, are very well told, and are very exciting, while Mr. A. Pearse's illustrations are full of spirit. **Maori and Settler.**—(Blackie. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 352. Price 5s.)



Reduced Illustration.
(From "Maori and Settler.")

Jack Robson, the hero of **A Chapter of Accidents.** by G. A. Henty, is a young fisher lad of Leigh (a small fishing village in the estuary of the Thames), who, by his heroism in saving the lives of his two companions, gains the patronage of a large shipowner who places him on board one of his vessels. Going ashore at Alexandria with two boys from the ship, they are present at one of the street fights which preceded the native rising, are imprisoned, and are unable to rejoin the vessel, which sails without them. They are kept in the hands of the rebels through the bombardment, but ultimately escape, only however to be wrecked in a tempest which overtakes the ship in which they had made their escape. Of course in the end they, but not without further adventures, reach England again. Mr. W. H. Overend's illustrations are very spirited.—(Blackie. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 288. Price 3s. 6d.)

M. Jules Verne, besides being responsible for his own books, is also responsible for a large number of pseudo-scientific novels which have been written by his imitators. **New York to Brest in Seven Hours** is one of these books, written by André Laurie. The hero, Raymond Frézols, a young Franco-American engineer, invents a submarine tube, with the object of conveying oil from America to Europe. His success is immediate, the time taken being only seven hours. By the aid of hermetically-sealed boxes he is able to convey fruit which is picked in America in the morning and is on the dinner-table in Paris in the evening. He enters into a contract for conveying the mails, and even sends animals—dogs and cats—by the tube. At last he even

ventures into the cylinder himself, with a result which readers must go to the book itself to learn. The book is profusely illustrated.—(Sampson Low. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 302. Price 6s.)

Mr. Moore, the editor of the *Belfast News Letter*, has written a very good boy's story. The adventures of his hero, Harold Cromer, in his cruise to Samoa in the yacht *Firefly*, are vividly told. The yacht stopped at a number of the South Sea Islands, giving Mr. Moore an opportunity for descriptive writing, of which he has taken every advantage. The account of the struggle with the octopus is very exciting, and fairly takes one's breath away. Mr. W. H. Overend has supplied the illustrations. **Coral and Cocoanut.** By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.—(S.P.C.K. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 379. Price 3s. 6d.)



Specimen of the Illustrations reduced from 5½ x 3½ inches.
From "Tieret School and College." (BLACKIE, 6s.)

BIOGRAPHY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"When faithfully narrated," says Mr. Robert Cochrane, the editor of **Great Thinkers and Workers**, "the lives of men eminent in the industrial, commercial, or literary world are full of instruction, inspiration, and stimulus for everyone, especially for those entering upon the active duties of life." Hence this little volume—one of the most fitting presents for a thoughtful boy that we have come across. The "Great Thinkers and Workers" whose lives are here selected to stimulate and inspire, include Thomas Carlyle, Lord Armstrong, Nasmyth, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Ruskin, Darwin, Kingsley, Browning, Millais, and George Moore (the merchant prince, not the novelist). Here is choice and to spare. The boy who wishes to become a literary man (whether poet, historian, or novelist), the boy who has a taste for natural history, the budding artist, and the mechanical engineer in embryo—for each there is at least one life calculated to arouse his sympathy and interest. The picture of Charles Dickens leaving the blacking factory for a solicitor's office, and proceeding thence to the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons, to become in the end one of the first novelists of the age, is one which can scarcely fail to fire a youth with literary ambition. Singularly helpful are the lives of Darwin, Carlyle, Nasmyth, and others. There are some good portraits in the book, which altogether presents a neat and inviting appearance.—(W. and R. Chambers. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 288. Price 2s. 6d.)

The last book noticed was a boy's book, the companion volume, **Lives of Good and Great Women**, is primarily intended for girls. Not that girls may not learn many a useful lesson from the lives of the great thinkers and workers of the other sex, or that boys will not be benefited by learning all they can about such women as Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Fry, Sarah Martin, and Mrs. Browning—to mention only a few among those whose lives are contained in the book under notice. Among the lives of women who are still with us we may mention those of Queen Victoria, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Rosa Bonheur, Miss Octavia Hill, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Fawcett is for some unaccountable reason omitted.—(*Chambers. 8vo. Cloth gilt. Pp. 288. Portraits and illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.*)

Yet another biography of Stanley, and perhaps the best of those which have been written solely for the young. His life is traced—giving, of course, special attention to the Emin Relief Expedition—from his childhood in the St. Asaph Workhouse up to the time of his marriage this year in West-

Hannington, and John Wesley. Among the illustrations are pictures by Messrs. Gordon Browne, Charles Greene, and C. J. Staniland. The volume will make an excellent boy's Sunday-school gift-book.—(*R.T.S. Imperial 4to. Cloth. Pp. 144. Price 3s. 4d.*)

"In many respects this man continually reminds one of Gordon; for in him we see the same heroic idea of duty, the same unselfishness and utter disregard of personal ends, the same intimate and sustaining communion with his God, the same humbling yet uplifting sense of the reality and importance of the eternal things unseen." So writes Mr. Jesse Page of Henry Martyn the missionary, whose life he has told in a little volume just issued by Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. The author gives us a brief but extremely interesting account of Martyn's life at the University of Cambridge, and of his work for Christianity in India and in Persia. The matter is well arranged, and the style is excellent. Altogether, **Henry Martyn. His Life and Labours**, is a book that can be thoroughly recommended.—(*S. W.*



MANVILLE FENN.



KATE GREENAWAY.

minster Abbey. The portions relating to Africa are carefully written, and the book has the advantage, over other short biographies, of a neatly executed map of Central and Southern Africa.—**The Story of Stanley**. By E. A. Macdonald. (*Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 160, with portrait. Price 1s.*)

Romance of Real Life is a large and profusely-illustrated book on true incidents in "the lives of the great and good." The incidents are chosen with an eye to the adventurous, most of them being of a highly exciting character. Among those to whom long articles are devoted are John Knox, Earl of Shaftesbury, Robert Moffat, Havelock, Livingstone, Bishop

Partridge and Co. 8vo. Cloth. P. 160. Illustrations Price 1s. 6d.)

Uniform with the preceding volume is another recently issued missionary biography, entitled **James Calvert; or, from Dark to Dawn in Fiji**. The author contends that the life and work of the Rev. James Calvert in Fiji, and the spread of Christianity in those islands, should supply a powerful and convincing argument against those who maintain that Christian missions are a failure, and that the heathen are incapable of receiving the Gospel.—(*S. W. Partridge and Co. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 160. Illustrations Price, 1s. 6d.*)

BOOKS FOR THE NURSERY.



[Reproduced by permission from a book published by Mr. Ernest Nister.]

IN no department of Christmas literature are artists, authors, and publishers so entirely successful as in that which provides books for the nursery. No doubt this is because the requirements of young children are not many or difficult to fulfil. Give the denizens of the nursery plenty of brightly-coloured pictures—especially pictures of dogs, cats, horses, and other familiar objects which surround them—and they are happy. Of books with such pictures there are enough and to spare; so that our nurseries can always be easily and cheaply stocked with a varied and extensive assortment of useful literature. Any of the works contained in the following list, which, it should be observed, does not pretend to be exhaustive, will be hailed with delight by every child into whose hands it may fall.

First upon our list we may as well place **Little Wide Awake**, one of the best of the numerous illustrated magazines for children. The Annual Volume for 1890 is rich in pictures, drawn by E. Wheeler, Ellen Edwards, A. T. Elwes, Harrison Weir, A. Greenbank, and others. There are also several serial stories—"Crooked Peter," which occupies twenty-two chapters; "Charged with a Trust" (Mrs. Adams Aetion), which takes up twelve; and "Another Peep into Queerland," which is complete in eight. "For Very Little People," is the general title placed over twenty-four pieces of verse and simple stories. The illustrations are all well done, and the volume is attractively bound. "Little Wide Awake," it should be added, is very capably edited by Mrs. Sale Barker. (Routledge and Sons. 4to. Cloth, gilt edges. Pp. 376. Price 3s. 6d.)

The annual volume of **The Child's Companion and Juvenile Instructor** is also good. The frontispiece consists of a very highly-coloured reproduction of a picture "You can't catch me!" A serial story entitled "One too many," written by Miss Mary E. Ropes, runs through the volume. The illustrations to "Pup's Adventures" deserve special mention. Taken as a whole, the yearly volume of this magazine is very suitable to children between the ages of (say) six and ten. The more expensive editions are very attractively bound. (Religious Tract Society. 4to. Pp. 192. Price 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d.)

Another excellent annual volume is that of **The Child's Pictorial**, in which are found contributions from such well-known writers as Mrs. Molesworth and the late Rev. J. G. Wood. Of the articles on the Zoo, two were written by the late Mr. Wood, and the remaining ten by the Rev. Theodore Wood. All are illustrated by Mr. Harrison Weir, and may be recommended as a useful preparation for, or supplement to, a visit to the Gardens themselves. The poem on "Simple Division" (if one may select a particular contribution for praise) is very pretty; indeed, the volume throughout is both bright and instructive. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 4to. Pp. 192. Price 2s. 6d.)



(Specimen illustration from Mr. Ernest Nister's books)

The Prize is a somewhat similar publication to that noticed in the preceding paragraph. It consists of illustrations (plain and coloured) and of poems and stories likely to prove very interesting in the nursery.—(Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co. 4to. Pp. 162. Price from 1s. 2d. to 2s. 6d., according to binding.)

The Rosebud Annual is the best and most popular of the yearly volumes which are brought out for little children. It owes its popularity to its illustrations, of which we have reproduced one or two, which are very bright and original. Mr. Louis Wain's little Chinese figures being quite delicious. In addition to the illustrations, there are a number of short stories and humorous verses.—(Clarke. Crown 4to. Cloth. Pp. 192. Price 4s.)

That perennial favourite with young folk, the **Chatterbox** volume, has reached us, and this year it is better than ever both for its illustrations and for its literary matter. There are two long serial tales and numerous shorter ones. There

are also a large number of interesting articles on history, nature—indeed every subject under the sun—and a series of very clever puzzles and acrostics. The volume is crammed full of illustrations—one on every page.—(*Gardner, Darton and Co. 4to. Boards. Pp. 412. Price 3s.*)



Specimen illustration from Mr. Ernest Nister's Books.

The **Tiny Gem Series** is a box of six small books for very small children. Each book contains four pictures in colours and numerous pen and ink sketches, in addition to the letterpress.—(*Nister. Six Books in box complete. Price 1s. 6d.*)

Clifton, Bingham, and Edrie Vredenburg are the authors of the six little books contained in the **Daisy Chain Library**.



From the "Rosebud Annual."

The books are all packed in a neat little box and contain numerous pictures both in colour and pen and ink.—(*Nister. Six Books in box complete. Price 3s.*)



From the "Rosebud Annual."

One of the most successful and popular forms of toy books this year are those which are cut out in shapes, giving a more genuine toy to little children. In this class of work Mr. E. Nister is undoubtedly the most successful; his shapes are more original, and his colouring infinitely more delicate than that of any other firm, the best of his toy books being "Red Riding Hood Cottage" and "Father Christmas." We give a list of some of these shaped books which have reached us:—

All Aboard. In the shape of a boat full of children (*Nister. Price 3d.*)

An Apple Pie. By Gordon Browne. In the shape of a pie. (*Routledge. Price 6d.*)

A Frog he would a Wooing Go. A frog with umbrella. (*Routledge. Price 6d.*)

The House that Jack Built. In the shape of a house. (*Routledge. Price 1s.*)

Red Riding Hood Cottage. In cottage shape. (*Nister. Price 1s.*)

Father Christmas. A Christmas Tree. (*Nister. Price 6d.*)

The Grand Parade. A line of soldiers. (*Nister. Price 3d.*)

Jumbo. An elephant. (*Nister. Price 6d.*)

Goodchild Family at Home, by Anna Hays, is a delightful game for children entirely novel, and an endless source of amusement. It is a sort of ideal doll's house in miniature. There are six rooms, folding up in a small compass, which are peopled by a large family—father, mother, children, servants, dogs, tradesmen, &c., &c. Each of the characters can be shown in different clothes and positions, making it the best game for small children which we have seen.—(*John Walker. In box. 3s. 6d.*)

Toodle's Travels is a delightful picture book for young children. The coloured illustrations are very pretty, and executed

in the most perfect taste. (*Nister. Crown 8vo. Boards. Price 1s.*)

Five years ago it would have been thought impossible to produce so beautiful a book at so low a price as **Gentle Jesus**. All the illustrations are very beautiful, making it the best of the devotional toy books. (*Nister. Imperial 4to. Stiff paper. Price 1s.*)

Mrs. Oscar Wilde and Edric Vredenburg are among the contributors to this delightful volume of fairy tales, which is very profusely illustrated, both in pen and ink and colours. **Favourite Nursery Stories**. (*Nister. Crown 4to. Boards. Price 1s. 6d.*)



From "Favourite Nursery Stories." (*Nister.*)

The best of children's picture books is, without doubt, **Old Father Time and His Twelve Children**, by Harriett M. Bennett. The coloured pictures, of which there are twelve (besides a large number of monochrome designs), all executed from water colours in the style in which the Germans alone know how to excel, represent the different months in the form of children playing at some seasonable game. The letterpress, too, is very pretty. Flo has a new little sister, but is vexed at the absence of teeth in the tiny mouth, so she writes the following letter:—

"Dear God, the baby you've brought us
Is awfully nice and sweet;
But because you've forgotten his 'toofies,'
The poor little thing can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter,
A' purpose to let you know,
Please come and 'finish' baby,
That's all. From little Flo."

—(*E. Nister. Crown 4to. Boards. Price 6s.*)

The Mystery of the Rat-Tailed Grey, by W. J. Hodgson, is a very fair specimen of the numerous books

which have been produced since the late Randolph Caldecott brought out his delightful picture books. The illustrations and verses are very humorous.—(*Griffith and Farrer. Oblong 4to. Boards. Price 2s. 6d.*)

Space will not permit of our mentioning all the children's picture books which we have received, but we append a list. Each of them will do very well as nursery books, the illustrations being gorgeous, and the print being large:—

A Ride to Picture Land. (*Partridge. Large imperial 4to. Price 2s. 6d.*)

The Infant's Magazine. (*Partridge. Crown 4to. Cloth. Price 2s. 6d.*)

Little Wide-Awake's Primer. (*Routledge. Crown 4to. Boards. Price 1s.*)

Old Mother Goose. (*Routledge. Large imperial 4to. Stiff paper. Price 1s.*)

The Circus Book. (*Routledge. Crown 4to. Stiff paper. Price 6d.*)

Oranges and Lemons. (*Routledge. Crown 4to. Stiff paper. Price 6d.*)

The Noah's Ark Painting Book. (*Routledge. Crown 4to. Stiff paper. Price 6d.*)

Natural History Stories. By Mrs. Howitt. (*Partridge. Crown 4to. Cloth. Price 2s.*)

Real Artists. (*S.P.C.K. Crown 4to. Boards. Price 6d.*)

Favourite Nursery Rhymes. (*Nister. Crown 4to. Boards. Price 1s. 6d.*)

HISTORY AND HISTORICAL TALES.

A distinguished statesman once remarked that he got all the history he ever learned out of Shakespeare's historical plays; and there can be little doubt that plays and tales based upon historical events, and introducing historical personages, are an excellent means of teaching history. As Tennyson has pointed out—

Truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

But to produce an historical tale of any value the writer must possess not only the extensive knowledge of the historian but also the vivid imagination of the novelist. Two among the writers of Christmas books do possess this rare combination; and in virtue of the position which their past successes have won for them are entitled to lead off the section devoted to "History and Historical Tales."

The Rev. Alfred J. Church—lately Professor of Latin in University College, London—is well known as a skilful adapter of stories from Homer, Virgil, Livy, Herodotus, and the Greek tragedians. Few men have been more successful in popularizing Greek and Roman history than he. This year he has gone to the former for his Christmas tale. **A Young Macedonian in the Army of Alexander the Great** relates the adventures of a youth bearing the name of Charidemus, who joins Alexander's army just at the time he is about to invade Persia. A spirited account of the great war follows. One of the battles (that at Issus to wit) is described from the Persian side, Charidemus having been taken prisoner by Memnon at Halicarnassus. He cannot, therefore, follow Alexander into India; but his bosom friend Charondas does, and describes in a letter the campaign against King Porus. Both Charidemus and Charondas fall in love, the former with Memnon's beautiful niece, the latter with Miriam, a fair Jewess whom he found among the captive Israelites in Babylon. They marry, and settle down in "two charming dwellings at the southern end of the Lake of

Galilee," and their after lives are "singularly uneventful and singularly happy." This, in brief, is Professor Church's story. It will be sufficient to add that where he professes to deal with facts he is always historically correct; and that the coloured illustrations are excellent of their kind, and add much to the interest and value of the book. (*Seeley and Co. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 326. Sixteen illustrations. Price 5s.*)

In *The Slaves of Sabinus, Jew and Gentile*, Miss CHARLOTTE M. YONGE treats of the times of Vespasian, and tells a story which is, in the main, founded upon Plutarch. Julius Sabinus is a wealthy Gaul of high rank who takes part in an unsuccessful insurrection against the Emperor, and who is consequently outlawed. He has to fly from his palace, and with his wife Eponina, and his two slaves, Esdras a Jew, and Telamon a Gentile, lives for a time in the woods. Every effort is made to obtain his pardon, but in vain; Vespasian will only be satisfied with the traitor's death. One day the two children of Sabinus stray from the cave in which the family is hiding, and are found by some soldiers who take them to the Roman camp near at hand. The slaves make a search for them, and are also captured by Vespasian's soldiers. The proud Jew cannot bear the extremity of torture to which both are put, and a confession of his master's hiding place is wrung from him. Sabinus and his wife, who are both condemned to death, embrace the Christian faith, as also does the broken-spirited slave through whose weakness the truth becomes known. Telamon had already become a Christian. It will be seen that the story is distinctly religious in tone, and suitable in every way for Sunday reading. The name of Miss Yonge is a sufficient guarantee that it is both interesting and well told. (*National Society's Depository. 8vo. Cloth, Pp. 249. Five illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.*)

The daintily got up volume which bears the title of *True Stories from Italian History* consists of a series of extracts, arranged in a certain sequence, from the works of La Farina, Cantù, Sismondi, Creighton, and other English and foreign historians. Together, these snippets form a pretty complete history of the cities which for so many centuries made up the country now politically united and known as Italy. Among the celebrated personages of history whose names find a place in the book are Charlemagne, Manfred, Cimabue, Giotto, Marco Polo, Dante, Sforza, Savonarola, Titian, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Benvenuto, Cellini, Tintoretto, Tasso, Bruno, Galileo, Salvator Rossi, Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi. The following extract from the account of Titian (p. 174) will give some idea of the general character of the book:—

Tiziano Vecellio was the most famous painter of the rich and glowing Venetian school. He was visited in his painting-room by the Emperor Charles V. Titian happened to drop a brush: the monarch stooped and picked it up. The attendants were thunderstruck at such a condescension. "Your servant is unworthy of so great an honour," said the painter, in a tone of shocked humility. Charles replied: "A Titian is worthy to be served by a Caesar. I can make as many dukes as I please, but I cannot make one Titian."

Any work calculated to direct the attention of our youth to the lives of the heroes, poets, and painters whose names we have mentioned deserves warm commendation. Mr. Bayford Harrison's compilation is just such a book. (*Griffith, Farran and Co. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 278. Numerous illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.*)

Uniform in outward appearance with the preceding book, but edited in a more workmanlike fashion, is *True Stories from French History*, compiled by W. M. PAUL. The author (or editor) has taken some of the best authorities on the subject, and "attempted to relate the more vivid and striking episodes in the history of France in such a way as to interest and amuse young people." He hopes that his stories "may form a nucleus round which a complete and more scientific knowledge of history may grow in after years." Mr. Paul's aim is an excellent one. Pigeonneau's "Petite Histoire de France," and Guizot's "Histoire de

France racontée à mes petits enfants," are excellent books of their kind; but neither of them is suitable for a Christmas present to an English child. Mr. Paul's compilation is at once an interesting gift-book and a useful introduction to the history of France. Some of the chapters—notably those on Joan of Arc, Richelieu, Louis XIV., The Terror, and the Franco-Prussian War—are excellent summaries of the history of the subjects with which they deal. (*Griffith, Farran and Co. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 254. Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.*)

Messrs. Blackie and Co. have a reputation for boy's books; in binding, print, and illustrations their books are always better than anyone else's, and this year *By Right of Conquest* is undoubtedly their best. Mr. Henty (the author) has taken the conquest of Mexico by Cortez and his followers for the groundwork of this story. The hero, Roger Hawkshaw, is one of the bold Devon lads who left everything to go and search for riches on the Spanish Main. He is the sole survivor of the *Sean*, which was wrecked on the coast of Mexico. He has numerous adventures with the Aztecs, falling in love with and marrying a princess—Amanche by name—whose devotion saves him from many dangers. At last he falls in with Cortez and his followers, and obtains their protection. By Amanche's aid he discovers a treasure house, rivaling that of Montezuma in its richness, and manages eventually to make his way back to England with a large fortune and a beautiful bride. Mr. W. S. Stacey has supplied the illustrations, and the book also contains two maps showing the routes traversed by the Spaniards.—(*Blackie. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 384. Price 6s.*)

Bride is the heroine of Miss Mary H. Debenham's story, *A Little Candle*, the scene of which is laid in Scotland during the stormy days of Claverhouse. Bride's father is killed in a Jacobite rising, and she and her mother go to live with Bride's grandfather, one Parson Murray. All goes well until the introduction of Laud's liturgy into Scotland, and the consequent renewal of the Covenant which followed thereupon. The Covenanters sack Parson Murray's house and burn "the big kirk Prayer-book and the parson's gown." Bride Galbraith and her friends are compelled to fly to France, where, by her tenderness and grace, she comforts and softens the afflictions through which her companions in adversity have to pass. Eventually she marries a young Royalist, and returning once more to Scotland, lives happily with him ever afterwards. The historical interest of the story centres around Graham of Claverhouse, who is treated from the Episcopal point of view, and represented not as a monster, but as a noble and gallant officer. The "Little Candle," it should be explained, is Bride, the heroine. (*National Society's Depository. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 268. Five illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.*)

Peckover's Mill; a Story of the Great Frost of 1739, is not, in the strictest sense of the phrase, a historical novel—that is to say, neither the persons represented nor the events narrated are truly historical. All the same, it is a stirring story of the days of George the Second—full of intrigue and adventure, and calculated to interest every boy and girl who picks it up. It comprises an account of an unsuccessful Jacobite plot and of an interesting dispute as to the ownership of the mill which gives the book its title. Silas Peckover, the Jacobite, comes home from abroad and takes possession of the home of his forefathers, storing guns and ammunition in one of the rooms of the mill. Ruth, the heroine, who has for some years been in possession of the mill, takes Silas in hand, and really makes him conscious of the unlawful practices in which he is engaged. Her efforts in the direction of his reform are unluckily cut short by his flight and subsequent drowning in the Thames during the time of the historic Frost Fair. Ruth is subsequently wedded to the man she loves. The book is from the pen of the author of "Starwood Hall." (*National Society's Depository. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 370. Five full-page illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.*)

Pictures and Stories from English History and The Royal Portrait Gallery will make two excellent volumes for school prizes. The first of the two is the best, making, as it does, a pictorial history of England from the earliest up to the present times. The second is mainly composed of portraits of the Kings and Queens of England, with short biographies. It contains also pictures and accounts of some of the memorable historic scenes.—(*Nelson. Crown 4to. Cloth. Pp. 260. Price 3s. 6d. each.*)

In "Pomponia," as in her previous works, Mrs. Webb has taken an historical period and historical characters, and has wound round them the plot of an interesting and, in parts, exciting tale. As in "Alypius of Tagaste," this book mainly deals with the tale of the founding of the Christian religion, and no better period could have been chosen for the purpose than that of Nero and Poppæa, full as it is of materials for the romancist. The first part of the story is laid in Britain prior to the invasion of Claudius.—**Pomponia: or the Gospel in Cæsar's Household.** By Mrs. Webb. (*The Religious Tract Society. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 384. Illustrated. Price 2s. 6d.*)

The story of the struggle between Luther and Cardinal Albrecht of Mainz is very clearly told in this small volume (a free adaptation from the German of Pastor Nietschmann of Halle, by Miss Julie Sutter). The story—given, we suppose for the sake of the young, in narrative form—starts in the year 1574, when Cardinal Albrecht commences his rule as Elector-Archbishop of Mainz, and traces the progress of the struggle up to the time when, defeated at every point, he has to own "Thou hast conquered, Augustinian." Portraits of the leading personages are added, being mainly reproductions of the works of Albert Dürer.—**Luther and the Cardinal.** By Julie Sutter. (*R. T. S. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 374. Price 2s. 6d.*)

Every boy and girl knows, or ought to know, **NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S** delightful adaptations of the myths of Hellas—those tales

... a fairy sent us
Fresh from dear Mundi Juventus.

Not even Charles Kingsley, whose distich we have just quoted, was more successful in dressing up these beautiful stories than Hawthorne, who brought out two books—"A Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales." They have been recently reprinted by Messrs. Routledge under the title of **A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys (including "Tanglewood Tales.")** These stories, as Hawthorne himself pointed out, make "very capital reading for children." The titles of the stories follow:—"The Gorgon's Head," "The Golden Touch," "The Paradise of Children," "The Three Golden Apples," "The Miraculous Pitcher," "The Chimæra," "The Minotaur," "The Pygmies," "The Dragon's Teeth," "Circe's Palace," "The Pomegranate Seeds," and "The Golden Fleece." The plates from which the present edition is printed have seen a good deal of wear, nor is the paper everything that could be desired. Children, however, are not apt to be critical in the matter of typography and the covers are exceedingly pretty. (*George Routledge and Sons. 8vo. Cloth gilt. Pp. 476. Illustrations. Price 2s.*)

NATURAL HISTORY.

We have seldom come across a more excellent or more attractive introduction to the study of natural history—a most fascinating pursuit—than that issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge under the title of **Natural History of the Animal Kingdom for the Use of Young People.** It is adapted from the German of Professor von Schubert by Mr. W. F. Kirby, and consists of a series of beautiful coloured plates, with letterpress descriptions prefixed. The following extract from the preface will give an idea of the aim and scope of the work:—

We have endeavoured to supply a series of good coloured figures of animals which may be used either for home study or for comparison with the creatures themselves. When we have no opportunity of visiting museums or zoological gardens, coloured figures are the best substitute,

and will serve to give us an idea of the general appearance of any animal in which we may be interested. And in going to the Zoological Garden, it is always better to form some definite idea beforehand of any animal we particularly wish to see or to examine. If we do this, we should find our visit much more interesting and instructive than if we went without any previous preparation, or any special object in view beyond mere sight-seeing and amusement.

The work is issued in three sections. Part I., dealing with "Mammalia," contains 31 plates, including 171 figures and numerous additional illustrations in the text. Part II.—"Birds"—consists of 30 coloured plates, including 195 figures. Part III., which covers an extensive ground, describing reptiles, amphibia, fishes, insects, worms, molluscs, and zoophytes, contains 30 plates, including 480 figures. The animals, birds, reptiles and the rest are arranged according to class, order, and species, and are, for the most part, adequately and popularly described. The English and Latin names are in all cases given. (*Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Folio. Boards. Price each part 1s. 6d., or the three parts in one volume 21s.*)

The late Rev. J. G. Wood's **Popular Natural History** is too well known to need any further eulogium here. We can only say that it is now in its sixth edition, and has been revised and brought up to date.—(*Routledge. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 596. Illustrations, 600. Price 1s. 6d.*)

Mrs. Brightwen, the Vice-President of the Selborne Society has, in **Wild Nature Won by Kindness**, produced a book which every Nature-lover will read with keen interest. Among the many engaging pets which she has from time to time had in her possession are starlings, wild-ducks, a jay, a young cuckoo, a nuthatch, tit mice, harvest mice, a mole, and a sacred beetle from the Nile. Concerning these various pets she has many a pretty anecdote to tell. Happily, the spirit of Coleridge's lines—

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small—

is no longer confined to the breasts of a few, so that Mrs. Brightwen's book will find sympathetic readers on every hand. The young cuckoo, whose portrait, from the facile pen of Mr. F. C. Gould, we reproduce, was found in the lamentable condition shown in the sketch in a gravel walk. He had lost his foster-parents and was dying of hunger. "In a few days," says Mrs. Brightwen, "he grew into a vigorous, active bird, flying round the room and too wild to be retained in safety. He was therefore let loose, and soon flew out of sight. I should hope he was quite able to support himself by his own exertions. I must say he showed no gratitude for my benevolent succour in his time of need." Perhaps the most delightful chapter in this most delightful book is that on "Zoë, the Nuthatch." (*T. Fisher Unwin. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 230. Illustrated by F. C. Gould and Author. Price 3s. 6d.*)

Dick's Holidays and what he did with Them is chiefly remarkable for its illustrations, of which there are a large number, all excellently reproduced. The titles of a few of the chapters will be sufficient to give an idea of the contents of the book: "Spring in Our Wood," "How We Went Fishing," "Our Garden by the Sea," "Fern Hunting," "Over the Hills," "Under the Microscope," "Through the Lanes," "Through a Cornfield," "In a Conservatory," and "On a Steam Launch." The book is supposed to be written by Dick, whose father has taken a cottage in the country for six months. Uncle Charlie, an amateur naturalist, appears upon the scene, and supplies such popular science as is required. The aim of the author, Mr. James Weston, was simply to produce a "Picture Book of Country Life for Children." This he has done. (*T. Fisher Unwin. 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges. Pp. 196. Hundreds of illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.*)

Every boy and girl who loves animals ought to possess a copy of **Our Animal Friends**, a delightful volume of anecdotes issued by Messrs. W. and R. Chambers. It is a perfect treasury of interesting stories about the dog, the cat, the horse, and the elephant. The fidelity, educability, and sagacity of the dog; the courage, boldness, memory, and intelligence of the cat; the fleetness, strength, and endur-

ance of the horse; and the docility and obedience of the elephant—these and many other lovable qualities in the animals named are illustrated by numerous authentic instances in which they have been exhibited. The pictures, of which there are a goodly number, are almost as delightful as the letter-press. (*W. and R. Chambers. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 224. Price 2s.*)

The Language of Flowers is a little book, very daintily got up and illustrated with twelve very pretty designs of children. Each flower is here with its symbolic meaning.—(*Nisbet. Small 4to. Cloth. Price 2s.*)

The hero of **Bob, the Spotted Terrier**, whose portrait, by Mr. Harrison Weir, accompanies this notice, has written his own memoirs, and very interesting they are too. "Bob," as he himself tells us, was reared by a beggar, who sold him to a showman. The showman taught him a host of



clever tricks, and, in return, Bob nearly made his master's fortune. He next falls into the hands of a soldier, who takes him to Jamaica, and upon his return to this country is presented to a young lady, whom he accompanies to Bath, then the fashionable rendezvous. In the end Bob becomes the property of a Gloucestershire squire, by whom he is taught to hunt, and with whom he remains until he dies in prosperity at a good old age. The story is pleasantly told, and appropriately illustrated by Mr. Harrison Weir.—(*Routledge and Sons. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 160. Many Illustrations. Price 1s.*)

Nothing could be more fascinating than Mr. Joseph Jacob's admirable collection of **English Fairy Tales**. It is, in fact, two delicious books rolled into one. From the child's point of view, it consists of some forty odd fairy tales, everyone of them more amusing and interesting than the last. But from the point of view of the student of folk-lore, it is much more than this; it is the best collection ever made of English folk

tales, fresh from the lips of the actual narrators. For quaintness of diction and raciness of the soil, nothing could surpass the style of the narrative. These old stories, indeed, descend to us, upon whom the ends of the world have come, from barbaric days, and breathe reminiscences of barbaric customs—slavery, polygamy, witchcraft, cannibalism, forgotten creeds, half-dead superstitions. The notes bring out such points in full; they show us the survivors of savage thought or savage law in "Tom Tit Tot," in the legend of "Childe Roland," in the "Three Heads of the Well," in the "Lairdly Worm of Spindlestone Heugh." In short, Mr. Jacobs has given us the best philosophy of English folk tales we have yet seen published. Nor do Mr. Batten's clever illustrations fall short of the text, they are devised throughout in the true mystic spirit of the strange old myths they evify before our eyes in such dainty outline.—(*David Nutt. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price 6s.*)



From "*English Fairy Book.*"

"Brownies, like fairies and goblins, are supposed to delight in harmless pranks and helpful deeds. They work and sport while weary households sleep, and never allow themselves to be seen by mortal eyes." These are the words with which Mr. Palmer Cox introduces **Another Brownie Book** to his readers. The majority of pictures and verses have already appeared in the *St. Nicholas' Magazine*, but to those who have not seen them and who want an illustrated picture book for the nursery, we cannot do better than advise them to buy this amusing book. Each page teems with illustrations of the most humorous character, and the verses which accompany them are very droll.—(*T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 4to. Cloth. Pp. 114. Price 6s.*)

Flower-lore, an interesting study, is treated in a very sympathetic fashion by Miss BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL in **Alexis and His Flowers**. The information is conveyed in dialogue form, the book containing numerous colloquies between Alexis (a little boy passionately fond of flowers) and the flowers in the conservatory, Dame Nature, and others. The following extract is a fair sample of the contents of the book:—

Over the Forget-me-nots the cousins had quite an amicable rivalry as to which should tell most stories. First, there was the tale of the knight and lady strolling on the bank of a stream, by which grew a little blue flower. The lady asked for some, and the knight, bending over to get it, was overbalanced by his heavy armour. He fell into the deep water and was drowned, first throwing the flowers on shore, and crying out, "Forget-me-not."

It was the last flower coloured at the creation, and so afraid of being overlooked that it cried to God: "Forget-me-not," and his Maker bade the flower for ever retain the name to remind it that once it had doubted Him."

Mary told Alexis how she had walked over the battle-field of Waterloo, and there gathered Forget-me-nots among the corn—Forget-me-nots that are said never to have grown there until they sprang from the seed of a little plant carried next the heart of a young Englishman who was killed in the battle.

The book contains something about almost every flower that blows, and should be read with delight by young and old alike. (*T. Fisher Unwin. Cloth. Gilt edges. Pp. 214. Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.*)

A new edition has been published of Dr. George MacDonald's **Light Princess**, a very pretty volume of fairy tales with illustrations.—(*Blackie. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 192. Price 2s.*)

"A Christmas book from the Antipodes"—that is the best description of Miss Kate McCosh Clark's story, **A Southern Cross Fairy Tale**. She reminds her English readers that "there are growing up under the Southern Cross generations of children with English speech and English hearts, to whom the Yule-log at Christmas is unmeaning, and the snow unknown." No doubt there are

plenty of children in the old country—where snow and the Yule-log kappily make their appearance in due season—who will be glad to learn that Christmas is liked among those who

By the long wash of Australasian seas
Far off, and hold their heads to other stars,
And breathe in converse seasons.

Mr. Andrew Lang has apparently ransacked the whole field of Continental folk and fairy tale to provide materials for his new book, **The Red Fairy Book** (a companion volume to the "Blue Fairy Book," which was published last autumn), and very well he has succeeded, for the result makes far and away the best Christmas book of the season. Mr. Lang has



From "English Fairy Tales."

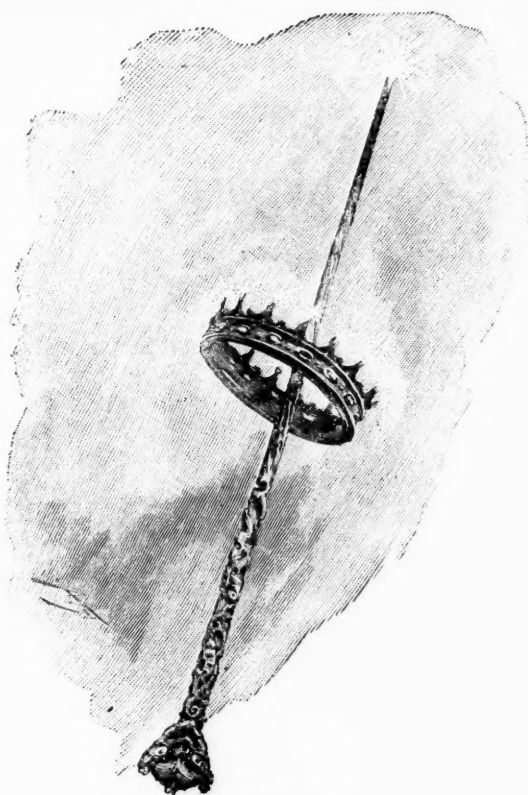
Miss Clark's story is a very pretty one, and, while seeking to amuse is intended to convey much pleasant and useful information. "New Zealand," as the author remarks, "is a land full of natural wonders and natural beauty; its vegetation and its fauna are in every way remarkable." Great care has been taken to render all allusions to these wonders, as well as the pictorial representations of them, interesting and true to nature. (*Scampson Low, Marston, and Co. 4to. Pp. 56. Numerous Illustrations. Price 5s*)

only edited this book; various hands have aided him in the translation and adaptation of the foreign fairy tales; Mrs. Lang, Miss Bruce, Miss Mav Sellar, and many others have all helped to produce this charming book, and the editor himself has condensed "The story of Sigurd" from the prose version of the "Volsunga Saga," by Mr. William Morris. Some of the tales are quite fresh to English readers, notably "The Death of Koschei the Deathless" and "Minnikin." The illustrations deserve a special word of praise. They are very

numerous, and are from the hands of Mr. H. J. Ford and Mr. Launcelot Speed. They are, we understand, executed from large drawings by a special process which allows a greater amount of detail in a small space than is usual.—(*Longmans, Green, and Co. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 367. Price 6s.*)



From the "Red Fairy Book."



The Southern Cross.

We have before us two of the volumes of the "Old Corner Series"—a new series of favourite fairy tales for the very young. Mr. Chasemore's illustrations are the only new things about these books, and they are very good, but his women are rather too modern—they remind one of the stage and of the comic papers.—**Aladdin**, and **The Story of Bluebeard**. (Griffith and Farran. Small 4to. Boards. Pp. 24. Price 6d. each.)

We have come across few books this season which we can recommend more cordially than **The Air Child and Other New Fairy Tales**, by Miss Frances H. Low. All the stories are new, and nearly all are charmingly told. Perhaps the prettiest series is that entitled "Dust-Heap Stories," in which a broken gold stud, a slate pencil, a rag-doll, and a sea-shell, all relate their experiences. The idea is not new, but Miss Low's treatment of it is at once original and successful. There is an abundance of fancy, humour, and pathos in her modest little volume, and we look forward confidently to a finer edition, with illustrations worthy of the excellence of the text.—(Griffith, Farran and Co. Seco. Cloth. Pp. 184. Price 3s. 6d.)

Another charming book is **Wanted, a King; or, How Merle Set the Nursery Rhymes to Rights**. By Maggie Browne. It is impossible adequately to describe the book in the space at our disposal; it must suffice us to say that it is one of the pleasantest books of the kind

which has appeared since Mr. Lewis Carroll wrote "Alice in Wonderland." There are numerous illustrations by Mr. Harry Furniss—one of which, representing Merle and the "Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds," the publishers have kindly allowed us to reproduce.—(Cassell and Co. Seco. Cloth. Gilt top. Pp. 182. Price 3s. 6d.)

Mr. J. G. Bartholomew's maps and atlases are well known as being among the best that are published. Messrs. Nelson and Sons have sent us his **Royal Atlas and Gazetteer of Australasia**, a really wonderful specimen of a clear and concise atlas. Besides the usual political features, a number of pages are given to maps on specialist subjects—the distribution of live stock, minerals, &c., the extent of exploration, geological structure, and mean annual rainfall. In addition, the atlas contains general geographical statistics and an exhaustive gazetteer. (Nelson. Imperial 8vo. Cloth. Maps 28. Price 12s.)

Readers must not be frightened at Fortuné du Boisgobey's name on the title-page of this book. It is no detective story of modern Paris, but a cleverly written book for boys. The time of the story is 1652, and the hero, the Chevalier de Tourville is a lad of noble family, who goes to sea, and whose adventures with the Corsairs are very graphically told, while much information is incidentally given about France in the 17th century and the Knights of Malta. The volume teems with illustrations by Adrien Marie, the French artist. **The Ocean Knight**. By FORTUNE DU BOISGOBEY.—(F. Warne. Crown 4to. Cloth. Pp. 309. Illustrated. Price 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Fenn's books are always prime favourites with boys—there is always such a breeziness both about his heroes and his incidents. **Nolens Volens** is the title of his latest story, which has been appearing as a serial in "A 1." The period of the tale is the latter half of the last century and the hero—Lindon Lavington—lives with his uncle in Bristol and works in his counting-house. Some money is stolen and Lindon is suspected. This so incenses him that he decides to run away, and makes his way down to the docks in order to get taken on board one of the outward-going ships. However, he re-



From "A Southern Cross Fairy Tale."

pents, and is making his way home in company with his uncle's foreman Jim Winble, when they are seized by a press gang and conveyed on board a ship going to the South Seas.



From the "Red Fairy Book."

They have numerous exciting adventures—once they attempt to desert and only just escape being shot—but eventually they get back to Bristol, where they find that the thief is discovered and that all is forgiven.—(*Partridge. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 416. Fully illustrated. Price 5s.*)

The fact that a member of the Folk-lore Society has contributed an introduction to the latest edition of **The Doyle Fairy Book** need deter no one from presenting the book to any young friend who may be interested in the matter from the story point of view. Both the introduction—which is decidedly interesting—and the memoir of Doyle—which is even more so—may be skipped by any young lady or gentleman into whose hands the books may fall. They are not likely to skip any of the tales. There are twenty-nine of them, and they are translated by Mr. Anthony R. Montalba from various languages—from the Danish, the Hebrew, the German, the French, the Upper Lusatian, the Russian, the Swedish, the Polish, the Italian, the Arabic, the Hungarian, the Bohemian, the Norwegian, and the Sanscrit. The pictures are all very characteristic of the work of the late Richard Doyle. One of these, illustrating the Hungarian fairy tale of "The Glass Hatchet," is reproduced.—(*Dean and Son. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 582. Price 5s.*)

It may be worth noting that **Prince Prigio**, by Mr. ANDREW LANG, is still in print. (*Arrowsmith. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 199. Illustrations by Gordon Browne. Price 3s. 6d.*)

A Peep into Cat-Land is one of those senseless books which have been produced in such numbers within the last year or two. They seem to teach nothing, and they are not particularly amusing, and yet they appear to have sold largely. Some of Miss Howell's cat pictures in this book are well-drawn, and may perhaps please very little children. (*F. Warne. 4to. Boards. Pp. 32. Price 2s. 6d.*)

John Chinaman is an excellent picture-book for very small children. Mr. Rowe Livingstone's verses are clever, and he manages in them to give a good deal of information as to Chinese manners and customs. The illustrations are full of humour, but we are not told whether they are of Chinese or English design. Whichever they are they are good, but they might have been a little less highly coloured.—(*Griffith and Farran. Royal 4to. Boards. Price 5s.*)

Bread and Honey is a pretty book, crammed full of pictures, which are sure to please our little ones. The majority of the pictures are in colours, but a large number are in pen and ink.—(*Nister. Crown 4to. Boards. Price 2s. 6d.*)

The "Coronet Library for Boys"—another of Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Co.'s excellent cheap series—has recently received two additions. The one is **The Rajah's Legacy; or, The Secret of a Hindoo Temple**, by Mr. David Ker; the other **The Log of the Bombastes**, by Mr. Henry Frith. Both are well worth reading.—(*8vo. Cloth. Pp. 240 and 318 respectively. Price 2s. 6d. each.*)

A very delightful present is Mr. Henry Frith's translation of Léon Gautier's **Chivalry**, issued in a manner entirely worthy of the book by Messrs. Routledge & Sons. It is a pleasantly readable account of the origin of chivalry, and of its code; of the espousals of the knight, of



From the "Doyle Fairy Book"

his domestic and military life, and of his death. The book is fittingly dedicated "to the memory of Miguel Cervantes Saavedra, who laughed at chivalry in his books, and was a true 'chevalier' in his life," and "to the greatest of Spanish



From "Wanted a King."

authors, and to one of the most valiant soldiers of Spain—the author of 'Don Quixote' the wounded knight of Lepanto."—(*Routledge and Sons*. 8vo. Cloth. Gilt edges. Pp. xii. 500. Numerous illustrations. Price 7s. 6d.)

The name of Dr. Gordon Stables is almost sufficient in itself to recommend **Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep**. We need only add that it is an interesting tale of the sea, worthy in every respect of the author's reputation.—(*Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 250. Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.)

Another interesting story of life on the "salt, salt sea," will be found in **Dicky Beaumont; his Perils and Adventures**, a gift book from the pen of Mr. Arthur Lee Knight.—(*Ward, Lock and Co*. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 282. Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.)

Our Little Dots is not the annual volume of any magazine; but it is a delightful book for all that. The coloured frontispiece—"Coaxing is better than scratching"—is very pretty, as are most of the other illustrations in the volume. The stories are so simple as to be easily comprehended by children of three and upwards. Altogether, "Our Little Dots" bears out the promise of the sub-title, and is a collection of "pretty pictures and stories for little girls and boys." We have tried it upon one "little dot"—a young lady just two years and three months old—and with the happiest effects imaginable. (*Religious Tract Society*. 4to. Pp. 192. Price 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d.)

Maria and I is an amusing volume of sketches, by Edgar Lee, which originally appeared in the pages of *Moonshine*. The author claims that the majority of the sketches are based on actual experiences of his matrimonial state. If this is so, we can only pity him, for the scrapes into which he got himself were innumerable. The sketches bear titles such as "Amateur Theatricals," "Company Promoting," and "My Precocious Nephew." The illustrations—as humorous as the text—are by Mr. W. Dewar.—(*Arrowsmith*. Crown 8vo. Stiff paper. Pp. 256. Price 2s.)

Favourite Stories for the Nursery is an illustrated collection of nursery tales for very little children. The print is good, which is a great thing in books of this class.—(*Nelson*. Crown 8vo. Boards. Pp. 128. Price 1s.)

Hazell's Annual.—We have seen an advance copy of the New Edition for 1891, and it is beyond question the Handbook *par excellence*. Its usefulness has been further enhanced by the most careful revision of all facts right up to date, and by the addition of 200 new biographies, including those of the leading Colonial statesmen. The departments dealing with Literature, the Labour Question, and Foreign Trade are specially worthy of notice, while the Index to the articles which have appeared in the five preceding additions is the only thing which was necessary to make "Hazell's Annual" the most handy Encyclopælia in existence. If the hard-pressed business man had no other library than this compact volume, he would still by its perusal be able to keep himself abreast of every topic of current political and social interest.—(*Hazell, Watson and Viney*. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price 3s. 6d.)



THE LAW AND THE LAWYERS,

SOON after the commencement of the sittings the *Law Journal* directed the attention of its readers to the somewhat unusual circumstance that all the fifteen judges of the Queen's Bench Division were available for judicial work at the same time. "Fourteen of them were actually sitting in Court, forming three Divisional Courts and seven Courts for the trial of jury and non-jury cases. Mr. Justice Wills sat with the Railway and Canal Commission, and Baron Huddleston was at Chambers." Elsewhere, however, in the Royal Courts of Justice there are several absentees owing to illness. Since then Lord Justice Cotton—justly characterised by the *Solicitors' Journal* as an eminently accurate and learned lawyer, and a wise, acute, courteous, and fair-minded judge—has retired. Mr. Justice Kay has been promoted to the Court of Appeal, and the vacant seat on the Bench has been filled up by the popular appointment of Mr. Robert Romer, Q.C., hitherto the leader of the Court of Mr. Justice Chitty.

RESTRICTIONS ON NEW TRIALS.

A very important statement was made by the Master of the Rolls soon after the commencement of the sittings as to principles by which the Court of Appeal will be guided in granting or refusing applications for new trials in cases which have been tried by a judge and jury. It was pointed out in our last issue that a very important change was introduced by a provision in the Judicature Act, 1890, which came into operation on October 24th, that all motions for new trials, or to set aside verdicts or judgments in any case where there had been a trial by jury, should be made to the Court of Appeal, which must consist of at least three judges, and not, as heretofore, to a Divisional Court.

The Master of the Rolls commented upon the fact that in many cases granting a new trial simply meant, in practical result, the imposition of heavy additional costs on the parties without any sufficient reason to justify it, and that one of the main objects of the judicature has been to prevent multiplicity of trials. He then proceeded to lay down the following rules:—A new trial will not be granted by the Court of Appeal, unless (1) it be made clear that there has been a miscarriage of justice. (2) Where the motion for a new trial is made on the ground that evidence has been improperly rejected, the Court of Appeal will not grant a new trial in cases where it sees that the evidence in question, if admitted, would have no difference in the result at which the litigants have already arrived. The *Law Journal*, in commenting upon this subject, points out that these principles are in accordance with the judicature rules, and with a well-known decision in the House of Lords. "Remarks of the same kind," it goes on to say, "have been made scores of times by judges before, and notably by the Master of the Rolls himself." The importance of their repetition at the present juncture is that it is not intended that new trials shall be granted any more freely under the new system, when the applicant must go direct to the Court of Appeal, than under the old, when he had his two chances of success—one with the High Court and the other with the Court of Appeal.

CAN A CORPORATION BE LIBELLED?

An interesting case, in which the Mayor, aldermen, and citizens of Manchester were plaintiffs, came before the Queen's Bench Division involving the question whether a Corporation could bring an action in respect of a libel charging it with "scandalous and abominable expenditure, of which the bulk of the members were in woful and pitiable ignorance." The Court decided that such an action could not be maintained. The grounds of the decision were based on the principle enunciated in a case decided more than a quarter of a century ago that a Corporation could not sue in respect of a charge of corruption (just as it could not sue in respect of an imputation of murder, or incest, or adultery), "for a Corporation could not be guilty of corruption, although the individuals composing it might be."

THE WORK OF COUNTY COURTS.

The *Solicitors' Journal* comments at some length upon the new position of the county courts and the great extent to which they relieve the High Court of the burden of litigation. The result to which the returns bring us is that the county courts, in addition to their ordinary business, which, in 1889, comprised, in round numbers, over a million plaints, and to the responsible work imposed upon them by the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, which in 1889 was represented by 341 cases, also disposed of considerably more than a third of the total number of actions commenced in the High Court and which come to trial. Our contemporary contends that in consequence of this altered state of things the county court judges are entitled to more generous treatment at the hands of Parliament than has hitherto been extended to them. However this may be, the increase of business in the county courts during the last quarter of a century is certainly most noteworthy.

COSTS AND THE JUDICATURE ACT OF 1890.

It is no marvel that the provision in the Judicature Act, 1890, with reference to costs, has been made the subject of most careful consideration. The effect of the enactment may be shortly stated to be that, "subject to the Judicature Acts and Rules, and to the express provisions of any statute, whether made before or after the commencement of the Act (October 24th), all costs are to be in the discretion of the Court or judge." It has been characterised in some quarters as an enactment "of tremendous importance." Before proceeding, however, to state the opinion expressed on the other side, we may give a compressed account of its history as recounted by an experienced and able correspondent of the *Solicitors' Journal*. The section was not in the Bill as it left the House of Commons, nor even in it as it was amended by the Standing Committee of the House of Lords. It was moved by the Lord Chancellor on the third reading in the Lords, and was accepted, *nem. con.*, without debate in either House. "No one quite knows what it means, unless, perhaps, the Lord Chancellor holds the key to the mystery. The result at which the *Solicitors' Journal* and their correspondent arrive is that the section introduces no change, and is absolutely devoid of any meaning whatever."

THOMAS BRETT.

OUR SCIENTIFIC CAUSERIE.

DARWIN'S SUCCESSOR AT HOME.

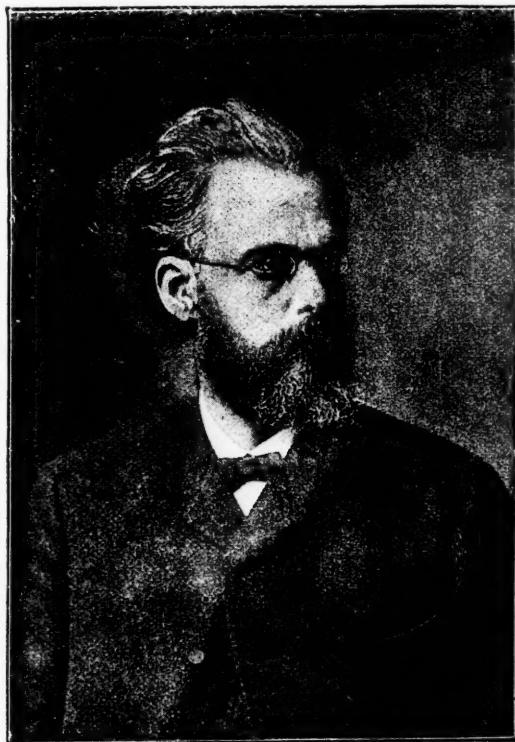
THE hero of the hour in biological science, upon whom Darwin's mantle seems to have descended, is Dr. August Weismann, Professor of Zoology in the University of Freiburg, in Baden. It is now some three or four years since scientific circles in this country began to be interested in Dr. Weismann's theory of the continuity of the germ-plasm, summarized in the June number of this REVIEW by Mr. Grant Allen—a theory which, whatever be the issue of the controversy which it has provoked, will assuredly rank in the future as one of the boldest and most masterful conceptions of science, forming a fitting supplement to Darwin's theories of the evolution of life. Professor Weismann is the scientist who has essayed to follow with the microscope the history of the germ-plasm which is carried over from generation to generation. His researches have led him to the formulation of a theory asserting, in the first place, the continuity of this matter from the beginning of life. This is supplemented by a strikingly bold and simple explanation of the origin and purpose of sex, and—more important still—by a theory of far-reaching import which denies the possibility of transmission to a descendant of any quality acquired by the individual after birth.

It would be hard to exceed in strange and weird interest the history which Professor Weismann has sketched of those mysterious atoms of protoplasm in which our bodies originate, extending, as he tells us, in an unbroken and immortal chain back to the very beginning of life itself. In his researches amongst these units of life he has carried Darwinism a step further back towards the origin of things than did his master. He has, in fact, sought to discover in forces working among the atoms, out of which all life is built, laws which are still shaping the course of evolution, and which have now their highest and widest seat of action in human society. Darwinism, originally a scientific hypothesis, has invaded nearly every

province of thought at the present time. It has transformed science; it has re-constructed philosophy. As the creeds turn uneasily on the defensive towards it. Even behind the social question it looms up as a great undefined problem, which to the minds of many of the most thoughtful will somehow have to be settled with in that ideal society of the future which is now the dream of Socialism.

We are likely to hear much of Professor Weismann and his theories in the future. The controversy which his views have excited in this country shows no signs of abating. A new edition of the translation of his essays published last year by the Clarendon Press is in course of preparation, and will shortly be issued. At the present time the following account of an interview which Professor Weismann was good enough to give me a few weeks ago at his home in Freiburg is likely to be of general interest.

Professor Weismann lives in a detached English-looking house in the Stadtstrasse, on the outskirts of the charming town of Freiburg in Baden. The view from the front windows is over the vine-clad slopes, which stretch upwards to the Black Forest, the dark fringe of which is just visible at the top. Freiburg is a town of



PROFESSOR WEISMANN.

many stirring war memories, but it is known to the English visitor principally on account of its situation close to some of the best of the Black Forest scenery. It is, however, at the present time, above all things, an intellectual centre, a university town housing between 900 and 1,300 students. The long vacation at the German universities begins at the end of July, and the summer term had just concluded when we called on the Professor. He is a tall, handsome-looking man with much of the poet in his striking face. He looks as he is—just in the prime of intellectual life. Having been born in 1834, he would be now about 56 years of age. Professor Weismann received us in a charming little sanctum amongst his

books. As we entered one was conscious, however unworthily, of a momentary ripple of national pride. The eye caught almost at once, in the bust of Darwin over the Professor's desk, the familiar features in marble of the second Newton which England has given to science. The bust stood appropriately in the place of honour, and under those heavy, lowering eyebrows of the great English naturalist one seemed to be at once in the presence of the presiding genius of the Professor's life work.

Professor Weismann speaks English very fairly, smilingly disowning, in reply to a suggestion, any connection between the accomplishment and the fact of his possessing an English son-in-law in Professor Newton Parker. The conversation at first turned upon the present position of the controversy being waged about the theory of the non-transmission to offspring of qualities acquired during the lifetime of the parent and the experiments which had been made in France and England.

they made a mistake, which has put back the development of the biological sciences in France for 50 years. It is true that of late there has been a change, and the rising generation of scientific men in France are no longer bound by the traditions of their predecessors; but the loss to French science has been great.

DARWINISM AND THE SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS.

The conversation next turned on the social question in Germany and England. Professor Weismann admitted that the future held for solution grave problems, and that upon many of them Darwinism had a more or less direct bearing. I was anxious to know what bearing he thought his own theories had upon these problems. Did he, I asked, think that his theory of the non-transmission to children of the effects of training and education in the parent was likely to modify our view of society. Did he, for instance, think it tended to establish that the lower classes in the towns, if allowed a fair start at birth, were the equals



VIEW OF FREIBURG.

DARWINISM IN GERMANY AND FRANCE.

It soon, however, travelled into wider channels. I asked Professor Weismann what his opinion was as to the effect of Darwin's work upon science in Germany.

"It has been immense," he said. "All the sciences have felt it more or less; it would be hard to particularize and say which have felt it more than the others; it has transformed many of them. It is yet too soon to attempt any estimate of it. Darwin has been correctly described as the Newton of Biology. I said so in opposition to many of my colleagues at the time when his theories were first discussed in this country. His principles are now generally accepted by German men of science."

"To what do you attribute the fact that Darwin so slightly influenced science in France, while he so greatly influenced the scientific mind of Germany?"

Perhaps in some degree to a certain national jealousy; they would not give up Cuvier for Darwin in France. But

in natural inheritance with the classes above them? Professor Weismann did not reply. He seemed to think that these were questions which would require to be thought out afterwards.

With regard to the part which, from the point of view of the Darwinian, religion had played in the evolution of modern society, Professor Weismann was very decided in his views. "I certainly think," he said, "that religion has been a most important factor on the side of human evolution."

"You say 'has been.' Do you consider that it will continue to be a necessity of society?" The reply, after a short pause, was a decided affirmative.

"Do you not consider that Darwinism has made belief in the tenets of Christianity more difficult?"

"To the acuter minds this is probably so; to the multitude it does not much matter." Professor Weismann went on to say that religion had never rested on a basis which was seriously endangered now.

"There will," he said, "always remain behind something which there is no hope that science will ever explain, and this will continue to form the basis of religion" (a view somewhat similar to that which Mr. Herbert Spencer has come to hold).

Here Professor Weismann rose and took down a volume from the shelf, saying as he did so—"I have already to some extent expressed myself on this point." The book he had taken down was the English translation of his "Studies in the Theory of Descent," published by Sampson Low. Turning to the section "On the Mechanical Conception of Nature," he pointed out the passages, reading some of them aloud:—

Although I maintain that a purely mechanical conception of the processes of nature is alone justifiable, I nevertheless believe that there is no occasion for this reason to renounce the existence of, or to disown, a directive power; only we must not imagine this to interfere directly in the mechanism of the universe, but to be rather behind the latter as the final cause of this mechanism (p. 708).

And again:—

We now believe that organic nature must be conceived as mechanical. But does it thereby follow that we must totally deny a final universal cause? Certainly not. It would be a great delusion if anyone were to believe that he had arrived at a comprehension of the universe by tracing the phenomena of nature to mechanical principles. He would thereby forget that the assumption of eternal matter with eternal laws by no means satisfies our intellectual need for causality (p. 710).

And further,

"Let us take our stand boldly on the ground of the new knowledge and accept the direct consequences thereof, and we shall not be obliged to give up either morality or the comforting conviction of being part of a harmonious world as a necessary member capable of development and perfection" (p. 717).

Looking at the history of Europe from the point of view of the Darwinian, Professor Weismann was inclined to rank the Reformation amongst the greatest of the social evolutionary forces of modern times. The moral idea necessary to society had been preserved, and more room for expansion had been obtained for the human mind. As a sociologist he said he considered the new churches of Germany and England as constituting a higher order of social force than that contributed by Roman Catholicism. He did not admit, he said, that the results now to be seen on either side of the line of cleavage produced by the Reformation in Europe was simply a question of race. Germany and England owed their progress, political and material, largely to the expansion and strengthening of mind which came with the new era. Roman Catholicism still gave in Germany an anti-scientific bias to the mind in education. Comparatively few, he said, of the men of science at the German universities were Roman Catholic.

PROFESSOR WEISMANN'S LATEST WORK.

The coming edition of Professor Weismann's essays about to be published in England will contain three new papers. Those already published have been "The Dura-

tion of Life," "On Heredity," "Life and Death," "The Continuity of the Germ-plasm," "The Significance of Sexual Reproduction," "On the Number of Polar Bodies and their Significance in Heredity," "On the Supposed Botanical Proofs of the Transmission of Acquired Characters," "The Supposed Transmission of Mutilations." It will be within the recollection of many that Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the principle of natural selection, caused a slight sensation last year in some quarters. In his book on Darwinism he concluded an exhaustive review of the whole subject by finding in the human mind certain faculties peculiar to man, the origin and development of which could not be accounted for on the Darwinian hypothesis. Chief amongst these were the mathematical faculty, the artistic faculty, and the musical faculty. Professor Weismann's latest work has been a treatise on the origin of the musical faculty. Respecting the faculties in question, Mr. Wallace expressed himself:—

It appears that . . . these mental powers differ widely from those which are essential to man, and are, for the most part, common to him and the lower animals; and that they could not therefore possibly have been developed in him by means of the law of natural selection.

And he went on to attribute them to a spiritual cause, in the following passage:—

The special faculties we have been discussing clearly point to the existence in man of something which he has not derived from his animal progenitors—something which we may best refer to as being of a spiritual essence or nature capable of progressive development under favourable conditions. On the hypothesis of this spiritual nature superadded to the animal nature of man we are able to understand much that is otherwise unintelligible with regard to him.

Previous to this Professor Weismann had himself

admitted in his paper on Heredity the difficulty of accounting, under the law of natural selection, for the development in man of what we call the talents, concluding, however, with the following passage:—

I wish to show that, in my opinion, talents do not appear to depend upon the improvement of any special mental quality by continued practice, but they are the expression, and to a certain extent the bye product, of the human mind which is so highly developed in all directions.

Professor Weismann has since apparently felt that this was not a sufficiently satisfactory state in which to leave the subject, and he has again taken it up. I did not see his paper, but I understood that he was not in agreement with Mr. Wallace, and that he has attempted to account for the origin and development of the musical faculty on strictly Darwinian principles, tracing it back to the lower animals.

PROFESSOR WEISMANN'S EARLY LIFE.

Professor Weismann's father was Professor of Philology in the Lyceum in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and until the age of eighteen the son was educated at the Gymnasium of his native city. Like many of our distinguished men



ZOOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, FREIBURG.

of science, the latter began his career in the medical profession.

"From 1852 to 1856," said Professor Weismann in the particulars of his life which he gave me, "I studied medicine at Göttingen, and heard the lectures of Henle, Rudolph Wagner, etc., and in the following year I visited the universities of Vienna and Paris, and afterwards of Giessen, where Rudolph Leuckart introduced me to modern zoology. From 1860 to 1862 (26th to 28th year) I lived as Physician in Ordinary to His Imperial Highness the Archduke Stephan of Austria, at Castle Schaumburg, near Ems. It was there I found leisure for my first greater work in zoology, the 'Development of the Diptera.' And, besides this, the lovely site of the castle in the midst of the forests of the River Lahn gave me opportunity for many observations about the life-history of different animals—insects, mammals, and birds."

WEISMANN AND DARWIN.

The determining incident in Professor Weismann's life would appear to be one which most men would probably look upon as a profound misfortune. After a course of work upon embryological and other subjects, his researches were interrupted at the age of thirty by failing eyesight—an affliction which caused the suspension of all microscopical work for a period of ten years. It was during this interval that he appears to have caught the inspiration of Darwin's theories of evolution. From 1868 to 1876 he published a series of papers on the subject already referred to, under the title of "Studies in the Theory of Descent." It was in a preface to the English translation of this book, published by Sampson Low in 1882, that Darwin made the significant remark: "At the present time there is hardly any question in biology of more importance than the nature and causes of variability" (between individuals). The answer to this riddle, which Darwin left unsolved, Professor Weismann has since attempted to give in the essays which have made his name famous. Of his remarkable theories respecting the germ-plasm perhaps the most striking is that in which he seeks to find in sex the origin and cause of this variability between individuals upon the existence of which the whole fabric of Darwinism rests.

It might at first sight appear to be matter for surprise that such importance should attach to this question of the cause of variation among members of the same species, as, for instance, amongst the members of the human race, no two individuals of which have probably ever been exactly alike. It is, however, upon the existence of these variations that Darwinism has been built; for if there had been no variation we should have been all alike, and there could have been no law of natural selection securing the survival of the fittest where all were equally fit. Evolution would, in fact, have been at a standstill, and there could have been no progress. Whence then come these variations? Largely from the effect of use or disuse of organs, said most Darwinians till quite recently. Certain individuals developed certain parts and organs in this way more than others, and they transmitted the increased or diminished development to their descendants. This view, to which Darwin in some measure lent his name, after going the rounds for a quarter of a century, came to be challenged by Professor Weismann. Long-continued mutilations were obviously not transmitted; were qualities acquired by the individual

after birth ever transmitted to offspring at all? Professor Weismann's answer, after a life of prolonged embryological research, is a distinct negative. Nay, more, he as good as says that, having in view the history of the germ plasm, it is inconceivable how it could carry to the next generation the impress of any qualities acquired by the individual after birth. Leaving out of the question the physical contact of disease, nothing acquired by the individual after birth is ever transmitted to a descendant.

This startling conclusion, an expansion, and in many respects a reversal, of Darwin's views, has of course excited the keenest controversy. If it is established—and at present the evidence is distinctly in its favour—it will have the most far-reaching effects, not only on many biological questions but on many of our views of human society. For instance, one of the darkest clouds which hang over our civilization is the picture of the dreadful inheritance of the poor and vicious in our great cities and centres of population. The misery and degradation in the lifetime of the individual is bad enough, but when, in addition to this, the scientific imagination paints for us the effects of this vice and degradation transmitted to offspring and accumulated from generation to generation, the picture becomes too appalling to dwell upon. So far as Professor Weismann is able to dispel this nightmare, his theory is the best hope which Darwinism has yet produced. If every new generation comes into the world pure and uncontaminated, so far, by the surroundings and life-history of its parents, we are on the eve of what is, in many respects, a new gospel. More than ever is the demand likely to be made for help, if it is recognised in future that to raise the individual is to restore the next generation physically as well as morally.

But if the qualities acquired by the individual after birth are not transmitted to the offspring, how, it may be asked, does Professor Weismann remain a Darwinian and account for the evolution of life? His reply is bold and simple. The variations upon which natural selection works in the course of evolution, are, he says, born, not made, in the individual. The variations are congenital. Here we have Professor Weismann's explanation of sex. Sexual reproduction he regards as a stupendous organization by which nature is ever mixing together and forming new combinations of the hereditary qualities of a whole species. No two individuals are consequently ever exactly alike. The effect of sexual reproduction, is, in fact, to supply these small variations between individuals upon which natural selection works and upon the existence of which consequently all progress in the evolution of life depends.

It is to be hoped that Professor Weismann will live to complete the section of the work to which he is devoting himself. "The influence of the theory of Descent," he has stated, "has advanced our knowledge of biology to an altogether immeasurable extent." Many of the best working years of life are still before him, but the field is so wide and the prospect opened up so vast that there is already room and to spare for many workers beside him. He has lived at Freiburg, in Baden, since 1862, getting the professorship of zoology at the university, and he intends to remain at the quiet town where he has done most of the serious work of his life. "I have," he added "much more leisure here for scientific work than I should have in any one of the larger universities of Germany. I have preferred to stay here, and have refused to go to Breslau, Bonn, or Munich, from whence I have received calls."

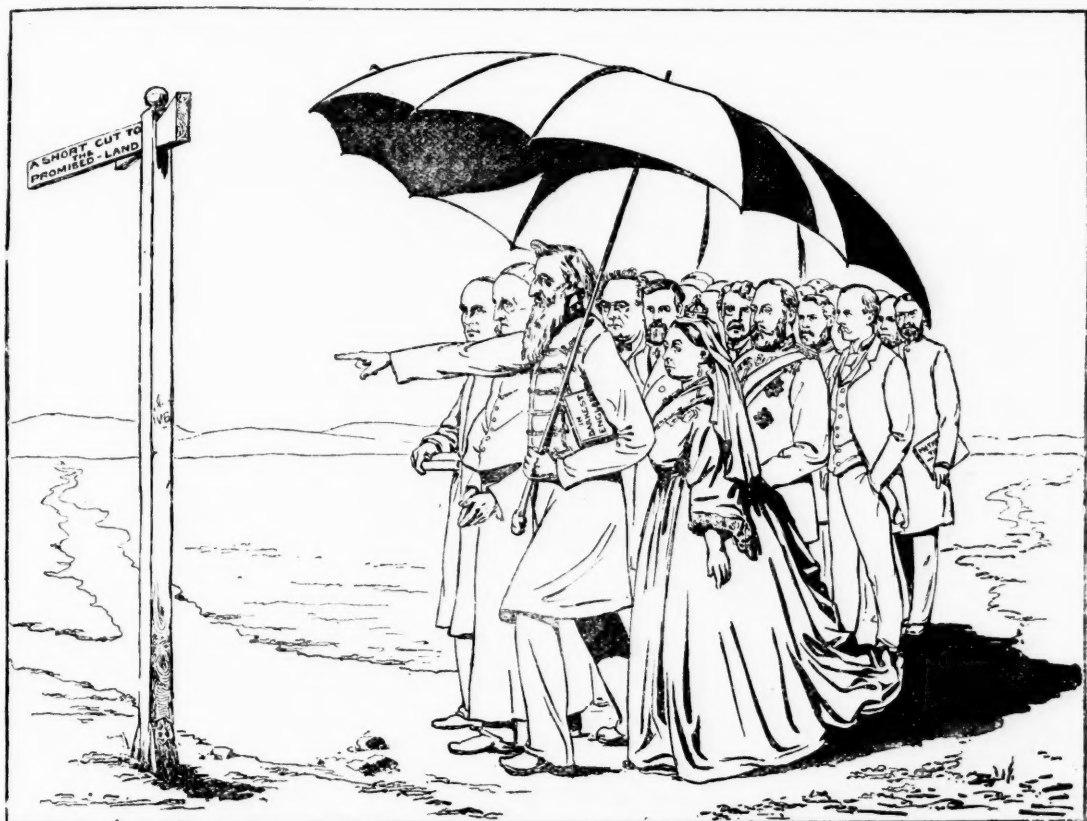
BENJAMIN KIDD.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR—IN DARKEST ENGLAND.

FOR THE WAY OUT—£70,000, AND MORE TO FOLLOW.

THE success which has attended General Booth's appeal to his countrymen on behalf of the submerged tenth has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The printers—or rather the bookbinders—have been quite unable to keep cope with the demand for copies of the book "In Dark-

fascinated the public from the first, and succeeded in enlisting an amount of public support which six months ago the most hopeful would not have ventured to dream. The Press throughout the country has been singularly cordial in its reception of the scheme, and nothing is more remarkable than the union which it has occasioned among



UNDER THE GENERAL'S UMBRELLA.

st England,' of which, up to the date of going to press, some 115,000 copies have been sold. It is most remarkable. The demand is still unabated, and it seems by no means improbable that the circulation of the book will reach 150,000 before Christmas. This is the success of the year from the bookselling point of view. Steps have already been taken to have it translated into Swedish, Dutch, French and German, and it will probably make a tour of the world, reappearing in almost every language spoken by civilized man.

The comprehensiveness and audacity of the scheme

men of the most diverse political and religious creeds. The General's scheme seems to be the one thing on which Whigs and Tories all agree. Professor Huxley objects to the rise of a new religious order, and the Charity Organization Society sees a lion in the path, but the chief objections come from the militant Socialists, who seem to regard the General as poaching in their domain. Instead of welcoming him as a fellow-worker, they seem disposed to denounce him as an interloper, and one who does not interlope far enough.

The General, in his speech at Exeter Hall, said justly that his scheme was one of the largest umbrellas ever un-

furled over the heads of a miscellaneous, incongruous collocation of independent personalities. Our Artist has attempted to give pictorial form to the General's illustration, but not even the largest umbrella could cover the multitudinous recruits who are crowding to the General's side almost every day.

"In Darkest England" is discussed everywhere. It has been preached in the Abbey, and collections were made for it in churches and chapels, and there is no doubt at all as to the extent to which it has influenced—and is likely to influence—the whole of English thought. When men of such immense diversity of view as Cardinal Manning, Sir Edward Malet, the Bishop of Manchester, Mr. Morley, Sir Edward Clarke, Lord Wolseley, the Earl of Airli, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Tom Mann, and Mr. Benjamin Tillet, can agree to declare the scheme deserves a fair trial, we may fairly conclude that it has been read the first time without a division, and now comes to second reading with flying colours.

The reception by the general public of the scheme has been gratifying in the extreme. When General Booth spoke at Bradford, he was followed through the street by cheering crowds, and £3,000 was raised in a single day. At Birmingham £2,000 was raised, and at Manchester £2,000. Such an immense difference in the position which has been occupied by the Salvation Army in public estimation gives rise to many reflections. Mr. Caine said to me, on the eve of his departure to India, "Those of us who have defended the Salvation Army all these years are finding ourselves at last as having been in the right after all." So great has been the swing of the pendulum from obloquy to popularity, that the satirist has found in the growth of the General's popularity a fertile scheme for suggesting the establishment of a Booth dictatorship. A clever little *brochure*, called "Pope Booth," has been extensively sold during the last month. Its character may be inferred from the illustration which is reproduced on the accompanying page. It is only a few months since *Punch* ridiculed the Lord Chief Justice for his judgment in the Whitchurch case, by drawing Lord Coleridge in a Salvation Army bonnet as "Our Lord Chief Justice," and already the Army has attained the prestige which the sale of such a pamphlet makes possible.

FROM THE QUEEN AND OTHERS.

General Booth has received the following letter:—

Balmoral, Nov. 17, 1890.

Dear Sir,—I am commanded by the Queen to convey to you Her Majesty's thanks for the copy of your book, "In Darkest England, and the Way Out," which you have been good enough to send for Her Majesty's acceptance.

The Queen cannot, of course, express any opinion on the details of a scheme with which she is not yet acquainted; but, understanding that your object is to alleviate misery and suffering, Her Majesty cordially wishes you success in the undertaking you have originated.

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

William Booth, Esq.

HENRY F. PONSONBY.

Sir Francis Knollys writes:—

I am desired by the Prince of Wales to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to beg of you in reply to be so good as to convey to General Booth the expression of his best thanks for the volume which he has requested you to forward to him.

Pray likewise assure him on the part of the Prince that his Royal Highness is confident that he cannot fail to be very

greatly interested by the perusal of a work that treats of a subject which for many years he has had so much at heart.

Mr. Gladstone writes to Mr. Booth, Nov. 13th:—

I began, while politically engaged in Scotland, the important volume you have been so good as to send me. My distractions have been such that it is not yet finished. I look forward to its complete perusal with great interest, while I fear that practical progress in the question will have to depend on less full-handed men.

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P., has written as follows:—

Your book in "Darkest England" has greatly interested me, and points out, in my belief, the best means of dealing with the misery and crime which defile and disgrace the civilization of our land. I have entire confidence in your wise and faithful stewardship of any fund that may be subscribed, and I enclose a cheque for £50 as my contribution to the good work.

The Marquis of Ripon writes, Nov. 27th:—

Your scheme for dealing with the gigantic evils which you so powerfully describe seems to me a hopeful one, and I am anxious to be allowed to aid in it. I enclose a cheque for £100 which I would be glad should be devoted to the farm colony."

THE SCHEME AT THE ABBEY.

Archdeacon Farrar preached on the book in Westminster Abbey on the 9th of November. There was an immense congregation, and multitudes were turned away who were not able to gain admittance. Dr. Farrar appealed for funds. He said he had been deeply stirred by the book. The scheme seemed to him full of promise. It ought not to fail for lack of funds:—

There were at least a hundred men in England who could immortalize themselves by giving the whole sum without foregoing a single luxury; and there were thousands of persons who could easily spare £100. It would be an indelible shame to England if for want of so infinitesimal a self-denial a scheme of such hopeful promise failed even of a trial. The question for every man was, "Shall this scheme fail through my cowardice, greed, supineness, petty prejudices, or selfish conventionality?" Those who saw any good in the scheme were bound to help it forward, and those who disapproved of it were bound to propose or forward something better. The most contemptible course of all was to make the scheme the mere excuse for envy, malice, and depreciation.

MR. BANCROFT'S OFFER.

Mr. Bancroft, the actor, wrote to the *Times* on November 11th:—

I know nothing of General Booth's scheme in detail, but it seems to me to be so noble in its object that something real, soon and surely, should be done to aid it. I read that the large sum of £100,000 will be necessary to insure an effectual trial, and, without the smallest pretence to hang on to even the skirts of philanthropy, I beg to say that, if 99 other men will do the same for the cause, I will give General Booth £1,000 towards it.

A CIRCULAR TO THE CHURCHES.

The following circular was issued on Saturday, the 15th ult:—

To the Clergy and Pastors of the British Churches.

Dear Brethren,—General Booth's scheme for dealing with the despairing classes of our large cities has called forth expressions of the widest interest and sympathy. That sympathy is, we are persuaded, nowhere warmer than among the Christian Churches of the land. Of this there are numerous evidences, some of which may have come under your personal observations."



POPE BOOTH III. BLESSING KING ALBERT VICTOR II.

That the proposals made by General Booth should have a fair and adequate trial seems to us of the highest importance to the nation. We welcome, therefore, his invitation to the friends of the poor to furnish him with that financial help without which he can take no step forward in this necessarily costly experiment. The suggestion that the Churches should take an independent line in this matter, and make an opportunity for their people to join in providing the sum required, seems to us a good one. Some have already been able to arrange to act upon it for themselves and for their people. We should be greatly gratified if any considerable number of our brethren, of whose true interest in the needy we have abundant proof in their own work, were led to join in this course.

This is signed by Archdeacon Farrar; the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, St. Paul's, Onslow Square; Dr. Joseph Parker, City Temple; Dr. Alexander Hannay, secretary of the Congregational Union; Dr. Donald Fraser, Presbyterian Church of England; Dr. Alexander Whyte, Free St. George's, Edinburgh; Dr. Marcus Dods, New College, Edinburgh; Dr. J. Clifford, Baptist Union; Mr. Jonathan Grubb, a minister of the Society of Friends; Dr. William F. Moulton, President of the Wesleyan Conference; the Rev. J. Le Huray, President of the Methodist New Connexion; the Rev. M. T. Myers, President of the United Methodist Free Churches; and other gentlemen well known as leaders in the various denominations.

GREETINGS FROM BISHOPS.

The following are some of the letters which have been received by General Booth on the subject of his book:—

The Bishop of Manchester writes:—

I am struck with the practical wisdom of your plan, which has in it, I believe, many of the elements of success. My experience in the colonies enables me to commend especially your determination, on the one hand, to prepare the emigrant for his new home, and, on the other, to prepare the home for the emigrant. The latter is especially important, and is too often neglected by our emigration societies. I am afraid that you will find the development of the national resources for a new country more difficult and costly than you can have anticipated, and that it will be well for you, therefore, to secure as far as possible the co-operation of the colonial authorities in your proposed emigration arrangements. I trust much, however, to the practical wisdom which you display in all the details of your scheme. Very few men could hope to carry it out successfully, but I think you may for the following reasons: (1) You have proved that you can teach the waifs and strays to work. (2) You can surround them with the authority, the sympathy, and help of men of their own class of firm Christian principle. (3) You make a radical change of their character an essential condition of your scheme, and have again proved that in many cases religious means, which I confess I could not use myself, are effective to that end. (4) You have the assistance of a large and enthusiastic staff of officers stationed in various parts of the world and working for Christ's sake with little more than a bare subsistence provided from your funds. Having this belief, I feel myself called upon to help you, and, though it is not convenient to me to do so just now, you may count on receiving £100 from me during the next year. May God bless you for the wise and noble effort you are making, and spare you long enough to the poor waifs whom for Christ's sake you love to rescue, many, if not all of them, from their terrible physical and spiritual destitution."

The Bishop of Durham writes:—

My thoughts have been with the poor all my life, and at last I am brought face to face with the problems of social life as objects of direct practical labour. Terrible as they are, I can re-echo your words in faith and hope. Life is very different in the north and in the south. Here there is no scarcity of work, nor are the hours long, but there is grievous

wretchedness. There can be no permanent improvement, I feel sure, except by the action of spiritual forces. I need not say with how much sympathy I followed the record of your loss, but God gives—may we not trust?—more than He takes. All Saints' Day is a great reality. We can, I think, feel a fellowship, which is beyond time and space. No friend is more present to me than my predecessor. May God bless every endeavour to hasten His kingdom upon earth.

The Bishop of Rochester writes:—

That he hastens to thank Mr. Booth for sending him his book, and he is glad to possess it, and hopes it may be productive of much good. He takes the opportunity of expressing his profound sympathy with him in Mrs. Booth's death. The Bishop has always held her to be one of the most saintly and devoted women of the time; nothing but the fear of being felt intrusive kept him from writing to her when she was waiting for her summons to the face and light of God.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells writes:—

I beg to acknowledge with very many thanks the receipt of your letter and the volume of your work "In Darkest England," which you have been so good as to send me. I shall read it with much interest, both from the deep importance of the subject, whether viewed in its social, political, or Christian aspect, and also from its containing the opinion of one who has had such universal opportunities as you have had of becoming acquainted with the wants of the lowest and most unhappy section of our great population.

Dr. King, Bishop of Lincoln, writes:—

I thank you heartily for the book you have sent me. The name of it is already well known to English Churchmen, and its object is one in which we all agree.

The Cross of Christ is the only effectual remedy for the great mass of vice and wretchedness in our large towns to which you are endeavouring to call public attention; and we must not be content with presenting that Cross in words alone, but must endeavour to show, by our personal efforts and example, how it may practically be applied so as to purify the lives and quicken the hopes of those amongst our countrymen who are now as much strangers to its power as the inhabitants of Darkest Africa.

Dr. Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield, writes:—

I have just received your book, which you have so kindly sent me. I have already bought a copy, which I shall give away. I am studying your scheme with the deepest interest, and I trust and pray it may bring blessing and hope to many. May I venture to express my sympathy with you in your recent heavy bereavement? You do not sorrow as those that have no hope. . . .

General Booth has received the following letter from Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple:—

Dr. Vaughan is strongly of opinion that the large and bold experiment for which public assistance is asked by General Booth deserves at least a fair trial, and that the sympathy of all who have hearts to feel for the misery of their people ought to be frankly and largely accorded to it. When the subscription list reaches £50,000 (half the amount required to set the scheme in motion), Dr. Vaughan will be glad to offer £50 as a small but hearty token of his interest in its success."

Mr. F. Peek, of 4, Fenchurch Street, and a friend have also promised £2,500 for the proposed shelters for the homeless, workshops, home farm, and colonial settlement, when actually started.

Dr. Moulton, President Wesleyan Conference, writes:—

No one can read your book without recognising the claim which you have established on the sympathetic help of all Christian Churches. For myself, I am deeply grateful to you for the enormous labour which you have expended on the great problem, and for your able treatment of its difficulties.

THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY.

The Marquis of Queensberry, writing from Glenlee, New Galloway, to the Chief of the Salvation Army, says :—

Dear General Booth,—I have read your book, "In Darkest England," with the greatest interest, also with thrills of horror that things should be as bad as they are. I send you a cheque for £100, and shall feel compelled if your scheme is carried out to give you a yearly subscription. You say you want recruits. When I come to town I should very much like to see you, to talk this matter over, for I see no cause in which a man could more put his heart and soul into than this one of endeavouring to alleviate this fearful misery of our fellow-creatures. I see you quote Carlyle in your book; but is it possible for anyone like myself, who is even more bitterly opposed than he was to what to me is the Christian falsehood, to work with you? We have two things to do as things are at present: first to endeavour to alleviate the present awful suffering that exists to the best of our abilities, and surely this ought to be a State affair; and, secondly, to get at the roots of the evils, and by changing public opinion gradually develop a different state of things for future generations, when this help will not be so necessary. I do not wish to get into a religious controversy with you on how this is to be brought about, but I tell you I am no Christian, and am bitterly opposed to it. A tree, I believe, is to be judged by its fruits. Christianity has been with us many hundreds of years. What can we think of it when its results are as they are at present with the poor, whom Christ, I believe you say, informed us we should always have with us.

I know nothing about other worlds beyond this. I see thousands upon thousands around me who, I presume, look after their own affairs. It appears to me one's common and plainest duty to help and to try and change the lot of our suffering fellow-creatures here on this earth. You can publish this if you please, but without suppressing any of it. If not, and any notice is given of subscriptions, as I see you are doing, I beg it may be notified that I send this mite as a reverent agnostic to our common cause of humanity.

Mrs. Lynn Lynton writes :—

Very many thanks for the book of which I have heard so much and which I want to read. It will be a pleasant evening's occupation, and food for many days of reflection. I do not believe in panaceas, but I do in alleviations, and General Booth's scheme seems to be full of hope that by self-restraint and industry they may come to good issues. It is the hopelessness of their state that is the true demoralization. It is the baling a sinking ship with a tea-cup that takes the heart out of men.

Mr. Samuel Laing, chairman of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, writes :—

I think your scheme should have a fair trial and be supported financially without reference to differences of creeds and politics. You may put me down in your list of subscribers for £100, for which I will send a cheque whenever you tell me that you see your way to commence operations.

ARTICLES IN THE MAGAZINES.

MR. F. PEEK.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Francis Peek says, "A very slight acquaintance of the great work which General Booth has accomplished will convince any fair-minded enquirer that its success in reclaiming the outcasts, and in turning multitudes from a life of degradation to one of virtue, is little short of miraculous." It is therefore in no unfriendly spirit that he makes the following criticisms on the scheme, which, he says, contains a potentiality

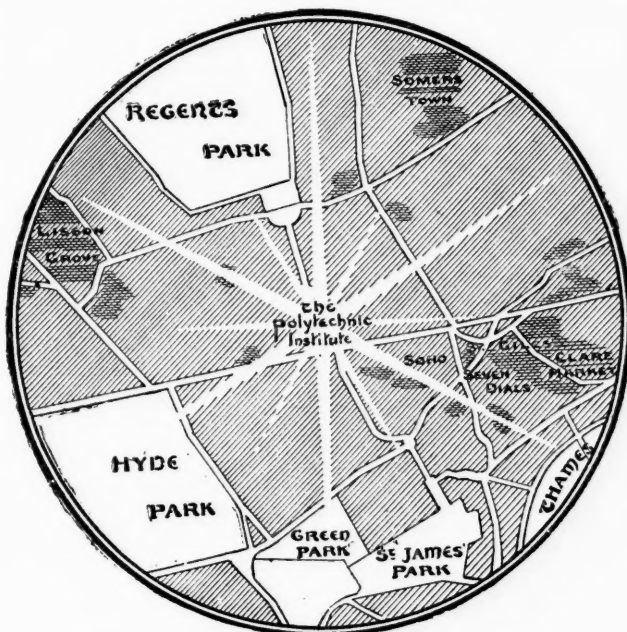
for good in it, being in its essential parts grand in its conception and practical in its proposals. It is well worthy of the warmest support, and is the first attempt ever made to deal on anything like an adequate scale with the outcasts of the streets. Mr. Peek's first criticism is that the sum asked for is too small. He finds that the establishment of labour yards and of Salvation factories would soon glut the market if they were established on a very extended scale, and he demurs to the proposal to make the lives of reclaimed prostitutes more comfortable than those of women who have not fallen. Mr. Peek demurs also to the General's proposal for the erection of suburban villages. A more

practical way of attaining the end aimed at, would be to compel the railway companies to provide more frequent and better accommodation for the working classes. But, after having made those criticisms, Mr. Peek says that the book is so touchingly and powerfully written, and the scheme set forth so fascinatingly, that he feels it may draw away contributions from existing charities which stand in need of support. "In its essential parts the scheme is certainly the best that has ever yet been proposed to meet and reclaim the outcasts of society. This scheme, notwithstanding its difficulties, will, if thoroughly carried out, rescue thousands of our fellow creatures from misery and despair."

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

In the *New Review* for December Archdeacon Farrar fills several pages with a eulogistic review of "In Darkest England." He says :—

If I accede to the request that I would say a few more words on the recent proposal set forth in General Booth's



ROUND THE CENTRE OF THE POLYTECHNIC.

book, I do so because I have never seen any social scheme which filled me with warmer hope. Acting entirely on my own responsibility, I have not shrunk from taking such steps as might seem most likely to further this project.

He then states in the simplest possible manner, some of the reasons why it seems to him that it will be little short of a national calamity if the means are not forthcoming to render it possible for this great experiment at least to be tried upon an adequate scale.

He also pleads strongly in favour of giving General Booth a free hand. I conclude these extracts from Archdeacon Farrar's article with the following record of his own experience :—

If anyone will examine this work of the Salvation Army for himself he will see how large, how blessed, and how admirably ordered it is. He will also, if I may judge from my own experience, be specially struck with the brotherly gentleness and purely human sympathy shown by the officers of the Army, many of whom have once been poor and destitute and drunken themselves. When I was in the Food Depot in Whitechapel, some little vagrant children, dirty, ragged, repellent—poor waifs and strays of infancy, cast up amid the gross scum which chokes the outermost wave of our civilization—came and begged of me. I shall never forget the delicate and tender kindness with which the officer who was with me patted these little ones on the head, and dealt gently and lovingly with them. The look and smile and kindly sympathy and gentle words were better than an idly-wasted gift to get rid of a troublesome importunity.

REV. HARRY JONES.

The Rev. Harry Jones, writing on Christian colonies and brotherhood in the *National Review*, speaks very highly of General Booth's scheme, which, he says, even if it does not succeed, will do much good :—

The suggestive thought arises that such a bold comprehensive plan as the Salvationist offers must help a belief in the virtue of large aims. It tends to lift men out of a small pottering way of meeting wide-spread evil. It provides them with a courageous ideal (and ideals govern the world), and thus gives a new point of departure for Christian charity.

Anyhow, we may hope and believe that this new suggestion for the recovery of the degraded will push the whole question a stage nearer to an answer. It is, *e.g.*, so large and bold as to demand the notice of legislators, and set them to ask whether some modification of, or change in, the present poor laws, involving possibly some phases of "colonial" labour at home, is not worth a trial. It makes the disheartened feel that large efforts are in the air. The Salvationist scheme is, anyhow, a brave attempt to answer this question; and whether it meets with present success or not, sends a quicker pulse through the veins of the religious and social reformer, and makes him look beyond the operating room of his own particular institution.

THE JESUIT FATHER CLARKE.

In the *Month*, Father Clarke, the Jesuit, tells us why he cannot give his blessing to General Booth, the Salvationist. "He follows not us." It is the old story.

We believe that the same impulse which has given the Army its marvellous success may be successful in carrying into effect up to a certain point the scheme. But when we turn to the spiritual aspect of the question, and ask ourselves whether the work carried out by the Salvation Army can be one which of its own nature tends to the glory of God and to the salvation of souls, we cannot speak with any confidence in its favour. On the contrary, we are reluctantly compelled to declare our conviction that, as its spirit does not seem to be from God, so it cannot really promote His work in the world. Hence we do not think that as Catholics we can favour the present scheme. We may admire its comprehensive character and the wonderful grasp that puts it forward. We may believe that it is in itself

possible. But we cannot rejoice in its success or wish it God-speed, essentially bound up as it is with a religion false in principle and most dangerous in its effects.

The work the Salvation Army has to do is the work of the Catholic Church. But as the work has not yet been done, had not the Catholic Church better hold its tongue, or use it to confess its shortcomings.

A CAPITAL IDEA.

One of the first practical attempts to apply General Booth's scheme is the action being taken by the Radical Government of the Parliament attached to the Polytechnic Institute. It reads :—

THE POLYTECHNIC DISTRICT IMPROVEMENT BILL.

Whereas the condition of a section of the community in our immediate neighbourhood calls for our practical sympathy and help,—be it therefore enacted by the Polytechnic Parliament—

- I. That a Committee—consisting of two representatives from each party—be appointed by the Parliament for the purposes hereunder set forth. Each section of the Institute co-operating also to be represented upon the Committee :—
 - (a.) The supply of Meals at a low price.
 - (b.) The provision of Sleeping Accommodation for the homeless poor at a nominal rate to be fixed by the Committee.
 - (c.) To provide accommodation and food for the Infants of Working Mothers, during the day at the lowest possible price.
 - (d.) The formation of a Labour Bureau by which the names of persons in search of work and those of employers in want of employes may be registered with a view to their mutual requirements being met. Emigration to be arranged in suitable cases.
 - (e.) To arrange for the delivery of Firing at the homes of the poor at lowest rates.
 - (f.) To provide a free Reading Room for the use of the working men and women of the district, and arrange frequent Entertainments of an enlivening character.
 - (g.) To go carefully into any case of Destitution and relieve as far as possible.
 - (h.) To call attention of the Authorities to any Infringement of the Factory Acts, to expose the conditions of Unsanitary Dwellings, and to ventilate in the Public Press any matter which demands such action.
 - (i.) To secure competent Medical Attendance to the Destitute, and to arrange admission to Hospitals and Convalescent Homes where necessary.
- II. That this Committee shall meet at least once a week for the purposes of general management, and shall issue detailed reports at frequent intervals.
- III. The Finance necessary for the efficient working of the scheme be raised :—
 - (a.) By Entertainments at the forthcoming Exhibition to provide the necessary expenses.
 - (b.) Subscriptions to be raised week by week through the sub-sections of the Institute.
 - (c.) Further appeals if necessary be made to the friends of members.
- V. That this scheme come into operation immediately upon the passing of this Act.

In the debate upon the second reading the Bill was warmly supported by Her Majesty's Opposition, the Liberal and Conservative leaders co-operating with the Radicals to give practical effect to the proposals.

"In Darkest England, and the Way Out."

SUBSCRIPTION FORM.

In response to many appeals from readers and others, I have consented to insert this page in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, to facilitate the forwarding of subscriptions to General Booth for carrying out his Scheme.

This leaf, it will be seen, is not numbered, and should be torn out in binding up the volume. The form below, when filled up with a promise of subscription, should be forwarded, with remittance, to

GENERAL BOOTH, SOCIAL REFORM SCHEME,

101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

I herewith beg to forward to General Booth the sum of _____ pounds
_____ shillings, to be applied in carrying out the Scheme described in his
book "In Darkest England, and the Way Out."

Please acknowledge receipt to

£ s. d.

Name _____

Address _____

SOCIAL REFORM SCHEME.

AMOUNTS PROMISED AND RECEIVED UP TO DATE.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
W. P. Alexander, Esq.	1000	0	0	S. Young, Esq.	50	0	0	Marchioness of Ripon...	100	0	0
W. L. Alexander, Esq.	50	0	0	Charles Young, Esq.	100	0	0	Miss B. Fildes...	190	5	0
J. B. Bancroft, Esq.	1000	0	0	Lady Louisa Goldsmid ...	500	0	0	George Palmer, Esq.	100	0	0
J. B. Buxton, Esq.	100	0	0	E. Montagu Nelson, Esq. ...	50	0	0	Bromley Congregational Church,	100	0	0
Mrs. B. Edwards	1000	0	0	Arthur Fleet, Esq.	50	0	0	per James Hudson, Esq.	118	10	0
"A Friend," per The General	1000	0	0	Howard Gilliat, Esq.	100	0	0	Mrs. M. A. Kcal	50	0	0
" " per Mr. Peek	500	0	0	R. S. Guinness, Esq.	100	0	0	Mrs. Heskeths	100	0	0
" " " " " " " " " " " "	500	0	0	Lord S. Godolphin Osborne ...	100	0	0	W. B. Jones, Esq. (Collected) ...	50	0	0
Sir Francis Peek	1500	0	0	H. E. D. N. C. W.	100	0	0	E. M. Blackburn	50	0	0
The Right Hon. Earl of Aberdeen ...	1000	0	0	H. Hicks, Esq.	50	0	0	W. H. Williams, Esq., J.P., D.L. ...	50	0	0
"A Country Friend"	100	0	0	George Hardie, Esq.	50	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Kingdon-Anderson ...	50	0	0
J. S. G. Hardy, Esq.	50	0	0	Edgar Horne, Esq.	100	0	0	Dowager Lady Buxton	100	0	0
W. Green, Esq.	400	0	0	William Johnson, Esq.	50	0	0	Lord Blantyre	100	0	0
"An Old Friend," per The General	100	0	0	J. S. S.	1000	0	0	B. R.	50	0	0
John Cory, Esq.	1000	0	0	J. C. L.	100	0	0	Edward Cluff, Esq.	50	0	0
"A Wesleyan"	100	0	0	John Lloyd, Esq.	50	0	0	J. Austin Cobb, Esq.	100	0	0
Mrs. Arbuthnot	100	0	0	Mrs. S. M. C. Lawton	100	0	0	Sir Edward Clarke	50	0	0
The Society of Friends, Birmingham, per Mr. W. R. Southall ...	550	0	0	S. Laid, Esq.	100	0	0	His Grace the Duke of Fife	100	0	0
Mrs. Buxton	100	0	0	John T. Matthews	100	0	0	John Forbes, Esq.	100	0	0
Henry Bubb, Esq.	100	0	0	Mrs. S. McInnes	100	0	0	Jonathan Grubb, Esq.	50	0	0
Robert Fleming, Esq.	1000	0	0	Walter McLean	50	0	0	John Lamont, Esq.	50	0	0
Mrs. Robert Fleming	1000	0	0	H. M. Moorhouse, Esq.	50	0	0	George Herring Farm and	3000	0	0
S. O. Lazarus	50	0	0	O. J. C. S.	50	0	0	J. Debenham, Esq.	1000	0	0
The Bishop of Manchester	100	0	0	O. B.	105	0	0	Percy Gilchrist, Esq.	1000	0	0
James S. Budgett, Esq.	100	0	0	P. R.	100	0	0	Ven. Archdeacon Farrar	50	0	0
Samuel Causton & Co.	100	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. J. W. Rabbit ...	500	0	0	Colonel E. Hall	69	0	0
"Delta"	100	0	0	Eliot Reed, Esq.	61	2	6	Dr. and Mrs. Battersby	1000	0	0
Rev. T. E. Davies	150	0	0	Rev. W. N. and Mrs. Ripley ...	50	0	0	Lord and Lady Compton	100	0	0
Charles A. Flint, Esq.	100	0	0	Mrs. Shaen	50	0	0	Wm. Scarg-broyd	50	0	0
Stewart Jolly, Esq.	50	0	0	James Scarlett, Esq.	100	0	0	Lord Scarboro'	50	0	0
H. B. Mathieson, Esq.	100	0	0	James Simms, Esq.	100	0	0	Mrs. Seaton Smith	100	0	0
J. G. McGaul	50	0	0	Mrs. A. Sandeman	50	0	0	J. F. S.	50	0	0
Mrs. Richardson	50	0	0	C. W. A. Tait, Esq.	300	0	0	Elizabeth Baker	100	0	0
James Stiff, Esq.	100	0	0	S. J. Thacker and Sons	50	0	0	H. Brampton and Co.	50	0	0
Dr. Heywood Smith	100	0	0	G. L. Wates	50	0	0	Miss Florence Montgomery	100	0	0
F. D. Mott, Esq.	50	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Wycliffe Wilson ...	110	0	0	E. L. Massie gberd	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	105	0	0	A Friend, per Commissioner Howard	50	0	0	Tackett Street Congregational	100	0	0
J. C. Mills, Esq.	100	0	0	Mrs. Bell	50	0	0	Church, per Wm. Hubbard ...	250	0	0
George Newnes, Esq., M.P. ...	1000	0	0	Walter Hazell, Esq.	50	0	0	Spare Moments	250	0	0
Stanford Chapman, Esq.	50	0	0	H. A. Johnson, Esq.	100	0	0	Messrs. Armitage and Riglys ...	100	0	0
Dr. Vaughan	50	0	0	Miss E. A. Barclay	100	0	0	Alexander Townsend, Esq.	50	0	0
Arthur B. Winterbourn, Esq., M.P.	100	0	0	J. G. T. Sinclair, Esq.	100	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. S. Clark... ..	200	0	0
Mrs. Mary L. Smith	100	0	0	Miss E. Haddon	100	0	0	Westminster Chapel, per Mr. M.			
H. S. Hansler, Esq.	100	0	0	Sir Charles Foater	50	0	0	Piper	150	0	0
Selhurst Road Congregational				Mrs. Fordham	50	0	0	J. S. S.	500	0	0
Church, per Rev. G. A. Brock ...	53	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wylie	50	0	0	Benjamin Hcoat, Esq.	100	0	0
Liscard Congregational Church, per				Walter H. Wilkin, Esq.	50	0	0	James Barlow, Esq.	100	0	0
Rev. Gwyther	440	0	0	Frank Debenham	200	0	0	J. Thomson, Esq.	50	0	0
Wesley College Chapel, Sheffield,				A. C. B.	300	0	0	Mrs. Knight	100	0	0
per Rev. W. Pearson	106	0	0	A Friend (per Mr. and Mrs. G.	100	0	0	Courtney Warner, Esq.	100	0	0
Collected at Public Meeting,				Baker)	100	0	0	Rev. T. Champness	50	0	0
Gloucester, per Mr. Cullen ...	100	0	0	J. G. S. Anderson, Esq.	100	0	0	E. Tisdall, Esq.	50	0	0
Rev. S. J. Whitwell	50	0	0	Samuel Smith, Esq., M.P. ...	200	0	0	Mrs. R. Bousfield	50	0	0
Stamford Mill, London, Congre-				H. B. Webb, Esq.	100	0	0	The Misses A. and S. Aslworth ...	100	0	0
gational Church	200	0	0	J. Moser, Esq.	100	0	0	C. W. Elam, Esq.	100	0	0
George P. Ivey	50	0	0	John F. Gordon	50	0	0	Geo. Stone, Esq.	100	0	0
Mr. Newberry	500	0	0	Grange Lane Baptist Church, Birken-				Miss Eva Roller... ..	50	0	0
Mrs. Newberry	500	0	0	head, per Sidney W. Bowser, B.A.	50	0	0	Miss Moorhouse	50	0	0
F. T. Bumstead, Esq.	50	0	0	Lieut.-Col. Thos. Pictou Tuberville,				Miss S. Robinson	50	0	0
Rev. C. Brown	61	1	0	R.A., D.L., J.P.	50	0	0	Sir H. J. Ibbetson	50	0	0
A Friend, per Commissioner Smith,	100	0	0	Harry Connop, Esq.	50	0	0	Bar Congregational Church,			
Mr. Lampard	50	0	0	Mrs. W. H. Gladstone	50	0	0	Scarboro'	75	0	0
"Faith and Hope"	50	0	0	G. W. H.	50	0	0	Castle Gates Congregational Church,			
Wesleyan Methodist Circuit, Wolver-				Miss Ada Ellen Bayly	100	0	0	Nottingham	55	18	8
hampton, per Mr. Sargeant ...	118	0	0	Assistance	100	0	0	W. Wiffen, Esq.	50	0	0
Horton Lane Chapel — Bradford :				Miss May Gardiner	100	0	0	M. M. Wilson	100	0	0
per Rev. R. C. Anderson	112	0	0	The Right Hon. Earl of Airliie ...	1000	0	0	Collected at Exeter Hall	9	2	9
Forest Gate Congregational Church				Anonymous	50	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Oswald ...	100	0	0
C. Walker, Esq.	50	0	0	E. Teichmann, Esq.	100	0	0	Thomas Wild, Esq.	100	0	0
Arley Congregational Chapel—				John Carter, Esq.	100	0	0	Geo. Belben, Esq.	50	0	0
Bristol: per Rev. — Whitnue ...	50	0	0	J. E. S.	100	0	0	G. Armistead, Esq.	1000	0	0
W. B. L.	50	0	0	Mrs. Bell	50	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Baker	50	0	0
S. Figgis and Co.	50	0	0	The Most Hon. the Marquis of				Hillhead Baptist Church	225	7	3
Major Cooksey	50	0	0	Queensberry	100	0	0	Members of Falmouth Friends'			
Highbury Chapel, Bristol, per Josiah				Maidstone Division	50	0	0	Meeting	61	13	0
William	650	0	0	E. C. W.	50	0	0	Members and Friends of the West-			
Hope Morley, Esq.	1000	0	0	Mrs A. C. Hare	50	0	0	bourne Park Chapel, per Dr.			
J. Dearman Birchall, Esq.	100	0	0	G. B. Lloyd, Esq.	100	0	0	Clifford	62	18	8
Mrs. Howard McLean	100	0	0	Thankoffering from Friends in							
Sherbrooke Neville, Esq.	52	0	0	Liverpool	500	0	0				
H. H. Fowler, Esq.	50	0	0	E. Garrett Anderson, Esq.	50	0	0	Smaller Sums			
J. L. Lamble	500	0	0	The First Finchley Congregational							
Gathorne Hardy, Esq.	50	0	0	Church, per the Rev. Thos. Hill... ..	57	10	6				
Francis Reckett, Esq.	100	0	0	Charles de Selincourt	100	0	0				
				Stroud L. Cocks, Esq.	100	0	0				
				Marquis of Rip n	100	0	0				

A YEAR'S HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

BY THE COMIC ARTISTS OF THE WORLD.

HITHERTO the REVIEW of REVIEWS has avoided caricature, and has not reproduced so far a single cartoon. That has hitherto been a defect which, in the next year's volume, I shall take care to rectify. Not that I have the slightest intention to publish original cartoons. My function is confined to the humbler task of selecting from the cartoons of the world those which best embody, in pictorial form, the lessons—political, social, or economical—of the passing hour. I am glad to know that, in this matter, I shall not have to encounter the slightest jealousy on the part of the original artists. Cartoons and caricatures, at present, appear exclusively in weekly magazines, and the reproduction in reduced facsimile of any artist's drawing, so far from being regarded as a plagiarism or a piracy, is rightly looked upon as the highest compliment which a reviewer can pay to any subject.

To this rule, there is, unfortunately, one exception, and that exception is too important to be passed over without mention. *Punch* alone, among all the facetious journals of the world, refuses permission to anyone to reproduce even a thumb-nail sketch of any picture that has ever appeared in its pages. It is therefore impossible for anyone who wishes to reproduce samples of the comic art of this country to afford the public with samples, however reduced, of the genius of Tenniel, Sambourne, and Du Maurier. *Punch* practically puts a boycott upon even the advertising of his wares, if such advertising involves the display of a sample of his goods. In this, fortunately, he stands alone; and in making up the history in caricature of the events of 1890, I have to acknowledge with gratitude the permission extended by other publishers for the reproduction of the pictures in which their artists have depicted their reading of the most memorable incidents of 1890.

Of all the journals which deal in cartoons and caricatures—and there are in London some half-a-dozen—*Vanity Fair* and *St. Stephen's* stand alone in issuing coloured cartoons. Dublin issues two cartoons a week, both coloured, and although their execution is necessarily much cheaper than that of the 6d. weeklies, they are sufficiently effective to make us wonder that a similar style of treating current events has not been adopted by the cheap popular papers of England.

Scotland has one small serial comic journal at Glasgow, but the cartoons have hardly as yet reached the stage of sufficient excellence for notice. The French and Italian papers publish very effective although very hideous coloured cartoons every week. Germany, on the other hand, sticks to black and white. The Russian comic paper contains usually one cartoon, printed in colours in a very superior style, and several smaller pictures, also printed in colours, but costly. The coloured cartoons of *Puck* and *Judge* of New York are among the most effective of their kind. There is nothing approaching to them for their execution and vigour. The Australians are developing a comic press of their own; but I have hitherto failed to lay hands upon the *Sydney*

Bulletin, and the cartoon illustrative of the strikes at Melbourne, which I have selected for publication in this issue, from the *Melbourne Punch*, reached me via the workhouse box at Wimbledon. I have taken the toll of the paper, but wrote and rendered my acknowledgments to the sender.

In making the selection of the cartoons which illustrate the history of the year, *Kladderadatsch*, of Berlin, was one of the most useful. Its pictures are exceedingly well drawn, and its survey is more general than that of the English papers, which are, for the most part, confined to home affairs. The drawing also is infinitely better than that of the French caricaturists, who delight in drawing broad effects and in dealing in great splashes of colour.

One of the defects of many of the comic papers of the Continent is that they draw so much of their art from sources stained with immorality. Whatever may be said about English prudery, we do, at least, keep out of our comic literature the kind of unclean suggestive pictures which defile almost every issue of the comic papers of France, Austria, and Italy. In this respect America follows the decent English tradition.

The tendency of all journalism is towards the cartoon. We have not yet seen a comic cartoon in the *Times*, but if Mr. Moberly Bell continues to plod onward in his reforming way, who knows but that—say in 1920—we may see a cartoon as one of the features of the quondam "leading journal"? The American papers all employ the artist, more or less, to enforce their points, and it may be accepted as an axiom that in appealing to a popular electorate, the paper that makes the most effective use of the caricature and the cartoon, will carry the day. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, followed in this respect, as in most others, by the *Star*, long ago employed the cartoon as an occasional method of political controversy, and sooner or later the other papers will follow suit.

I regret not to be able to reproduce any Russian cartoons. They are well drawn and tastefully coloured, but they relate to literary and journalistic personalities without interest to the Western world. The Spanish comic cartoons are too poor to be worth reproduction. The best work in the *Fliegende Blätter* does not lie in cartoons, but in thumb-nail sketches, or the cleverly drawn pictures of Oberlander. The Irish artists are often very clever, like Irish orators, but they fiddle too much on one string. The cartoons in *United Ireland* are sometimes very telling, but they are monotonous. The same types—a red-coated landlord, a green-coated peasant, a hideous Mr. Balfour, and a lovely conventional Erin—are endlessly repeated in the weekly cartoons which supply a cheap political fresco or wall paper for the cabins of "the finest peasantry in the world." A tendency to monotony is the besetting sin of the caricaturist all the world over. Even Mr. Sambourne overdoes Mr. Gladstone's collars, and Mr. Gould, clever as he is and facile, often reproduces his victims with the unfailing regularity of a machine.

The advantage of illustrating the diary of current events by the caricatures of the day is obvious. Here, for instance, is a little caricature by *Kladderadatsch*, which condenses into a very few inches the whole of the capitalists' argument against the Eight Hours Day. The gist of many long, dull articles is embodied in the little picture, which is full of humour, and can be appreciated by every man, woman, or child who glances at the page.

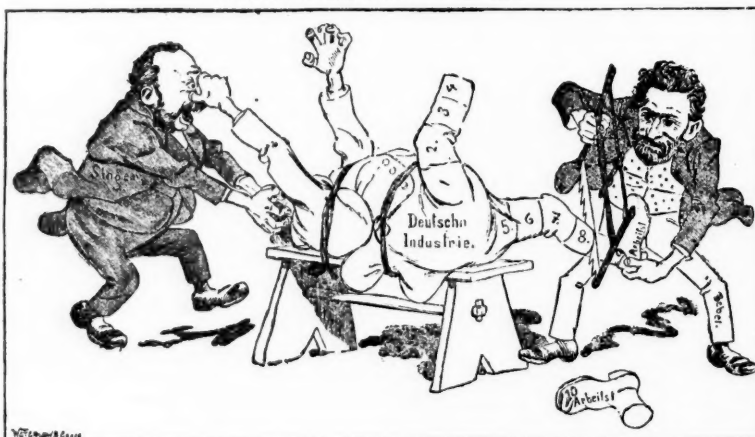
The picture of German Industry having its feet cut off by the arbitrary surgery of the Social-Democrats, and then being put on crutches to run without feet against its American, English, and Russian competitors, is far more effective than any amount of printed words. So it is in turning over the following pages of most of the cartoons which I have selected to illustrate the history of the year. I have taken them from all sources in order to illustrate not merely the events of the year, but also the skill of the caricaturist, for there are two points in every caricature: one is the picture that tells the story and the other is the art of the caricaturist in hitting off the features of his victim. The sketch of the consequences of the Eight Hours legal day illustrates the former

point; the caricature portrait of Mr. Vaughan, of Bow Street, which I reproduce by permission from *Vanity Fair*, illustrates the second. The artist is perhaps a little cruel, but anyone who has had the advantage of studying Mr. Vaughan, either as a spectator, or, as I did on one occasion, from the dock, cannot avoid being struck by the extraordinary fidelity of the caricature to the original. It must be admitted that Mr. Vaughan's face lends itself to the artist, but the portrait is much more lifelike than many a photograph. There are few more con-

scientious and upright magistrates in London than he, and as he has come into some considerable notoriety of late as the magistrate who ordered the destruction of the Rabelais pictures, I select his portrait from the *Vanity Fair* Album. It is very curious to print side by side the cartoons of the different nationalities. Compare, for instance, our own view of ourselves in England with the German estimate, and then, again, contrast the Anglo-

German view of England with that of artists who draw in Paris or New York. If it be a great gift to see ourselves as others see us, then assuredly these foreign caricatures are invaluable, for they enable us to understand better than anything else the estimate in which we are held by our neighbours. Of the cartoons which have been selected to illustrate the history of the year there are one or two which call for special mention. Among these there are the two relating to Mr. Stanley, the first representing Britannia as awaiting with eager welcome the heroic explorer from the wilds of Central Africa; the other, which appeared last month, suggests the melancholy change that has come over the scene, and represents Mr. Stanley between his lawyer and his counsel, en-

A SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC OPERATION



Kladderadatsch.]

AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

[June 29th.

deavouring to find a way out of the Barttelot controversy. In this case I should have reproduced Mr. Tenniel's admirable cartoon, "Between the Living and the Dead," which appeared in *Punch*, had permission not been withheld. It sums up much more accurately than any other cartoon the exact change in the national attitude. The series of three cartoons relating to Mr. Parnell are very significant. The first is a prophetic picture, representing his acquittal by Justice Hannen from the charges made by the *Times*. "Good-bye," says Mr. Parnell. "No."

says Mr. Justice Hannen, "Au revoir," as he turns to the Divorce Court. The second shows what may be called the universal Irish estimate of Mr. Parnell before the trial. Mr. Parnell, a stately statue chiselled in white marble, stands upon a lofty pedestal, while Captain O'Shea with a dirty brush is trying to sully the snowy purity of his great com-patriot. That represents the period when Mr. Parnell was deceiving even his most intimate friends by assuring them that he would come out of the trial without a stain upon his name or reputation. The third caricature represents Mr. Parnell's fall, although by a curiously incorrect anticipation the artist represents Mr. Gladstone as running up with the fire escape to rescue him from his perilous position. The three cartoons, together, however, give the Parnell-O'Shea story in a nutshell.

The breadth and origin of French political satire are admirably illustrated by the cartoon of "Boulangism Unveiled," in which M. Mermeix, the author of "Les Cou-lisses du Boulangisme," displayed the brav' Général and Madame X. huddled together in the straw, literally cheek by jowl with the swine. Satire of another sort is illustrated in the charming sketches of that Russian genius, Caran d'Ache, whose burlesque of the "Duel à la Mode" recalls Caldecott at his best, with mordant

elements in his humour which Caldecott never possessed. Oberlander, of the *Fliegende Blätter*, is the only German who can be compared to Caran d'Ache, but he produces

his effects in very different fashion, as may be seen by a reference to an excellent paper on this artist and his works in a recent number of *Cosmopolitan*. There is much vigour, although of another sort, in the large cartoon in which the Democratic cartoonist represents the whole Republican hunt in full cry after the taxpayer, a picture full of spirit and action, which hit off very happily the temper of the debates in the House on the McKinley Bill. The Italian cartoon, representing the world brushing away the parasites from his hair with the brush of Democracy, was, I believe, originally an American notion, but the Italian artist has adopted it very happily. As pictures condensing, the rhetoric of political demonstrations into a nutshell, those on Mr. Balfour



Vanity Fair.

"BOW STREET."

as the Bogie man and as the new St. Patrick can hardly be sur passed. Without further preface, however, I introduce my selection from the caricatures of the year.



From *Il Papagallo*.]

(Italian.)

THE WORLD BRUSHING OFF ITS PARASITES WITH THE DEMOCRATIC BRUSH.

[After the Revolution in Brazil.]



PORTRAIT CARICATURES OF 1890.

[From "Vanity Fair."]



Le Grelot.

(French)
BOULANGISM UNMASKED

(September 7th,



La Silhouette.

(French)

THE FALLEN BISMARCK ATTACKED BY HIS OWN REPTILES

July 20th

A YEAR'S HISTORY IN CARICATURE.
THE LABOUR TROUBLES—HOME AND COLONIAL.

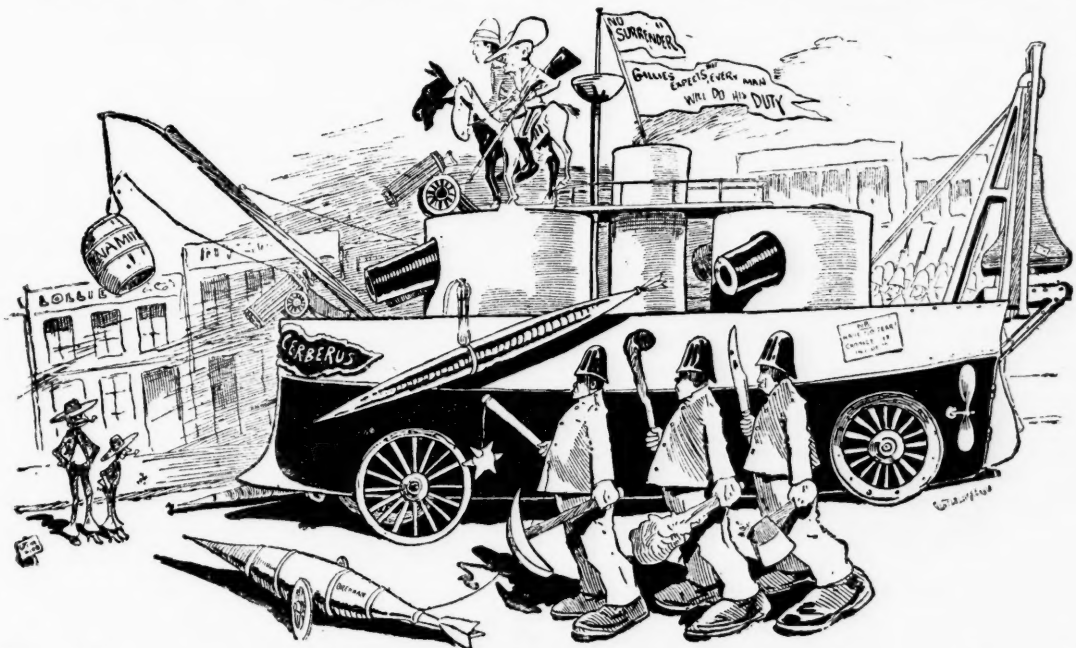
663



[Jan.] "DEAF AS A POST."
N.B.—Mr. Railton is still Postmaster General. [July 9th]



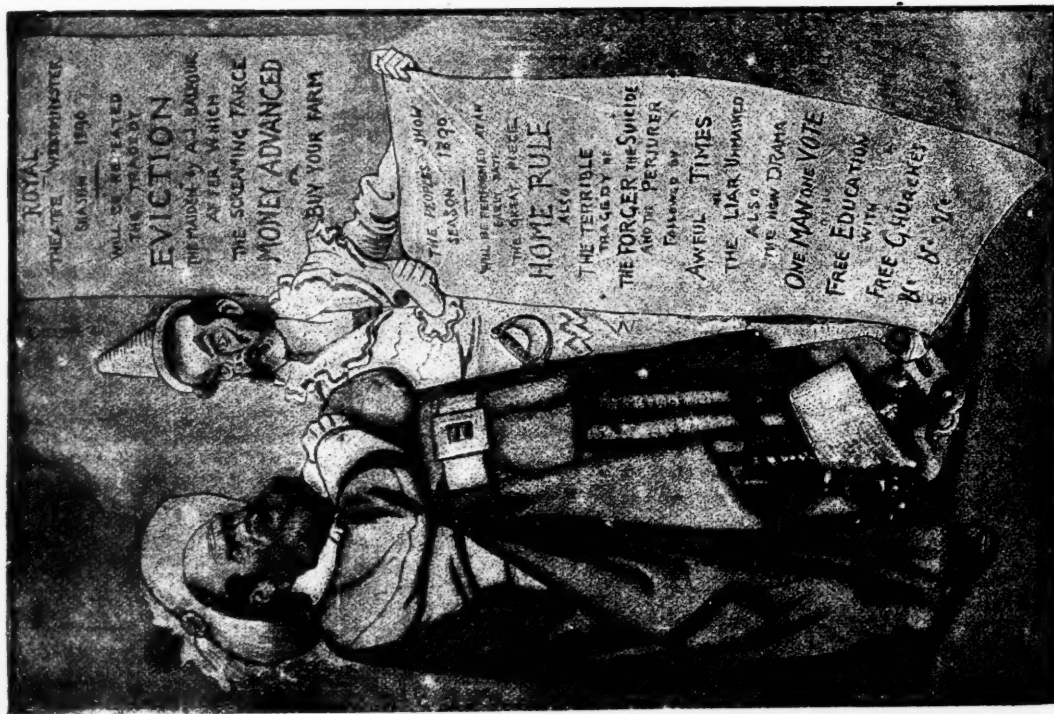
[July.] "RICKETTY."
JOHN BULL: "Dear, dear, whatever is the matter with my table?" [July 16th.]



[Melbourne Punch.]

THE AUSTRALIAN STRIKES.
"Nothing less than H.M.S. Cerberus will keep the mob in check"

[September 4th.]



Freeman's Journal.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH, 1890.

[February 1st.]

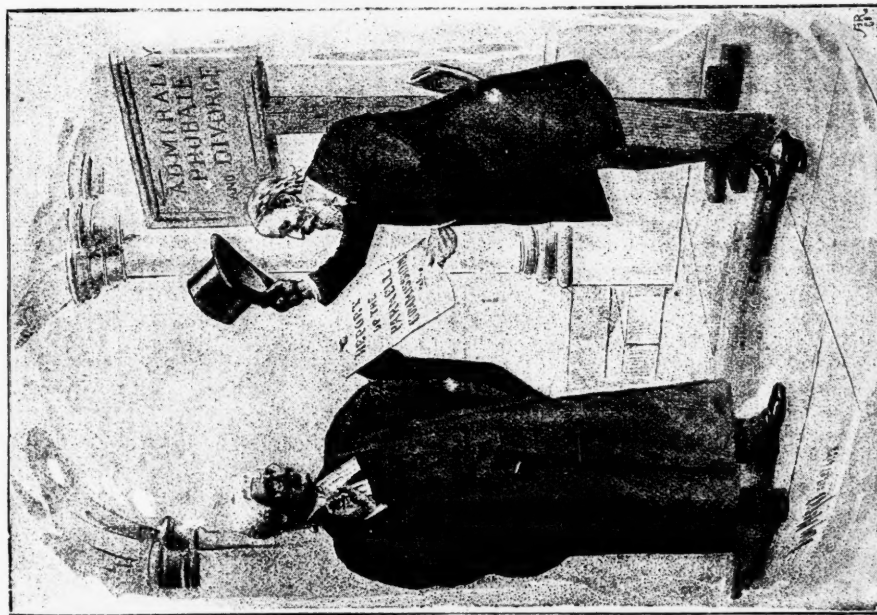


United Ireland.

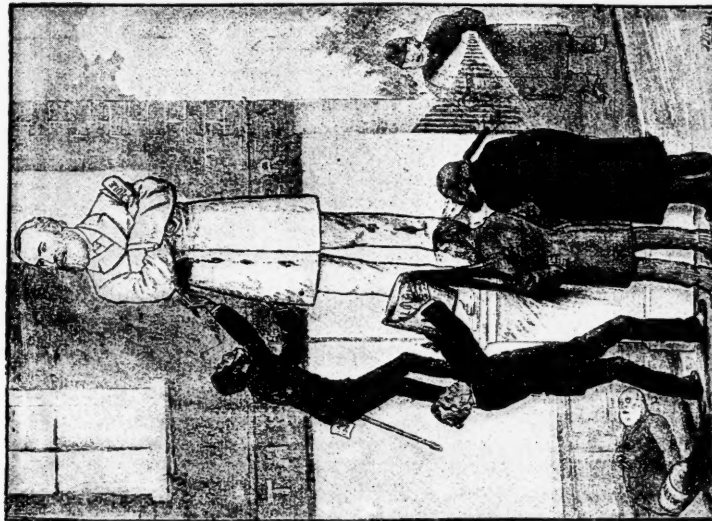
TIM HEALY AS JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

[July 30th.]

THREE STAGES IN MR. PARNELL'S CAREER.



St. Stephen's Review.]
 AFTER THE PARNELL COMMISSION.
 MR. PARNELL: Good-bye, my lord.
 MR. JUSTICE HANNEN: No, do; not good-bye: *Adieu* revoir!



United Ireland.]
 THE CALUMNY CONSPIRATORS BEDAUBING THEMSELVES.
 January 11th.



Nov. 11th.
 AFTER THE DIVORCE CASE.



[July.] WHICH IS THE WAY TO DOWNING STREET? [Nov. 5th. July.] MR. BALFOUR AS THE NEW ST. PATRICK.
After Mr. Gladstone's latest Midlothian Campaign.



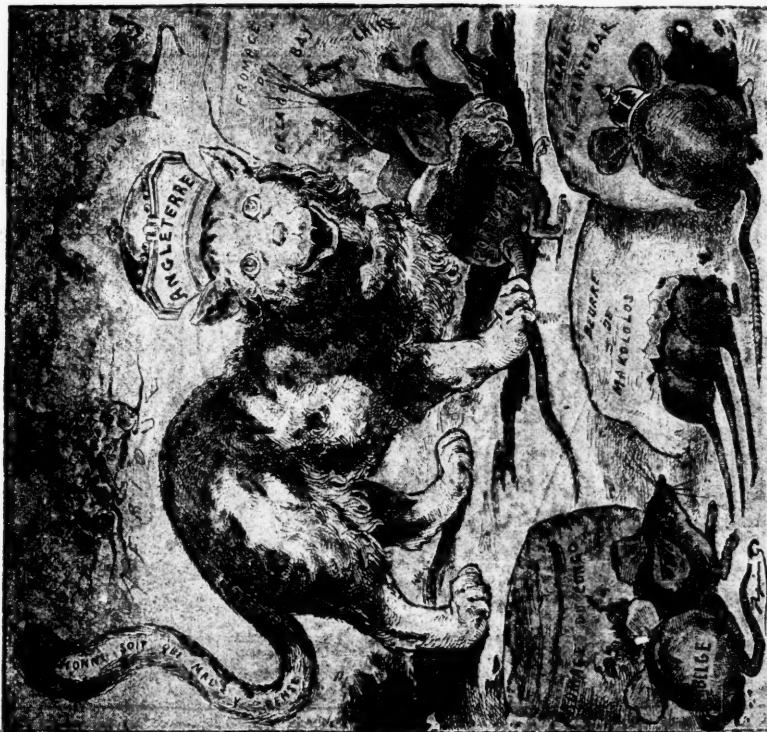
Funny Folks.]

HUSH! HUSH! HUSH! HERE COMES THE BOGIE MAN!
(Apropos of Mr. Balfour's visit to Ireland.)

[November 1st.]



La Silhouette.
(French)
THE COUP DE ZANZIBAR.
[After the publication of the Anglo-American Agreement.]
[June 24th, 1890.]



La Grell.
A LITTLE THIEF PERSECUTED BY A BIG ONE.
[After the Ultimatum to Portugal about Makalololand.]
[Jan. 28th, 1890.]

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

MR. STANLEY—THEN AND NOW.



July.]

BEFORE HIS ARRIVAL.

[January 15th.



[Full Mall Budget.]

IN DARKEST CONTROVERSY: THE ONLY WAY OUT.

[November.



Kladderadatsch.]

THE CESSION OF HELIGOLAND.

June 29th.



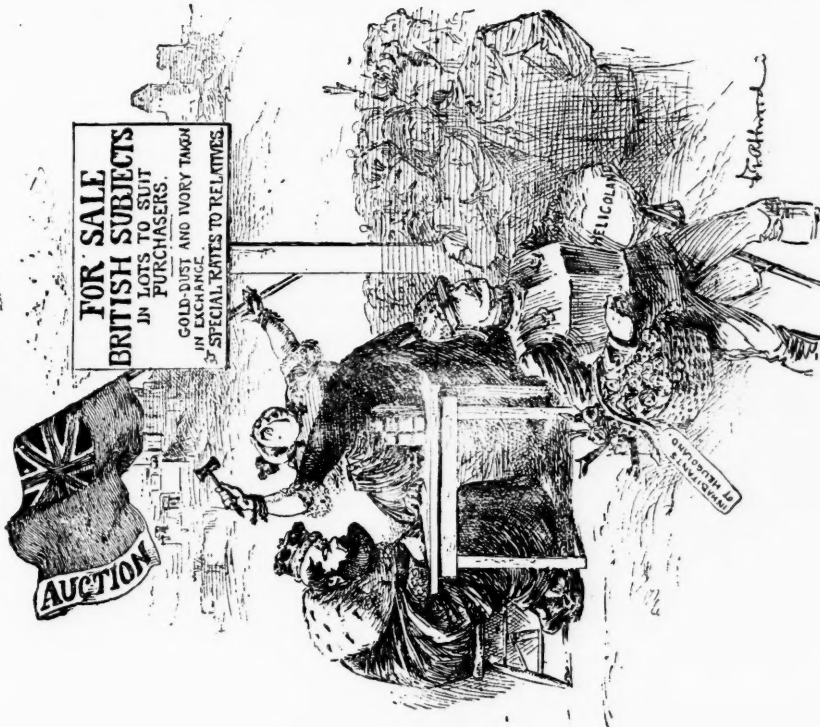
Puck.

American.

THE BEHRING STRAITS DISPUTE.

Jonathan to John Bull: "Keep cool and don't make such a fool of yourself."

•LIFE•



Life.

American.

"WHO'LL BUY, WHO'LL BUY!"

Or, The British Empire at Auction.



[Irish]

(American.)

June 8th.]

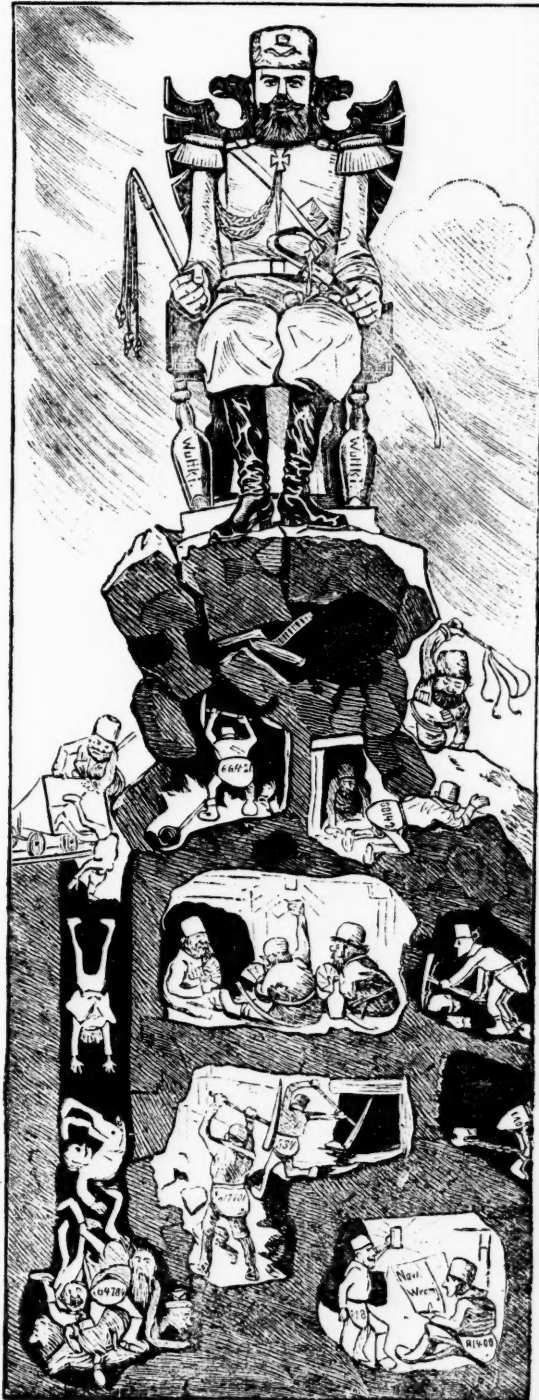
THE MASTER OF THE HOUNDS.
(Mr. Speaker Reed leading the Monopolist Pack on the McKinley Bill.)



[Judge.]

(American.)

MOWING THEM DOWN.—THE FARMER'S ALLIANCE AND THE POLITICIANS.



K'adaveradatsch.

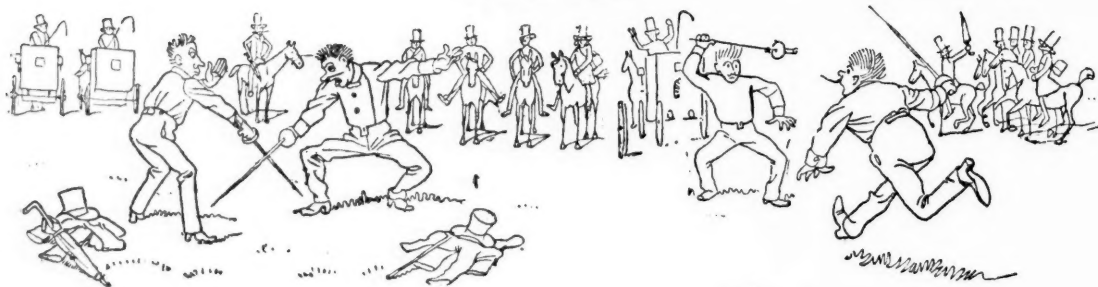
(German)

[April 13th.]

"UNDERGROUND RUSSIA."
(A section seen from Berlin.)

THE NEW DUELLING CODE.

BY CARAN D'ACHE.



(1.) The utmost liberty will be allowed to the individual initiative of the combatants. (They will choose by preference a light cavalry officer to command the platoon of witnesses.)

(3 and 4.) The combatants can have recourse to their carriages if the combat demands it.



(2.) The combatants may change the place of combat as they please. (The platoon of witnesses will accommodate themselves to their strategic movements).

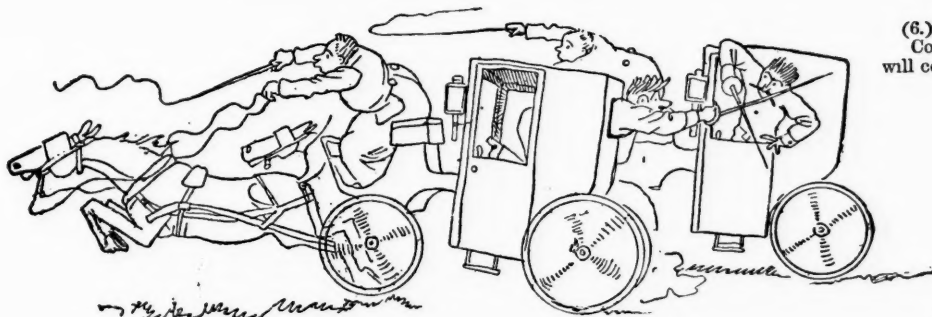
(5.) The witnesses will follow at ter swords' lengths.



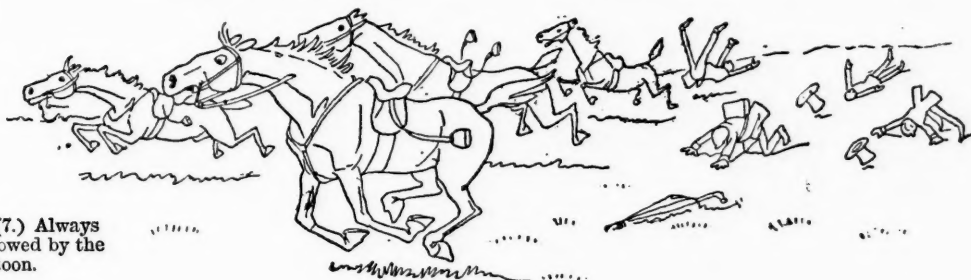
By permission of]

. (Pick-me-up.

(6.) The
Combatants
will continue,



(7.) Always
followed by the
platoon.



(8.) Arriving at the best restaurant in the neighbourhood, the
combatants will be reconciled, and a good and abundant feed will be
supplied to the horses



(9.) The reconciliation will
be sealed by a glass of
champagne.

(10.) The travelling fees
will be assured to the
witnesses, and especially
to the doctor.



(11.) After which honour will be declared to have been satisfied !



[Manshine.]

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH LION ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL OF MIDLOTHIAN.

[November 8th.]



[Funny Folks.]

THE FUTURE POLICE FORCE.

[September 27th.]

'General Booth said he hoped to see the day when the police would be rendered unnecessary by the influence of the Salvation Army

"PORTRAITS AND AUTOGRAPHS."

AFTER long and many delays our portrait album is at last ready. It has been rather a heart-sickening business to get it out, so many have been the delays, from one cause and another. It was originally projected as a mere compilation of the autographs which we received at the start, when the REVIEW OF REVIEWS was founded. The idea gradually expanded until, in its ultimate shape, we have a portrait album which for range and variety is probably without a rival.

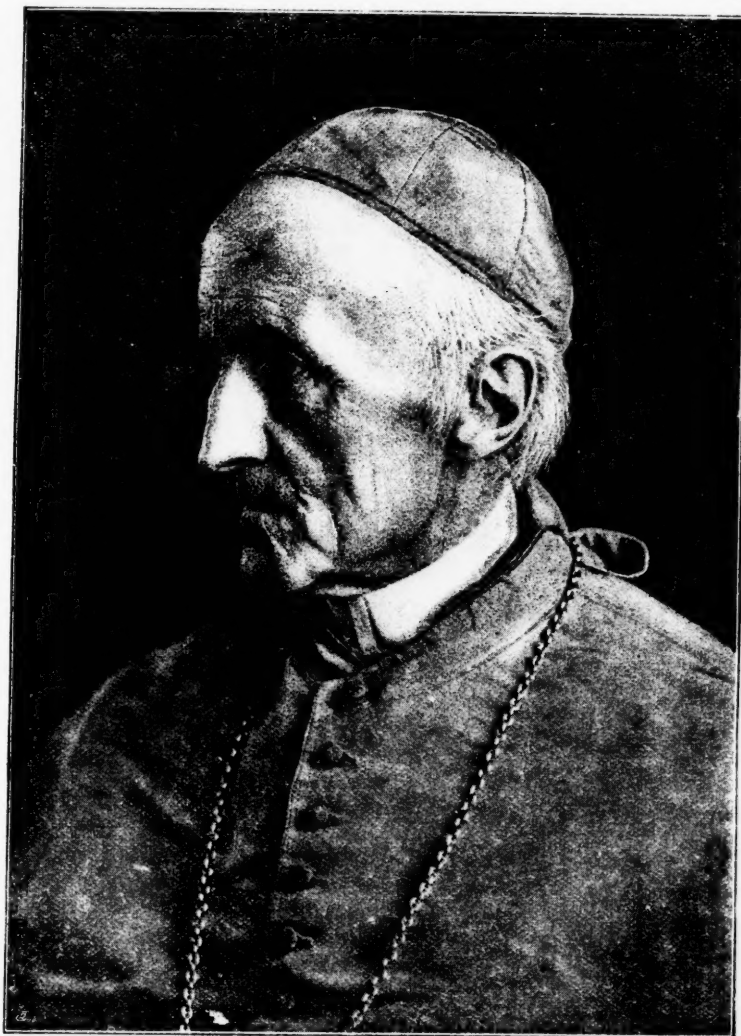
The volume opens with an autograph portrait of the Queen, and contains portraits and autographs of the most distinguished men and women of our time. So heterogeneous a company probably never found themselves together within the compass of a single volume. What would ensue if, by any chance, they were to find themselves within the four walls of a room, I hesitate to

imagine; but here they are side by side, with autographs which enable those students of the science of caligraphy to check and compare the principles of their science with the specimens of handwriting they have here collected.

It is very bewildering to anyone who approaches the subject from an outside standpoint to discover any principle which will guide him in interpreting the handwriting of the various celebrities whose caligraphy is displayed in these pages. There is as much contrast between

one man's handwriting and another's as there is between their respective characters. Compare, for instance, Mr.

Gladstone's neat and compressed style with the slight and diffuse letter of Lord Salisbury; or compare the handwriting of Lord Randolph Churchill and of Lord Derby, or of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Cunningham Graham, and you find a very marked difference indeed. But, on the other hand, the handwriting is very misleading. Why, for instance, should Olive Schreiner write so much like the late Mr. Forster? Their characters are absolutely opposed, but the same scrawl belongs to both. Mr. Pat Egan writes the neatest hand in the collection, Mr. Cunningham Graham the most illegible. None of the ladies writewhat may be called lady's hand. Mr. Kennan's hand is very clear and well defined. Mrs. Besant's handwriting is as pretty as any in the book



From a Photograph]

CARDINAL MANNING.

[by Russell and Sons.

There is as much contrast between Miss Willard's and Mrs. Butler's as there is between any two autographs. And it will be an ingenious calculation for any professor of the science of handwriting to point out what hint is given by the autographs to indicate the diametrical opposite tendencies of thought which characterize the two heads of the Baptist denomination.

Among the more remarkable portraits in the volume are reproductions of Mr. Thaddeus's portraits of the

Pope, the General of the Jesuits, and of Sir Richard Owen. There is also a new portrait of Miss Olive Schreiner, and the most recent of Sir Edward Malet. Madame Novikoff's portrait is taken from an early photograph, which represents her as she was when she first came to England, just before the Bulgarian atrocity agitation. Cardinal Manning's portrait is from the latest photograph, and is far the best that has yet been taken. Mark Twain's will be fresh to most Englishmen.

Its expression is hardly that which we would expect to belong to such a humorist. Mr. Morris's portrait is a very excellent presentation of the handsome features of our Socialist Poet.

The following is the list of the portraits in the book:—

Frontispiece:

Cabinet Portrait of William T. Stead, Editor of REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen

H. R. H. The Prince of Wales

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone M.P.

The Right Hon. the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.

His Grace the Archbishop of York

The Right Hon. the Lord Chief Justice of England

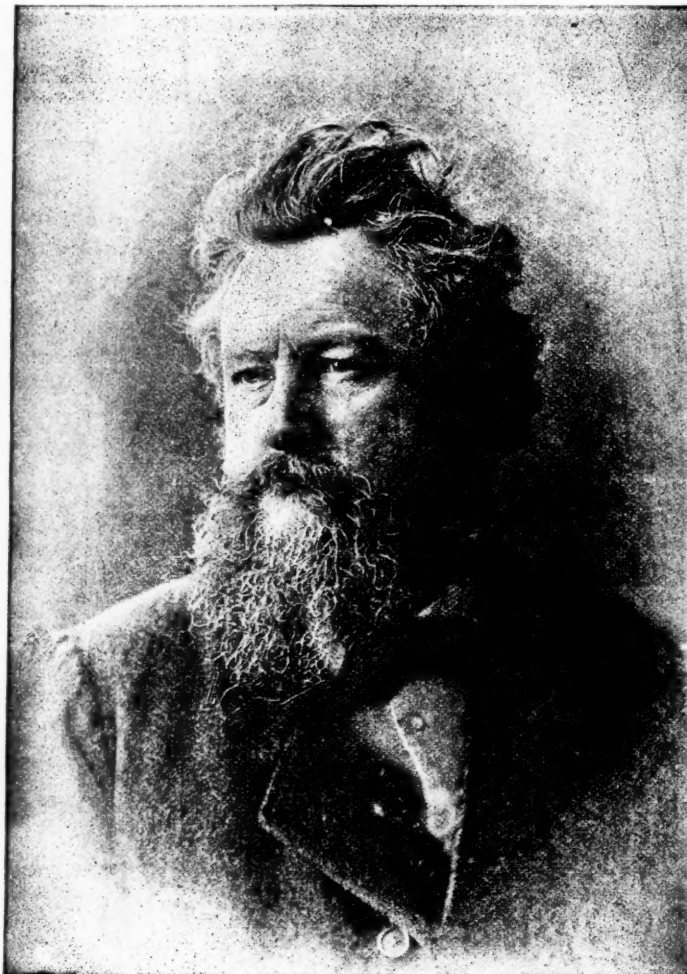
His Eminence Cardinal Manning.

His Majesty the King of the Belgians

His Holiness the Pope

His Eminence Cardinal Rampolla

The Right Hon. George J. Goschen, M.P.
The Right Hon. the Marquis of Lansdowne, G.C.B.
The Right Hon. the Marquis of Hartington, M.P.
The Right Hon. the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava
The General Viscount Wolseley, G.C.B.
The Right Hon. Sir Augustus Paget, G.C.B.
Lady Paget
Mrs. Gladstone
The Right Hon. Sir E. B. Malet, G.C.B.
The Right Hon. W. A. White, G.C.B.



From a Photograph]

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

[by Abel Lewis, Isle of Man.]

Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P.
The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.
The late Bishop of Durham
The late Cardinal Newman
Mr. John Burns
Mr. Ben Tillett and Mr. Tom Mann
Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P.
Mr. Cuninghame Graham, M.P.
Her Majesty the Queen of Servia
H.M. The Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva")

M. Emile de Laveleye

The Right Hon. Jas. Stansfeld, M.P.

M. Jules Verne

M. Emile Zola

Mr. C. J. Rhodes

Mr. J. Henniker-Heaton, M.P.

The Right Hon. Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P.

The Right Hon. Earl Derby, K.G.

Mr. W. S. Caine

The late Canon Liddon

His Excellency General Ignatieff

Count Leo Tolstoy

Countess Tatiana Tolstoy

Mr. John G. Whittier

Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes

Mr. James Russell Lowell

Mr. Samuel Clemens ("Mark Twain")

General Joubert

M. Anton Rubenstein

Rev. J. Clifford D.D.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

Sir Charles Russell

Sir Henry James

Mr. Geo. Meredith

Mr. J. A. Froude

Lord Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate

Mr. William Morris

Professor Huxley

M. G. Eiffel

Professor Tyndall
Sir Hercules Robinson
General and Mrs. Booth
Father Anderledy, General of the Jesuits
Miss Olive Schreiner
Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P.
Mrs. W. O'Brien
Mr. John Dillon, M.P.
Mr. Michael Davitt
The Hon. Patrick Egan

Mr. Patrick Ford
Mr. B. M. Malabari
M. Kentaro Kaneko
Sir Edwin Arnold
Sir Richard Owen
Mr. H. M. Stanley
Lieutenant Trivier
Mr. H. H. Johnston, C.B.
Cardinal Gibbons
Rev. Dr. Parker

Sir Morell Mackenzie
Mr. Henry George
Right Hon. Jno. Morley, M.P.
Miss Fawcett
Mrs. Fawcett
His Grace Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin
Mr. H. Labouchere, M.P.
General Boulanger
Duchesse D'Uzès
Mrs. Josephine Butler
Miss Frances E. Willard
Sir John E. Milnes, R.A.
Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.
Mme. Olga de Novikoff (née Kireaff)
The Countess Aberdeen
His Excellency General De Ritcher
M. Wischnegradsky
M. Alex. Dumas, fils
M. B. St. Hilaire
The Ven. Archdeacon Farrar
Dr. Hanna
Prof. Drummond
The Rev. Prof. Fairbairn, D.D.
Mme. Blavatsky
Mrs. Besant
Mme. Adam
Mlle. Bashkirtseff
Mr. E. T. Cook
Mr. T. Wemyss Reid
Mr. Massingham
Rev. Hugh Price Hughes

Mr. George Kennan
M. le Comte de Mun
M. Pobedonostzeff

The Album, which is a contribution to a popular portrait gallery, will enable our readers to have before them a collection of the pictures of the personages of whose doings they are constantly hearing in the pages of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. Most of the autographs relate to the REVIEW, and seldom has

any editor had such occasion for gratitude as I have in acknowledging the kindness of my distinguished correspondents. Considering how vehement a fighter I have been in causes so diverse, and many of them unpopular, I think it is wonderful indeed that so many men of such diverse political opinion should have been so kind as to aid me in this undertaking.

The collection of the autographs taken forms a chorus of congratulation which is without a parallel in the history of periodical literature. I only hope that, in the conduct of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, I may prove worthy of the good wishes of so many distinguished men. Here, for instance, are a couple of extracts from the autograph letters quoted in the Album. Professor Euxley writes, after perusing the first number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS:—

"Mashallah! it is wonderful! I felt nearly as bad after going through it as I always do after traversing a picture gallery; and I cannot pay a better compliment than that to the diverse impressions of the exhibition. May you have

all manner of success without that softening of the brain, which in my case would certainly supervene from any long continuance of such work as the editorship of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

The Archbishop of York writes:—

"How so much material could be gathered and compressed I wondered with the first number, now I wonder much more."



MADAME DE NOVIKOFF.

PROTECTION OF COPYRIGHT.

THE ART PUBLICATIONS OF THE HANFSTAENGL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THERE are few questions of more interest in the publishing business than that of the copyright in works of art. It is obviously to the interest of every one—except the pirate—that photographers and photographic publishers should be able to secure their own property in their own hands, and this for two very good reasons: (1) because without security, this—like every other form of property—would lose half its value, and the encouragement given to artists by the payment of large premiums for their original works would become impossible; (2) because the interest and reputation of the publisher are both involved in giving to the world the very best reproduction which can be obtained of his copyrighted works, and thus continual progress is made in the methods employed, with corresponding improved results.

The reproduction on due acknowledgment of photographs whenever such reproduction operates as an advertisement and not as a rival publication has been recognised by almost all the great English photographic publishers as a reasonable qualification of this rule, but the courtesy thus extended is not always deemed to apply to paintings or similar works of art, and Continental firms have been disposed to regard any reproduction of their publications—whether photographic or otherwise—as an infringement of their copyright. The cause for this has no doubt been the fact that in several cases the reproductions which have taken place have been directly piratical, and have been made expressly with a view of underselling the original and so driving it out of the market. That of course is sheer fraud, and it is in the public interest that vigorous measures should be taken to punish it wherever it occurs. But, as often happens among mortal men, when an attempt is made to set up a barrier against wrong-doing, the innocent suffer with the guilty, and the effort to prevent one evil entails sacrifices on those who are mistakenly confounded with the offender.

The nefarious attempt, for instance, of certain unscrupulous speculators to pirate some of the most celebrated of the art publications of the Hanfstaengl Company of Munich, which was deservedly exposed and punished by action in our Law Courts, seems to have led the firm to regard anyone who reproduced their pictures as pirates, and they have made a determined stand against all copying of their works wherever or by whomsoever perpetrated. Hence the trouble into which I got with the Hanfstaengl Company over the reproduction of Lenbach's famous portrait of Bismarck, to which I have already referred in the last number of the REVIEW.

The publication of a copy of this portrait was suggested to me by Sir C. Gavan Duffy. I postponed its appearance for a month in order to obtain a licence from the publishers to use it, but owing to a misconception I proceeded without the necessary permission. When the Hanfstaengl Company complained I stopped the sale of the number, cancelled some five thousand copies of the portrait then in my possession, reprinted the page with another portrait, and expressed my regret in an apology which had even greater degree of publicity than the original offence.

I am glad to be able to report as the sequel of this unfortunate little misunderstanding, that the Hanfstaengl Company, being quite satisfied that nothing was further from my intention than to infringe in any way upon their copyright, have accorded me permission to reproduce a specimen of the publications which gave them the

first place among the art publishers of Germany. Their catalogue is in itself a marvellous photographic album, the miniature reproductions of their publications being worthy of imitation by all art publishers, and it comprises upwards of 6,000 separate works, the copyrights of the whole of which are vested in the Hanfstaengl Company, who issue their reproductions to all parts of the world in three shapes: (a) photogravures or engravings; (b) aquarelles or mechanical reproductions in colours; and (c) art photographs varying from life size to the ordinary cabinet form.

The picture which I reproduce as a specimen of their art publications is the well-known "Hope," which formed the subject of legal proceedings last year, and for the publication of which with other works many well-known firms publicly apologized and paid compensation. This picture, published and sold by the Hanfstaengl Company through their agent, Mr. Gerson, of 5, Rathbone Place, W., had remained for some time unregistered, and had been very extensively pirated, and it was reserved to the legal gentlemen who acted for the Hanfstaengl Company in connection with these proceedings to establish the fact that the recent International Copyright Act, taken in conjunction with the Convention of Berne, of 1887, does away with the necessity of registration for foreign works, and that the common excuse of non-registration will not avail wherever distinct proof of the copyright is forthcoming.

As the piratical publications were sold below the copyright price it is obvious that serious injury was done to the Hanfstaengl Company, and a series of actions was commenced by Mr. Herbert Bentwich on behalf of the Munich firm, most of which were settled by payment of an agreed amount, the publication of apology, the destruction of all the pirated copies, and the giving of an undertaking not to issue any further prints of the same subject.

One action only out of the many instituted was actually pressed to trial (Hanfstaengl and another v. Saqui and Lawrence), tried before Justice Chitty on 11th February, 1890. As the case seemed likely to form a leading one, Mr. Bentwich compiled a report of the proceedings which he took for the vindication of his clients' copyrights, and this was published by the Hanfstaengl Company in a small pamphlet, which should be in the possession of everyone who has anything to do with the republication of pictures in this country.

This pamphlet is entitled "The Protection of Copyright," and as a record of what can be done by publishers who are prepared to vindicate their rights, it well deserves the title. The trade journals have recognised the service which the Hanfstaengl Company have rendered to publishers generally by laudatory articles, some of which are reproduced in this brochure.

I hope, therefore, now that the Hanfstaengl firm have thus abundantly vindicated their copyrights, and have struck awe into the whole tribe of piratical publishers, they will in future follow the example of other great art publishers and permit the reproduction of their pictures in such instances, at all events, as may not be detrimental to their interests. For my own part, I have never for a moment questioned their copyright. I am heartily sorry I unwittingly infringed it. I have done all that mortal man can do to make reparation, and I hope that after this somewhat troubled introduction, I may be permitted to introduce many of their admirable publications to the English-speaking world.



"HOPE."

Communications in respect of any infringement of Franz Hanfstaengl's copyrights should be addressed to Mr. J. Gerson, 5, Rathbone Place, W., the sole agent in England for Hanfstaengl's copyrights or to Herbert Bentwitch, Esquire, Corporation Chambers, Guildhall Yard, E.C., Solicitor for the Hanfstaengl Publishing Co.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MONTH.

ROYAL.

MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

Charming portrait. Three-quarter length. Full face. In walking costume.

POLITICAL.

THE STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.

The Rt. Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P.

The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.

The Rt. Hon. Lord George Hamilton, M.P.

RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET.

Comte de Paris.

Head and Shoulders.

Comtesse de Paris.

Three-quarter length. Standing.

Duc d'Orleans.

FRADELLE AND YOUNG.

Mr. Herbert J. Gladstone, M.P.

Hon. W. Lowther, M.P.

SOCIAL.

Mr. H. S. MENDELSSOHN.

The Honourable Mrs. Ramsay.

MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET.

S. Hope Morley, Esq., L.C.C.

Head and shoulders. Full face.

Commander V. Lovett Cameron.

Excellent likeness of the African explorer.

FRADELLE AND YOUNG.

Lady Fitzhardinge.

Three-quarter. Sitting.

THE STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.

The Duke of Portland.

The Earl of Lathom.

Lord Brooke.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.

Sir Henry Thompson.

Sir Spencer Wells.

FRADELLE AND YOUNG.

Professor Archibald Geikie.

Bust.

Professor Brown, C.B., Principal Veterinary College.

Three-quarter length. Sitting.

RELIGIOUS.

MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET.

The Bishop of Rochester.

Head and shoulders. Side face.

The Bishop of Worcester.

Three-quarter length. Sitting facing the spectator.

Canon Eliot.

Head and shoulders. Likeness of the new Dean of Windsor.

FRADELLE AND YOUNG.

Rev. Benjamin Waugh.

Bust portrait. Three-quarter face.

Bishop of Winchester.

Standing in Robes. Full face.

THE STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.

General Booth.

Very excellent full-face portrait of the head of the Salvation Army in characteristic attitude.

Mr. W. Bramwell Booth.

Good likeness of the Chief of the Staff of the Salvation Army.

The Rev. John McNeill.

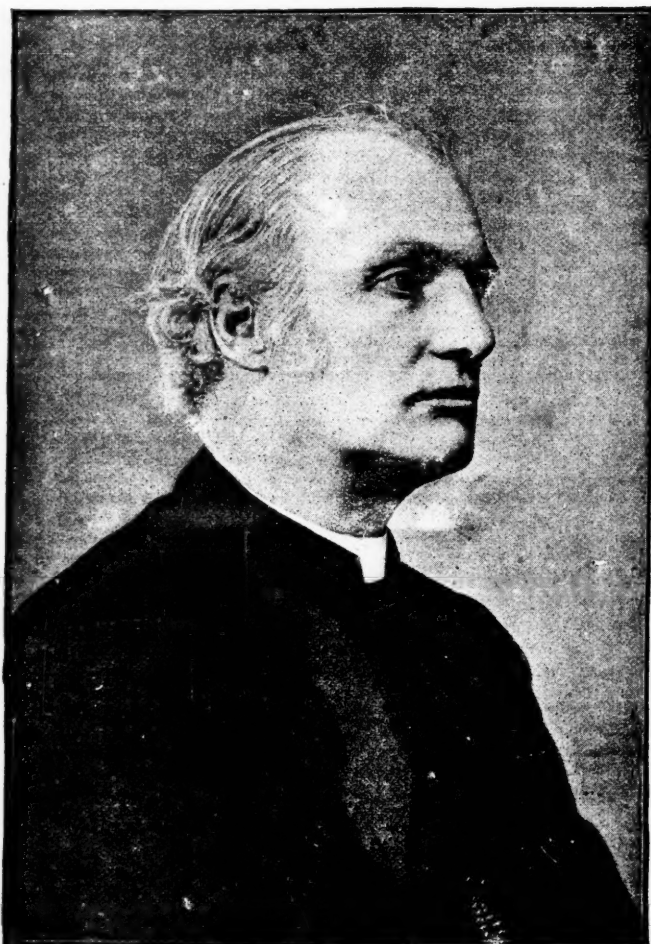
LITERARY AND ART.

Mrs. Jopling.

Full length. Standing at easel. Model in background.

Professor Herkomer.

Three-quarter length. Sitting at piano.



From photo. by]

[G. West & Son, Bournemouth.

CANON ELIOT, DEAN OF WINDSOR.

Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A.

Three-quarter length. Standing at easel.

Mr. W. E. H. Lecky.

Bust. Three-quarter face.

Mr. T. A. Bond, C.B.

Librarian British Museum. Sitting three-quarter length.

THEATRICAL.

MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET.

Miss Essex Dane.

In "The English Rose." Three-quarter length. Full face.

Miss Kate James.

Group. As Playing "In the English Rose."

Miss B. Ferrars.

Standing on the Ladder in "Sweet Nancy."

"OUR CELEBRITIES."

For December, 2s. 6d. Published by Sampson Low, Photographs by Walery. Edited by Percy Notcutt, Esq.

"FASHION AND SPORT."

In the above have appeared during the month the portraits of The Lord Mayor Alderman Savory, and Lady Eorwicke.



From photo. by]

[Alex. Bassano, Old Bond Street.

MRS. WEBB.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MESSRS. BONING AND SMALL.

Mr. C. M. Hallard.

As "Bobby" in "Sweet Nancy."

Miss Clara Jecks.

Sitting at the piano, face turned towards the spectator,

THE STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.

Mr. George Alexander.

Mr. Charles Wyndham.

Miss Ellen Terry.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree,

Mrs. Bernard Beere.

Miss Mabel Love.

Sir Henry Cotton.

Portrait of the late Lord Chief Justice.

Lord and Lady Brassey.

The Late Doctor Matthews Duncan.

The Survivors of the Light Brigade.

Group taken at Olympia, 2nd July, 1890.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary Review* for this month is a good solid number without any articles which call for very special notice. Extracts from the more important will be found under the headings of "Mr. Stanley," "In Darkest England," and "Mr. Goschen as a Financier."

VINET. BY GABRIEL MONOD.

Gabriel Monod writes upon Alexander Vinet, who is the leading figure of French Protestantism in the nineteenth century. His influence, M. Monod thinks, has been wide and deep. It has made itself felt slowly more and more until it has permeated the whole Protestant Church in French-speaking countries. M. Monod thus summarizes the result of M. Vinet's teaching:—

It has had a double action: on the one hand, its tendency has been to modify the dogmatic harshness of the pietistic movement inaugurated by the Revival, substituting for the narrow idea of an intellectual faith, founded on the doctrines of inspiration and a vicarious sacrifice, the conception of a large and living faith, resting simply on the great facts of the Gospel, and of the spiritual life, the mission, and passion of Jesus Christ, the revelation, and the remission of sins; and, on the other hand, it has at the same time brought back to positive Christianity, and to the belief in the supernatural, many minds which had been estranged by the dogmatic intolerance of the orthodox opinions.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

Mr. Robert Haldane writes upon some economic aspects of woman's suffrage, furnishing us with a somewhat stodgy paper, sound, no doubt, and sensible, but in which he does not leave a very clear impact upon the mind. He says one thing that is worth noticing, namely, that there is room for doubt whether any Parliament has been more determinedly hostile to the principle of woman's suffrage than the present. The work has still to be done in the country, and he thinks it is being done. The opinion of the public is changing with regard to the social and political position of women. It is as an integral part of a great economic movement that the matter has its chief significance.

RELIGIONS OF POWER AND OF GOODNESS.

Miss Power Cobbe writes on the "Two Religions," dividing all the religions of the world into two classes, namely, the worship of power and the worship of goodness. She is of the opinion that a great deal of the old power-worship of heathenism continues to vitiate Christianity, which, in its essence, is the worship of goodness.

Be it here noted that a man may call God "good," and may even think He is good, and yet may not worship Him at all on that account. There are millions to whom religion, even the Christian religion, still presents itself simply as a "way of salvation," a method for obtaining from God bodily health and prosperity in this world, and eternal felicity in the next. However they might repudiate the charge of being mere power-worshippers, it is the fact that God *can* send them health and wealth, or *can* destroy body and soul in hell, that alone arouses their devotion. It is not that He is just, good, holy, beyond man's loftiest conception. They resemble the sons of a good father, who have no sympathy with him, no genuine love for him, but who fawn on him and visit him

often, to obtain money and to secure their future inheritance. This kind of power-worship is perhaps as common now as ever it was; and less excusable than in the old days of nature-worship before man had learned either what goodness may be or that God is good.

THE ORIGINS OF COMMON LAW.

A very solid, historical legal paper by Sir Frederick Pollock describes the origin of the Common Law of England. Our laws, he says, have been formed in the main from a stock of Teutonic customs, with some additions in matter and considerable additions or modifications in form, received directly and indirectly from the Roman system. A distinct Scandinavian strain came in with the Danish invasions before the Norman Conquest. We received from the Norman Conquest a contribution of Frankish ideas and customs. Somewhat later, the intercourse of English princes in the Frankish Court brought in a fresh accession of Continental learning, and Continental form and practice, in the hands of the clergy, but applicable to secular affairs. In this way, the Roman materials, assimilated or imitated by the Frankish, easily found their way into England by a Scandinavian root. At a later time, under the immediate influence of an ecclesiastical learning and jurisdiction, other learned Roman contributions were made in a large and comparative direct way. The greatest of these jurisdictions were the Courts of Chancery.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Adolphe Smith describes the career of Lopatine and his trial as a terrorist. Lopatine translated into Russian the works of Professor Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, and others. After lying three years untried in jail, he was sentenced to death, but subsequently had his death sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. He is still in Schlusselberg.

THE EIGHT HOURS LEGAL DAY.

Writing on "State Socialism and Popular Right," Mr. John Rae makes some observations on the eight hours day, which are worth quoting. He says:—

"If a national eight hours Act is a difficult thing to obtain and enforce, an international one is virtually impossible, and the difficulty—perhaps even the futility—of national eight hours Acts seems proved by the experience of Victoria and the United States. In Victoria more than fifty separate trades have obtained the eight hours day without any Parliamentary assistance, and almost the only remaining trades which do not yet enjoy it are the very trades which have been protected by an eight hours Factory Act since 1874. As soon as the Act was passed, the operatives, men and women both, petitioned the Chief Secretary for its suspension, and it has remained in suspended animation to this day. California has had an eight hours Act on the Statute Book for even a longer period, but it has remained a mere dead letter, because employers began to pay wages by the hour or the piece, and the men found they did not earn so much in the short day as they used to in the long.

And he thinks that the eight hours day can only be in abiding succession if it comes through a successive growth of influence in one trade and another.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE December number is the best of the Reviews. I quote elsewhere from the articles of Mr. Chamberlain, Cardinal Manning, and Mr. Shaw Lefevre.

A PLEA FOR A COLONIAL CUSTOMS UNION.

Mr. Jennings, M.P., in an article entitled "The Trade League against England," expounds with the evident sincerity of deep conviction his thesis in favour of a Colonial Customs Union. He fears that it is almost too late, but he maintains that even now it might be possible. The advice which he gives to England is embodied in the following paragraph:—

What you ought to have done long ago was to have brought all your colonies and dependencies into a great alliance with you, for trade purposes first, for anything else afterwards upon which you might happen to agree. You would then have been able to defy the world. Your colonies are capable of supplying you with everything that you require, but they wanted time and opportunity to develop their resources. You should have given them an advantage in your markets by means of differential duties. They could not have taken your goods duty free, for they will raise their money chiefly at the custom houses, as all sensible nations do; but they could have offered you more favourable terms than they allowed to your competitors. The bond between you would have become closer and closer as the years went by.

He would begin by opening up negotiations with Canada, and so save her at the eleventh hour from being absorbed into the United States.

A PLEA FOR BIRDS.

Sir Herbert Maxwell has a pleasant paper on "Birds," in which he protests against the destruction that is done to many of the nobler birds by the barbarians who own our land. The fault, he says truly, is not so much with the gamekeepers as with the squires, and he waxes deservedly wroth in his denunciation of the hideously cruel pole trap. The paper should be reprinted as a pamphlet and circulated among all those who own more than a hundred acres of land throughout the country. There is a good deal of gossip in the article on the subject of birds and their ways. Among other things, he says:—

Polygamy among wild birds, though rare, is not unknown, witness our own blackgame and pheasants; but it is said to be among kites alone that polyandry is practised. The female bird permits the addresses of several males.

WOMEN AS PUBLIC SERVANTS.

Miss Louisa Twining has a very sensible paper concerning the necessity for increasing the number of female inspectors in lunatic asylums, workhouses, &c. She maintains—

That, imperfect as our present administration is, it has been greatly modified by the admission of women to a share in its duties, and to state our conviction that in the future, whatever changes may be brought about, none will be successful unless the necessity for their still more extended work and action is insisted upon, and the "communion of labour" between men and women yet further developed, till at least a due proportion of the latter will be found on every board of guardians in the kingdom, as well as on the committees of management of hospitals, lunatic asylums, prisons, and penitentiaries.

By the way, the London County Council should do what it can in this direction by appointing lady doctors to the lunatic asylums.

THE SWINEHERDS OF GADARA.

Professor Huxley, in an article entitled "The Keepers of the Herd of Swine," puts Mr. Gladstone's head in Chancery, and keeps it there, on the subject of the Gadarene

swine. The controversy arose in this way. In February last Professor Huxley said:—

In referring to the statement of the narrators that the herd of swine perished in consequence of the entrance into them of the demons by the permission, or order, of Jesus of Nazareth, "Everything that I know of law and justice convinces me that the wanton destruction of other people's property is a misdemeanour of evil example."

This scandalized Mr. Gladstone, who commented on it in *Good Words* in a characteristically Gladstonian manner. In this article we have Professor Huxley's response, in which it must be admitted he pummels Mr. Gladstone to his heart's content. Professor Huxley rejects the story of the Gadarene swine entirely, but he maintains that if it were true, then, in permitting the destruction of the property of the swineherds, Jesus-Christ was a compasser of illegality and a fautor of immorality. Professor Huxley says:—

The party of Galileans who, according to the narrative, landed and took a walk on the Gadarene territory, were as much foreigners in the Decapolis as Frenchmen would be at Dover. Herod Antipas, their sovereign, had no jurisdiction in the Decapolis—they were strangers and aliens, with no more right to interfere with a pig-keeping Hebrew than I have a right to interfere with an English member of the Israelitic faith if I see a slice of ham on his plate. According to the law of the country in which these Galilean foreigners found themselves, men might keep pigs if they pleased. If the men who kept them were Jews, it might be permissible for the strangers to inform the religious authority acknowledged by the Jews of Gadara, but to interfere themselves, in such a matter, was a step devoid of either moral or legal justification.

GIVE BACK THE ELGIN MARBLES!

Mr. Frederic Harrison, who accompanied Mr. Shaw-Lefevre in his journey to the East, has come back with a message from Athens. For seventy-four years the Elgin marbles have reposed in the British Museum. In his plea for the return of the household gods of ancient Greece to modern Athens, Mr. Harrison has, as his wont is, somewhat overlaboured his point, and, not contented with urging that the pure air of the Acropolis would preserve them for centuries longer than the climate and soot of Bloomsbury, he even maintains that Athens is a far more central archeological school than London, and that the marbles would be indefinitely safer from war, fire, or accidental injury on the summit of the Acropolis than in the British Museum. He says:—

We shall restore the Parthenon Marbles much as we restored the Ionian Islands and Heligoland to their national owners, because we value the good name of England more than unjust plunder. If the barkers of Pall Mall and the opposition rags have to be quieted, let us give them to munch a commercial treaty. A little Free Trade with England would satisfy the growers, and would do the Greeks permanent good. But let us have no higgling. Let us do the right thing with a free hand.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The article upon "Life in a Harem," by Adalet, chiefly deals with the distinction between Turkish and Circassian women in harems. It is an out-of-the-way article, which sheds light upon the institution of slavery in a polygamous country, but it is somewhat slight and rather disappointing. Earl Grey concludes his paper on the perils to which constitutional government is exposed by the present depraved condition of the House of Commons. Unless something is done, he thinks, Parliamentary Government must be abandoned as being unsound in principle.

PATERNOSTER REVIEW.

THE *Paternoster Review* for December has a charming frontispiece of a picture of the title of "Luca Della Robbia," and a very pathetic and poetic little story entitled "Bona Mors," by the editor of the Review, who has a delicate touch. It will not bear extracting, but it is one of the finest of the smaller tales in the Christmas literature of this year. Mr. H. H. Johnston the Indefatigable describes South-Central Africa in the first paper, but he writes somewhat too much as if he were compiling a gazetteer.

THE ZONE RAILWAY SYSTEM FOR LONDON.

Mr. E. S. Sheldon boldly proposes to apply the Hungarian Zone Passenger Tariff to London. He says that there are, exclusive of the Metropolitan District Railway, 2,110 suburban trains run in and out of London daily, and the main line trains only amount to 410. The ten main line railways carried 400,000,000 of passengers last year, while the North London and Metropolitan District carried an additional 135,000,000. The season tickets number 272,000 a year, and the workmen's tickets exceeded 9,000,000. Tramway, 'busses, and underground railways carried 453,000,000 a year. Mr. Sheldon would supersede season tickets by tickets of his own—tickets available on all railways entering London.

These numerous and important objections to the season ticket would be all obviated by the Zone ticket sold in packages of ten, twenty, or fifty, as might be decided; these Zone tickets to be transferable and good at any time during the calendar year in which they were sold, and on any of the main lines of railway out of London for twenty miles. They should be issued by a central authority like the Railway Clearing House, or by a committee appointed by all the railways. They should be of three classes—first, second, and third, the third-class so cheap as to take the place of the present workmen's tickets; the first and second class cheaper than the present season ticket or excursion tickets.

RUSSIA AND HER JEWS.

Mr. William Henry writes an article on Russia and her Jewish question, which is a temperate and reasonable plea for the sense of judgment and the exercise of a little charity when we are considering Russians dealing with their religious population. Mr. Henry says:—

If our clergy and our philanthropists and the Jewish community here seem to be obliged to give up the amelioration of their own countrymen in the East End of London, how much more difficult a task must it be for the Russian Government, desirous as it is to do everything in its power (irrespective of the cost), to alleviate the dreadful misery which exists in the congested districts of Russia?

Miss Laura Smith contributes a slight article on "Sir Richard Burton," whom she regards as a Hercules of literary power and universal tact.

PARLIAMENT ON CIRCUIT.

Mr. Alaric Pons boldly proposes that Parliament shall go on circuit, in support of which there is undoubtedly a good deal to be said:—

That Parliament should be summoned in January to meet, not at Westminster, but in Dublin, there to hold a Session of four or six weeks for the discussion of Irish affairs. These would include not alone the legislation which the Ministry may have to propose for the year with regard to that country, but also the Irish vote on the Budget and all past questions of administration—i.e., it should be unlawful to adjourn the House at Westminster at the ensuing Session for the consideration of any Irish question, unless the circumstances giving rise to it had taken place after the end of the Dublin Session. All Parliamentary law work should also be settled in Dublin, and doubtless the six weeks would be ample for this purpose.

Mr. Seagar writes on "Registration Reform." The central feature of his scheme is the appointment of a paid official, whose sole duty is the attention of registration throughout the year under public control, liable for heavy penalties for wilfully or carelessly omitting names from the list.

THE ARENA.

I NOTICE elsewhere the leading paper in the *Arena*—Mr. Dion Boucicault on the Future of American Drama.

DESTITUTION IN BOSTON.

The other chief feature of this magazine is a symposium, with striking illustrations and suggestions, for the relief of destitution in Boston. It is a kind of faint American edition of General Booth's book, "In Darkest England, and the Way Out." There are half a dozen brief papers by leading citizens of Boston. The editor makes the following suggestion as a means of coping with overcrowding of tenement-houses. He says:—

It would doubtless be cheaper, in the long run, if the city purchased land in its suburbs, divided it into little plots, and sold it, on very easy terms and long time, to those who live in the tenement-house districts, and who are struggling to be free. If the city owned the means of transportation, which sooner or later it surely will, a low rate could be charged to all labourers who received less than a certain amount of wages, they being furnished with check cards, stamped and registered. Thus, at a cost of two or three cents, the poor man could come to his work and return to his home in the suburbs.

WHY NOT RECONSTITUTE CHRISTIANITY?

Mr. Wilbur Larremore puts in a plea for the reconstitution of our Churches on a new basis. He would substitute for the whole dogmatic system of belief a code of ethics founded upon the teachings of Jesus.

The Churches are daily becoming greater theoretical anomalies. The avowed basis of organization is always a set of allegations about supernatural matters, in which the communicants are supposed unanimously to believe. In point of fact scarcely anybody believes everything, and many believe scarcely anything.

Altruistic service is the essence of Christianity.

Whatever life there is in the Church to-day is due to the virtual ignoring of creeds, and the embracing of the opportunities for practical good the institution offers, in spite of its unrealities. But the gain in numbers, in influence, and in power would be beyond estimate if the real basis of church life could be made its avowed basis.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Nathan H. Dole contributes an excellent paper on "Turgeneff as a Poet," with copious translations from some of his verse. The Rev. M. J. Savage glances at the "good old times" for the purpose of proving how much worse they were than those in which we live. He writes from the point of view of one who believes that telegraph, and steam, and gas, and the electric light, are the modern angels of God who are doing more to bring about the Divine ideal than all other things combined. Professor Shaler's paper on "The African Element in America" maintains that there is an impossible obstacle to the amalgamation of the races in the fact that the mulattoes are weaker of body and shorter of life than their parents. The negroes can neither stand alone in communities of their own making, and neither can they completely unite physically with the whites.

THE NEW REVIEW.

DR. KOCH AS A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

In the *New Review* this month the study of character is devoted to Dr. Koch, and is apparently written by someone who knew him when he was an obscure doctor in Posen. There is nothing that is new in the article, but the following account of the bacillus hunter when only a rural practitioner is worth reprinting:—

To eke out a respectable income he remained a private practitioner as well. On many a Polish winter night, jolting in a Polish rural car along a Polish country road, the ind fatigable man would drive about to look after a coughing child or an expiring boor, having previously torn himself away from his books to render what assistance he could, and earn what little fee he might. A serious, unostentatious, and dutiful man throughout, he, in this and in every other part of his career, commanded the respect of his fellow citizens, without, however, eliciting any very ardent feelings in his behalf. He never spoke much, though his actions might always be relied on. He never displayed a tendency nor, indeed, a wish to shine, though he certainly was a proficient in the rarer art of doing good. Night and day, in sick-room and hospital, he had little time to devote to the society of his equals, and in that half-Slavonic province was certainly more popular as a doctor than as a visitor or a host.

UNPUBLISHED PAPERS BY DE QUINCEY.

Very recently a number of De Quincey's MSS. were, by a great piece of good fortune, discovered by Mrs. Baird Smith and Miss De Quincey. The following papers, the first of which is the missing "Suspiria de Profundis," have been selected from this mass of long-hidden treasure. A further selection will be given in the January number of the *New Review*.

The articles are so short that it would be hardly fair to quote them. I think, however, that Mr. Grove will not object to my quoting the following sentences from the paper beginning "The loveliest sight to a woman's eyes is her first-born child":—

Nineteen times out of twenty I have remarked that the true paradise of a female life, in all ranks not too elevated for constant intercourse with the children, is by no means the years of courtship, nor the earliest period of marriage, but that sequestered chamber of her experience in which a mother is left alone through the day, with servants, perhaps, in a distant part of the house, and (God be thanked!) chiefly where there are no servants at all; she is attended by one sole companion, her little first-born angel, as yet clinging to her robe, imperfectly able to walk, still more imperfect in its prattling and innocent thoughts, clinging to her, haunting her wherever she goes as her shadow, catching from her eye the total inspiration of its little palpitating heart, and sending to hers a thrill of secret pleasure so often as its little fingers fasten on her own. Left alone from morning to night with this one companion, or even with three still wearing the graces of infancy, buds of various stages upon the self-same tree, a woman, if she has the great blessing of approaching such a luxury of paradise, is moving—too often not aware that she is moving—through the divinest section of her life.

ARE OUR WARSHIPS SEAWORTHY?

This question is answered by Lord Brassey and Admiral Colomb, both of whom take the wreck of the *Serpent* as a text in order to prove that it has no bearing upon the subject at all, the *Serpent* not being wrecked because she was unseaworthy, but because she had, for some unexplained reason, got out of her course, and was thrown upon some rocks in a strong gale when going at full speed in a fashion that would have shattered the strongest ship that ever left the docks. Lord Brassey passes in review the reconstruction of the Navy, and rejoices in the new departure which Mr. White has made in increasing the dimensions of the second class cruisers.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

The first article in the *National Review* is a reply to Mr. Gladstone's utterances on the Church of Scotland. Its practical conclusion is that what is wanted in Scotland is a real stand-up fight on the question. The way to bring this about is to let it be distinctly understood that if Mr. Gladstone should return to power next election, a bill will be brought in for the disestablishment of the Scotch Church. The House of Lords would throw it out, and so provoke a dissolution on this question. Miss Alice Oldham continues her History of Socialism at great length, dealing this time with Lassalle, Bakounin, and Proudhon. Mr. Norwood Young writes upon Gambling at Monte Carlo, discussing the question of the systems so dear to the heart of the habitués of the familiar Casino. He tests the chances of players by the result of thirty-seven thousand six hundred and ninety successive turns of the wheel and ball as they actually occurred at one roulette table in Monte Carlo in three months of this year.

WHAT WOULD FOLLOW THE EIGHT HOURS LEGAL DAY.

Mr. Frederick Pincott writes a very sensible and interesting article upon the eight hours movement, in which he points out that the immediate result of a statutory interdict of more than eight hours work a day would be an enormous increase of work done at home.

Even at the present time a large number of industrious men do extra work at home to secure extra comforts. There cannot be the slightest doubt that every industrious man would immediately utilize the time placed at his service for the purpose of earning more money. Extra home-labour is not now systematic because of the liability to work overtime. The moment the Legislature decreed overtime to be illegal, industrious men would organize their home-labour and take contracts with perfect confidence. The "Commonwealth" at Bolton is a case very much in point. There a party of socialists started works of their own about three years ago, the men continuing at their ordinary occupations during the day-time, but resorting to their private workshop in the evening. Their endeavour is to make every article which their members require, and thus to avoid dealing with the outside world. The little fraternity of industrious enthusiasts has, of course, prospered greatly.

CHURCH BROTHERHOODS.

The Rev. Harry Jones, writing on Christian colonies and sisterhoods, says a good word for General Booth's scheme, and then passes on to discuss the proposed Christian brotherhood. His conclusion is:—

I think that a generous recognition of the comprehensive boldness seen in the Salvationist scheme would do more to intensify and recommend that which is now being quietly and earnestly done in thousands of parishes than any revival and wide introduction into them of an order of men under an ecclesiastical vow of obedience, poverty, and celibacy. And yet this is immovably fixed upon by the public as the salient feature of the proposed brotherhood.

Mr. P. Henry Rew pleads for an allocation of a certain amount of the funds at the disposal of the London County Council for the establishment of technical agricultural schools. He would have a normal school of agriculture established in the Midlands, where instruction should be given in the theory and practice of every branch of British agriculture.

CONSTANTINOPLE FOR ENGLAND.

An anonymous writer signing himself Quis, asks the question, who shall inherit Constantinople? and answers it boldly by saying that England must occupy Constantinople. What chiefly commends this to the writer is because it would be a most fatal check to Russia. It is surprising that he even fails to ask the question how long the war would be which Russia in self-defence would be compelled to begin in order to avert if possible that "fatal check."

THE FORUM.

THE *Forum* for November is solid, but a trifle dull. President Francis A. Walker replies to Dr. Abbott, defining what may be said to be cautious Whig principles of progress in the direction of socialism. He would not deviate from the approved principles of government; he would not interfere with the rights of property, either in lands or in goods; he would not materially enlarge the traditional functions of the state.

WANTED, A REFORMATION IN JOURNALISM.

Writing on "The Shibboleth of Public Opinion" Mr. W. S. Lilly, a Roman Catholic journalist, says:—

In mediæval times there arose, not unfrequently, a well-warranted demand for the reformation of the clergy. It appears to me that in these days men of good-will are bound to do all that in them lies for a reformation of journalism. Our journalists are the prophets of democracy. It is for democracy to insist that they be true prophets and not false. I take it that one of the greatest services which can be rendered to the age in which we live—yes, and to the ages that will come after us—is to promote a truer conception, a deeper appreciation of the ethical responsibilities, the moral mission, of journalism.

How far at present the new clergy of the press is from recognising its high calling may be inferred from the fact that an editor of a leading journal said that the title of Mr. Lilly's essay on "The Ethics of Journalism" reminded him of the famous chapter on "Snakes in Ireland." Dr. Bartol has his somewhat belated say upon "Tolstoi and the Kreutzer Sonata." He thinks, in the spirit and genius of this book, Calvin has returned to life and John the Baptist from still further back. Tolstoi is a second St. Augustine, &c. The article is poor. Senator Cullom describes the six new States recently added to the Union with considerable statistical detail. He thinks that each new State that is admitted to the Union serves to strengthen it.

THE ADVANTAGES OF REVIVALISM.

The Rev. Dr. Eggleston, the author of "Hoosier Schoolmaster," describes the formative influences under which he was brought up in his youth in Indiana. He says:—

An intense religious life stimulates the mind tremendously in certain directions, and in its rebound produces effects that are more easily recognised than accounted for. Out of the austerity of the middle ages came the renaissance; out of New England Puritanism came the literary productiveness of the Unitarian reaction. And I also had my period of renaissance—that exhilaration and exaltation which the liberated mind feels in the rebound from constraint, and which carries it for a time to a higher level than it might otherwise have attained.

The time spent in a frontier ministry I look back upon with considerable satisfaction. The habit of ready speaking, the training in the art of meeting emergencies, the intimate knowledge of human life in its rudimentary conditions—are these not as well worth learning as the art of scanning Virgil, the list of ships in Homer, or Cæsar's method of building a military bridge?

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.

Mr. C. Wood Davis writes on the "Probabilities of Agriculture" in reply to Prince Krapotkin. He may be right and Prince Krapotkin wrong, but it is easier to read a hundred pages of the Russian theorist than it is to read one page of the American statistician's ponderously solid calculations. Mr. Davis is evidently of opinion that if the millennium ever comes we shall have very little left to eat—except each other. He anticipates that in 1895

America will have to import grain to feed her own population. Prof. Alexander Winchell describes the most recent theories concerning the action of glaciers.

JESUIT DOMINION IN CANADA.

Mr. W. Blackburn Harte describes the problem of French Canada and the Dominion from the point of view of a thorough-going opponent of the Catholic Church. The decalogue is as rigorously observed in Quebec as it is anywhere else, but the French Canadians are entirely ignorant of their duty to the commonwealth. They are absolutely under the power of the priests. Twenty per cent. of the children do not attend school at all. The priests bind the laity hand and foot, and are so ignorant that five years ago, at the time of the small-pox epidemic in Montreal, the Church forbade vaccination, and would allow no preventives except the swallowing of a round piece of paper bearing the impress of the Virgin Mary! The result was that the French Canadians died by thousands while the English escaped. If the growth of French nationalism is allowed to go on unchecked Canada will cease to be British in order to remain English. Annexation or independence would bring about the emancipation of Canada from the iron rule of the Pope. The Jesuits have strangled liberty in Canada, but time will bring its revenge. The article on the progress of the Negro, by the Rev. A. B. Mayo, is marked by a genial optimism.

THE AMERICAN LAND QUESTION.

Mr. Goodloe makes a melancholy survey of the condition of the Western farmer in his paper on "Western Farm Mortgages." He says:—

The virgin soil of the West is rapidly ceasing to be the home and the possession of the sturdy American freeman. He is but a tenant at will, or a dependent upon the tender mercies of soulless corporations and of absentee landlords. We have abolished monarchy, and primogeniture, and church establishments supported by the state; yet the universal curse of humanity, the monopoly of the earth by the wealthy few, remains. It is related of John Randolph of Roanoke, that when visiting a neighbouring planter about seventy years ago, he found his hostess, surrounded by her female servants, making clothing for the Greeks who were struggling for liberty and independence. But while taking leave, he observed a troop of ragged slaves approaching the house; and turning, he said to the lady, "Madam, the Greeks are at your door." And now to America, aglow with sympathy for the Irish, may be said, "Madam, Ireland is at your door."

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE *Fortnightly Review* is below the average and late in appearing. Captain Pembroke Marshall devotes twenty-two pages to an elaborate attempt to prove that there is no need to prohibit Child Life Insurance. He sounds the war whoop vigorously against the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, but he will find that Benjamin's scalp is not so easily taken as he seems to think. What is wanted, he says, is not the passing of new enactments, but the enforcement of existing laws. Mr. Pater's paper on Prosper Mérimée is one of the literary gems of the December periodicals. He describes him as the enthusiastic amateur of rude, crude, naked force in men and women, wherever it could be found. He was the unconscious parent of modern realistic naturalism. Madame Darmesteter concludes her series of papers on "Rural Life in France in the Fourteenth Century." Commander Cameron writes on "Burton as I knew him." He describes him as a man who, in the Elizabethan age, would have

been an epoch maker. He knew a score of languages, never forgot a fact, and remembered all he had ever seen or had ever read. Mr. Hurlbert, who contrives to cherish a reputation in the Old World which has gone out in the New, writes a long paper on "The Outlook in France," with the sub-heading, "How Republics are made and unmade." His chief point is that the Republicans have gone far to make universal suffrage an imposture or a series of swindles. In his next paper he proposes to consider the guarantees offered by the existing Republic in France of impartiality and independence in the administration of justice. Mr. W. L. Courtney writes on "The Mask of Descartes"; "X" on Mr. Tree's "Monday Nights." There are two financial articles on the recent panic, Mr. W. R. Lawson describing its Argentine bearings, and Mr. A. J. Wilson discussing the relations of English Bankers to the English Bank Reserve.

SHORTER NOTICES.

In the *Anti-Slave Trade Reporter* for September and October there is a useful collection of documents relating to the attempt of Holland to prevent the levying of the necessary customs duties by the Congo State, which was decreed by the Berlin Congress. Unless Holland signs by January 1st, the work of the Conference falls to the ground. Holland, I fear, is secretly backed by France. If so, Cardinal Lavigerie, whose sermon at the Anti-Slavery Congress in Paris appears in the *Reporter*, has good reason to be ashamed of his country.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* there is a pleasant account of Sir Walter Raleigh's house at Youghal in the county of Cork. It now belongs to Sir John Pope Hennessy, and the halls and study are filled with memorials of their great occupant. There is a poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, "But one Talent," and an interesting paper on Carriage Horses and Cobs. The article on the New Departure in Parisian Art describes the career and influence of M. Julien.

Blackwood.—*Blackwood* is a very good number. I quote elsewhere from the articles on "The Druses of the Holy Land," "Hindoo Infant Marriage," and the "Bavarian Water Cure." Had space permitted I should have liked to have quoted from Colonel Knollys' account of the "Lepers of Robben Island, in South Africa." The result of the appeal made on their behalf has been to overwhelm them with contributions of all kinds. The system of administration has been reformed, and things seem to be going on very well. It is a remarkable illustration of the power of outspoken English opinion against evils which cannot be put down in any other manner. Colonel Knollys thinks that South Africa bids fair to become the hotbed of Leprosy throughout the world. Mr. Coutts Trotter describes the deposition of Mr. Baker, the Wesleyan king of Tonga, who, to do him justice, showed his wisdom in discouraging the alienation of land to foreigners. The article on "Autumn Politics" is out of date, thanks to the O'Shea divorce case.

Cassell's Family Magazine begins its new volume this month with two serials—"A Sharp Experience," by Kate Eyre, and "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," by C. E. C. Weigall.

In the *Leisure Hour* there is an interesting paper by Richard Max Heath on Erckmann-Chatrian, a little essay full of facts on Everyday Life on the Railroad, a travel paper on the Crossing of the Marnisson, a little-known district of the Caucasus. There is a very carefully written study of Napoleon the First, and Dr. Schofield's paper on the Science of Old Age will be read with interest by the hundred persons out of every thousand who reach 75. Mrs. Mayo's paper on Female Emigration is written by a person who knows what she is writing about.

The best article on the McKinley Tariff in any of the magazines is Mr. Joel Cook's "Glance at the Tariff," in *Lippincott*. It is only seven pages long, but it tells the facts concerning the changes wrought in the tariff more clearly than any other article that I have met with this month.

The *Century* devotes a considerable space to California. Among the writers of the stories in the December number are Joel Chandler, Harris and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. A travel paper gives an account of a journey through the unknown land on the borders of China.

There is an article in the *Brazilian Constitution in Chautauquan* for December, which may be read with interest by constitutional reformers. In the *Brazilian Republic* the suffrage is limited to those who can read or write. No monks can vote, or soldiers, or paupers, or women. There is also a brief eulogistic paper on Canon Liddon as a preacher.

The *Cosmopolitan* for December is notable for a charmingly illustrated account of the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau, from the pen of Miss Bisland, who betook herself to Bavaria after her stampede round the world. There is also an article on Von Moltke, and an essay full of portraits of literary Boston. The *Cosmopolitan* has this month adopted a flowery border to each of its pages, which is not an improvement.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* is a double number and well worth the double price. It is full of interesting matter copiously illustrated. There is an article on English Convent Life by Sister Aloysia, which gives a very charming account of the conventual life as it appears to one who enters it for the first time. Mrs. Clifford, whose article is illustrated by the Hon. John Collier, tells what she calls an "anyhow story" of Wooden Tony, a little Swiss boy who began by being wooden-headed, and who, after he had sung a song which he learned in the clouds, and it had gone forth into the world, became a little wooden figure in a Swiss clock. Mr. William Clarke describes the Ancestral Home of the Washingtons at Sulgrave in Northamptonshire.

The frontispiece is from Steward's portrait of Washington, the original of which is hanging in Lord Rosebery's dining-room in Berkeley Square. Archdeacon Farrar describes Nooks and Corners in Westminster Abbey, in a paper full of sketches, and Mr. Phillip Norman, with pen and pencil, deals with the Inns and Taverns of Old London. A brief paper on Patriotic Airs by Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden, gives the history of the "Marseillaise," "God Save the Queen," and the Russian and Danish national anthems.

Good Words contains the second part of Mr. Whymper's story of his ascent of Cotopaxi; Prof. Flint has a paper on the "Collectivization of Capital," and Dr. Cunningham Geikie describes Norwich, the old cathedral city where he finds a congenial home. In the next number of *Good Words* Mrs. Oliphant will write one serial, "The Marriage of Eleanor," and Mr. J. M. Barrie the second, "The Little Minister." Miss Annie Swan will write "Lay Sermons," and there will be a series of papers on "Health and Holiday Resorts," pictured by pen and pencil. In the *Sunday Magazine* there is a paper describing the good work done by Dr. Bowman Stephenson. In the new year, the new serial will be "Godiva Burleigh," by Sarah Doudney, and *White Wings Gleaning*, by L. T. Meade.

Harper's is almost entirely taken up with stories. There is an account of California, by Charles Dudley Warner, copiously illustrated, another article on "Japanese Women," which is also well illustrated, which is written by Pierre Loti. Mr. Andrew Lang writes on "As You Like It"; but the article which will be of most interest to English readers is Mr. Theodore Child's account of Mr. Layland's House at Princess Gate, under the title of "A Pre-Raphaelite Mansion."

In **Macmillan's Magazine** Dr. Ward writes on the Universities and the Counter Reformation, and Mr. W. U. Torrens pleads for pure water and plenty of it.

In **Merry England**, Mrs. Virginia M. Crawford, writing on "The Protestant Samaritan," urges Catholics to come forward in greater numbers, to co-operate in a spirit of charity with various agencies outside the Church which confer inestimable benefits on delicate or destitute little Catholics, and show every proper consideration for their spiritual welfare. Among these agencies she particularizes the Children's Country Holiday Fund, the Invalid Children's Aid Association, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. It is a good article, sensible, well-informed, and instinct with the true spirit of Christian charity.

In **Murray's Magazine** for December Mr. Morley Roberts praises the streets of London. In the City, in early morning, there is a City that few men know, which for strange, quiet charm and poetic feeling has few equals in the world. London, he says, is the clumsy but true expression of ourselves, beautiful even in the artistic meaning of the word; but, then, Mr. Roberts is an optimist who sees much better art on the hoardings than adorns half the walls of the Royal Academy. Professor Jannaris explains the cause of Greek disaffection towards England, which, he thinks, is due to England's overfondness for M. Tricoupis, whom Professor Jannaris does not love. How absurd it is, and yet how characteristic, of the sensitive Hellenes to care a straw for what Englishmen, who know little or nothing about them and their affairs, may think of this statesman or that! Do we care one atom what all Europe thinks of Mr. Gladstone, or all the continents of Mr. Balfour?

THE SPANISH MAGAZINES.

DOÑA EMILIA PARDO BAZAN contributes to the *Revista Ibero-Americana* a short article on "Two Foreign Writers on the Cid." Cardinal Zefirino Gonzalez has an essay on "Language and the Unity of the Human Race," from which we extract the concluding paragraphs:—

From what has been said in the present article, we deduce this conclusion: the science of language, in its actual condition, and in the opinion of the best authorities on the subject (without excluding those not inclined towards the Christian idea (far from supplying efficient arguments in favour of the plurality of the human race, is much more favourable to the specific unity of mankind. Another important conclusion may be deduced from the facts enumerated—namely, that the present impossibility of classifying some languages is quite compatible with their real derivation from our primitive speech. The fact of their apparent want of connection with others is explained by our ignorance of dead languages spoken in former, and especially in prehistoric, epochs, which renders science unable to reconstruct the chain of the descent of languages, although suspecting with good ground the existence of the links which to-day are missing in the chain.

Don Juan Valera writes on "Metaphysics and Poetry," and Don M. Menendez y Pelayo on the "Rise of Romanticism in France." The "foreign" section of the Review contains translations of a short story by Alphonse Daudet, a paper on "The Morgue," by M. Macé, and an article on "Wagner's Theatre and Music at Bayreuth," by M. Jules Freson.

In the *Revista Contemporanea*, Don Carlos Soler Arques writes on "Secondary Education and Modern Languages." Don Mariano Amador contributes a somewhat abstract essay on the "Principles Involved in that of Order," and Don J. Valero Martin a "Sketch for a Novel"—a short story with a tragic ending. "Ideals" is another short story, whose style and spirit show the influence of French authors. It is another variation on the, old theme of "Disillusion." Don J. Pons Samper has a fine sonnet on "Death," and Don Juan Perez de Guzman continues his selections illustrative of "The Beginning of Spanish Poetry."

The mid-November number of the same magazine contains an article on the "Conceptions" of Murillo, by Don Victor Suarez Capalleja, and a further instalment (the last appeared three or four numbers back) of the Countess d'Aulnoy's account of her travels in Spain. A great part of it is devoted to bull-fights, which were apparently very serious matters two hundred years ago, since "for one of these festivals to be really brilliant, it is necessary that at least ten men shall be left dead on the spot." On this occasion the Countess saw a young Toledan killed on the spot, two other men dangerously wounded, and Count Königsmark (who apparently entered the arena as an amateur) carried away nearly dead by his footmen. "These amusements," concludes the Countess, "are beautiful, interesting, and magnificent,—the spectacle is an exceedingly fine one,—they cost much money. It would be difficult to give an exact description; it is necessary to see them to understand exactly what they are; yet I confess that I cannot succeed in enjoying these things when I think that a man, in whose life one is interested, is guilty of the rashness of risking it in combat with an enraged bull. . . . Can such customs be approved of? . . . And even supposing that one has no particular interest in any of the persons concerned, can one desire the celebration of a festival at which several men may lose their lives? For my part I am surprised that in a State whose kings bear the name of 'Catholic' so barbarous a diversion should be tolerated. I know that it is very

ancient, and has been handed down from the Moors; yet I think it ought to be abolished, like many other customs which have been preserved since the days when the Infidels inhabited this country."

The Countess also describes, very graphically, the magnificent procession on Corpus Christi Day, in which the King and all the gentlemen of his Court took part. Elsewhere she gives an account of a curious mode of travelling which she witnessed:—

"It will surprise you if I say that I have just seen ten galleys arrive at this city, which is 400 leagues distant from the sea. However, they are land galleys, and it seems to me quite right that there should be such, when we have sea-horses and sea-dogs. The galleys are in the shape of a covered cart, and five times as large as one of those vehicles; they have six wheels, three on each side, which cannot give a much more agreeable motion than that of transport waggons. The body is oval, and very much like the hull of a galley; its covering is of cloth in the form of an awning, and each galley holds 40 persons, who sleep and live in it, as if in a moving house, drawn by 20 horses." . . . These galleys required plenty of space to move in, as they were too long to turn with ease, and when capsized could only be righted by the united exertions of a hundred men. They usually started in detachments of ten or twelve, and were provisioned as if for a long voyage; for—coming as they mostly did from Galicia and La Mancha—they had to traverse long stretches of barren and uninhabited country, where "for hundreds of leagues one meets with no vegetables but wild rosemary and thyme," and where there were no inns or hostleries.

There is a short story, "The Last Breath," by J. Pons Samper, and amongst the reviews a brief notice of Stanley's "In Darkest Africa."

THE DUTCH MAGAZINES.

In *De Gids* for November Louis Couperus concludes a most gruesome and unpleasant novelette entitled "Destiny." Johannes Dyserinck has a paper on the picture usually known as Rembrandt's "Night Watch," which, as a matter of fact, represents the guard turning out in broad daylight; and Professor A. G. van Hamel discusses the French language as spoken and written, and also contributes an article on Busken Huet's "Letters from Paris." There is a pleasant paper on "Summer Days in Scotland," by Charles Boissevain, from which we quote the following, suggested by the contemplation of Old Edinburgh:—

Calvinism, which, during the course of evolution, gives backbone to a nation, has, if continued too long, or artificially revived, a petrifying and ossifying influence. In Scotland it may be seen in a petrified form, much harder, rougher, and coarser than ever it appeared in Holland. The grimness of Dordt is, for the most part, only a grimness of ink and parchment, the stubborn exaggeration of assemblies which had been embittered by opposition to Rome and Spain. . . . But the sea, and the islands of the East Indies, art and action, were soon too strong for Calvin in the country of Rembrandt, on the shore of the sea-going folk, in the city of merchant-princes, adventurers, and artists. The sternness of the teaching of theological selfishness—of the horrible "Myself chosen—almost everyone lost," never penetrated deeply, with its black Sabbath despair, into the character of our people.

The author shows an extensive acquaintance with our literature, and a great partiality for the works of Mr. R. L. Stevenson.

The most important contribution to *Vragen des Tijds* is Mr. S. A. d'Engelbronner's article on the Irish Land Purchase Bill.

"During the last twenty years," he says, "the British Government has made various attempts to find, by means of a legal limitation of the rights of property of Irish landowners, the desired solution of the great Irish Question, which for generations has been a thorn in the side of the United Kingdom. The measures recently taken in the department of social economy have had a better effect than force and coercion in bringing about a favourable turn in the sad condition of Ireland. This is more and more felt and understood. The removal of just grounds of complaint, and the improvement in the relations between landlord and tenant have, in the last four years, brought about, in that country, a state of more rest and less disturbance; a calm which has, by many, been characterized as a partly artificial one, but which is yet far preferable to opposition and tumult, crime, and murder, as the necessary consequences of continued oppression and misunderstanding. Under these circumstances no one can be surprised that the Government should wish to advance one step further on the road that has been followed for the last twenty years.

"The settling of the Irish question is, besides, one of the chief points in the programme of the Unionists, who,—recognising, in common with other parties, that agrarian complications are the source from which the question arises—wish to try and attain its solution without the admixture of political aims.

"While the present English Cabinet—formed from the Conservative party, and supported by the Unionists—wishes, in the first place, to clear up the agrarian difficulties themselves, the National party, headed by Parnell, sees more advantage in obtaining a separate Parliament and an independent government for Ireland than could be derived from such provisions as have been now sketched out and laid before the House of Commons by Arthur J. Balfour, First Secretary for Ireland. . . . The main idea of the Bill is to extend the class of occupying owners in Ireland. The same idea appeared for the first time in the Church Act of 1869, whereby tenants were allowed the choice between purchase of their holdings, at a fixed price of twenty-two times the rent, and voluntary sale. It has several times been asserted on the Irish side that, according to this law, purchases were made under the strong pressure of coercion. But in spite of the fact that the price might be called high, the purchasers have repaid all advances with remarkable punctuality."

After enumerating the other enactments bearing on the question, the author gives a careful analysis of the Land Purchase Bill, and enumerates the Liberal objections to it. On the whole he is favourable to the Bill, which he regards as a serious attempt to settle a part of the Irish difficulties. "It is to be hoped," he says, "that before long the Bill will be debated on in Committee; its proposals are too good for us not to wish that all this work may lead to its acceptance. Its defence is entrusted to very competent hands, and the task is so far an easy one, that the Bill has in view to extend help first and most to those who most need it. This is a laudable attempt, and it is to be expected that Balfour, who draws his strength from the experience gained by his adhesion to law and order, will leave no means untried to secure to Ireland a class of peasant-proprietors. . . . Not so much on account of its actual contents, as of its tendency, this Bill deserves, even outside the British dominions, the attention of all interested in the treatment and solution of economic questions."

THE FRENCH REVIEWS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

THE historical articles of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for November are represented this month by a paper by M. Bertrand on the Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, of which the title, "A Friend of Descartes," raises a hope for more of the philosopher and less of court gossip than the event justifies; an article on Pascal's famous bet with regard to the existence of the Deity, by M. Sully Prudhomme; M. Valbert, on the "Restoration of the Bourbons in Spain"; and a Study of the Court of Ludovico the Moor, in the days when Da Vinci painted there." This is history as it ought to be, offering a prism to the rays of art and politics, philosophy, religion, and society. And all four articles are pleasant reading. Two somewhat heavy papers, in continuation of the series "From the Danube to the Adriatic," take up no less than forty-three pages between them. A very serious article on Railway and International Tariffs balances the technical military articles of the *Nouvelle Revue*, and there still remains M. Vogué's very interesting article on Africa, two literary articles, which are noticed elsewhere, and one of M. Alfred Fouillée's studies of National Education, which never fails to rouse the consideration and respect—although, as may also very likely chance, the differing opinions—of the attentive reader. Add to all this the beginning of a new novel, and it will be admitted that the *Revue des Deux Mondes* offers an attractive and varied programme.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

Under the heading of the "Viticulture of the Twentieth Century," the Duchess of FitzJames continues her advice on the subject of vine-growing in France, and denounces the present methods as "fin de siècle." An "Appeal to the Chambers of Commerce" on the desirability of developing French trade with China is published with a note to the effect that though it is a technical article, the valuable information which it conveys on the methods of opening "incomparable markets" to French commerce ought to make it interesting to all who have at heart a sense of the greatness which results from the growth of economic power. An article on the division of Africa loses a little by contact with M. Vogué's study on this same theme in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

In the second number the first place is given to M. de la Ferrière's article on the Saint Bartholomew Massacres, and the second to an article on another subject which may now be called historic—the initiation of educational reform in Germany. The beginnings of the reforms take us back a full century, and M. Perrons does not pass beyond the range of his title. Educational reform, which would have brought him to our own day, is scarcely touched. The want of it, as exemplified in the famous "Philanthropinums" of Basedow and Bahrdt, is the subject of the article. People who have been stirred by the enormities of Dotheboy's Hall will take a certain neighbourly pleasure in finding that the present German system from which we have learned so much sprang from even worse beginnings.

"G. G." contributes one of his lucid military articles to the *Revue* of November 15th. Fortification in presence of the scientific development of artillery, and the new forms of explosives, is the subject of it, and it is only the forerunner of a series. In the inclination to trust too blindly to fortified defences, "G. G." perceives a constitutional malady of a nation which has been running its course for many years. To diagnose this malady, to analyse the causes which have led to the weakening of

fortifications, and to discuss the various remedies which have been proposed or applied, will form the object of the articles. They must necessarily be somewhat technical, but the writer promises that when the technical premises have been mastered, a final article shall endeavour to determine the future share which fortified places ought to hold in the great defensive system of France. A short paper on Marine Artillery, by Commandant Z—, will be found in the same number of the review.

At the end of M. Radiot's second article on Western Tripoli, we find this short note of native sympathies and prejudices:—"The Turks had almost thirty thousand men in Tripoli during the Tunisian campaign. They have now about twelve thousand, whom they maintain there as much for the purpose of protecting Tripoli from Christian enterprise as of inspiring their Arab brothers in religion with respect. Turks, French, or Italians are much the same; to the latter they have no special repugnance. Perhaps even the Turks whom they know to be dead, would rank in their choice after the French or Italians who represent the unknown; there is no popular preference in the town except for the English, because they have the reputation of paying a dollar for every service, and the ordinary day's wage of Tripoli is fivepence."

THE GAZETTE DES BEAUX ARTS.

Castigat ridendo is the motto which M. Henri Hymans is inclined to affix to the work of Pierre Breughel the elder, upon whom he is writing a series of articles, and the illustrations selected both for this and for the earlier article which appeared some months ago, will bear out this view to most minds. The principal illustration this month is an engraving facsimiled from the famous series of "Mortal Sins," and it is so filled with symbolism of the order which the French call "diablerie," that the curious student might find occupation for hours in its few square inches. But M. Hymans does not allow that this fantasticality contains only the freakishness of a fertile talent, unconscious alike of its power and its aims. He looks for a deeper meaning, and holds himself justified in classing work like this with the school of Hogarth. "Fantasticality was certainly not repugnant," he says, "to Breughel, but he intended to make it serve something else besides the vain pleasure of exciting our terror or surprise." Take, for example, his "Battle of the Money-boxes and the Treasure-chests," a terrible engagement between small savings and capital. The enemies attack each other furiously, and blood flows in the shape of crowns. The fate of the battle is left uncertain. The same sense of the eternal struggle between the strong and the weak, and of the eternal imperfection of things, as man knows them, runs, in M. Hymans' opinion, through all Breughel's work, and gives it a significance far deeper than the ordinary conception of it and his nickname of "the Comic" have hitherto admitted. The illustrations alone make this series of articles extremely interesting.

The principal articles of the *Gazette* for November are a continuation of M. Hymans' series on Pierre Breughel and M. Bouchot's second and last article on Jean Fouquet. There is also the second of M. Champaux's pleasant articles on decorative art in Old Paris, and in his chronicle of German and English art there is a short notice, by M. de Wyzema, of the Scotch portrait-painter, John Kay, which does not err, it may passingly be said, on the side of too much sympathy. A paper on antique art is also fully illustrated in the grand manner of the *Gazette*.

THE GERMAN MAGAZINES.

Aus Allen Welttheilen. Leipzig. Oct. 80 Pf.

German Colonies. (Illus.) Dr. C. Strassburger.
A Pedestrian Tour in the Harz Mountains.
F. Gerlach.

The Depopulation of France.
The City of Mexico. M. de Fonsaca.
Pictures from Syria and Palestine.—I.

E. Montanus.
Pictures from Tonkin. (Illus.) Dr. Hocquard.
Captain Binger on the Niger.
Brazil Gold Mines.

Deutscher Hausschatz. Regensburg. Part 2. 40 Pf.

Dr. Joseph Schork, Archbishop of Bamberg.
With Portrait.

A History of Prisons. E. Eggert.
The Injection of Morphia. Dr. M. Dyrenfurth.
Professor Dr. Schaedler. With Portrait.
Guide Books of the 16th Century. Dr. J.
Rübsam.

The 37th General Assembly of German Catholics at Coblenz.

A Group of Celebrated Medical Men of Today. With Portraits.

A Word on Governesses. M. Friede.

Deutsche Revue. Breslau and Berlin. November. 2 Marks.

Count Albrecht von Roon.—XVIII.
National Psychic Epidemics. A. Biermer.
The French Revolution and its Significance for the Modern State.—II.
The Burial of Psaru. G. Maspero.
The Yosemite Valley.
Unpublished Letters of Karl Ludwig von Knebel.—I. K. T. Gaedertz.
Emin Pasha as a Naturalist. G. Hartlaub.
The Weather Charts. P. von Zech.

Deutsche Rundschau. Berlin. Nov. 2 Marks.

Natural Science and Art. C. Du Bois-Reymond.
Algerian Reminiscences. (Concluded.) E.
Haeckel.

The German Drama in the 16th Century and Prince Hamlet of Denmark. R. von Lilien-cron.

Dwellings for the Poor.—I. H. Albrecht.
Gottfried Keller's Last Days. A. Frey.
Under Napoleon's Banner and the Battle of Leipzig.

Political Correspondence—The Triple Alliance, and the Socialist Congress at Halle.

Paul Heyse's "Italian Poets." P. D. Fischer.

Die Gartenlaube. Leipzig. 50 Pf.

Part II.

In Favour of Women Doctors. Dr. H. von Meyer.

The First Emigrants. E. Schulte.
The Manœuvres in Schleswig-Holstein. (Illus.) W. Frölich.

Norwegian Hunting Sketches. (Illus.) E. Friese.

Eisenerz and its Iron Ore. (Illus.) A von Schweiger-Lerchenfeld.

Albert Büßkin, Writer of Popular Tales, 1816-1890. With Portrait.

Hugo Thimig, Comedian. (Illus.) A. Bettelheim.

Gustav zu Putlitz, Dramatist, 1821-1890.

Aus Allen Welttheilen.—The October number, which arrived too late for notice last month, has a general article on the German colonies in Africa and in the Pacific. The November number is not yet to hand. With the October number, Gustav Uhl, of Leipzig, has become publisher of this periodical. Many eminent scholars and popular authors, he says, have promised him their support, so that he hopes to make it more interesting.

Deutscher Hausschatz.—The group of medical men whose portraits, with brief biographies, are to be found in this month's *Hausschatz*, consists of the German Professors Koch, Leyden, von Nussbaum, and Billroth, and the Englishman, Professor Lister. Professor Schaedler is a Bavarian Catholic Deputy, and a member of the Centre in the German Reichstag. This magazine is also published at New York and Cincinnati.

Deutsche Revue.—In this magazine we have a survey of the various manias and frenzies that have from time to time appeared in different countries, often as the outcome of superstition, or some religious or political fanaticism, and have attacked such numbers of people that the writer describes them as national mental epidemics. Among others so afflicted he deals with the Flagellants and other forms which religious excitement took, such as pilgrimages and crusades; the Tarantism of Italy and the dancing mania of the Middle Ages in Germany, hallucinations, &c., and in conclusion reminds us that we, too, in our own day, have our little psychic diseases or crazes, to wit—mesmerism, clairvoyance, spiritualism, and the like. Herr Maspero, in a collection of tales recounting the events of the life of Psaru, an Egyptian grandee of the time of Rameses II., has attempted to present Egyptian life to the student and to the general reader in a less dry form than has hitherto been the case. From this collection the *Deutsche Revue* reprints the chapter describing the ceremonies connected with the funeral of Psaru.

Deutsche Rundschau.—Heinrich Albrecht, a frequent writer on social problems, discusses the question of dwellings for the poor. He begins by quoting Miss Octavia Hill's deplorable description of the places which twenty years ago served as abodes for hundreds of thousands of London workmen. In other large towns the misery, he is sure, is just as great, only there seems to have been no powerful hand to draw aside the veil and reveal the true state of things to the public eye. But it is not necessary to dwell on the sensational stories which also come from Paris and New York to realize that in Germany, too, there is a Dwellings question. Periodically, Herr Miquel has said, in the great centres of industry the crying evils make themselves heard, but after a few palliatives the question again becomes latent for a time. All are agreed, however, that the dwelling is one of the most important factors of social well-being. Everywhere, and especially in large towns, there is an enormous population, compelled to spend the best part of the day at hard wearing work away from their homes and their families. Would not the thought, Herr Albrecht contends, that after his work a friendly and comfortable home awaited him, act like a charm to the workman? Would not he not only do his work better, but as soon as it was over, hasten home and enjoy being there? London is credited with the honour of first drawing universal attention to the subject. Lord Salisbury's article in the *Fortnightly* of November, 1883, was followed by one from Mr. Chamberlain's pen in the December number. These were succeeded by a series of publications, notably George R. Sims's articles in the *Daily News*, entitled "Horrible London," and the more valuable contribution to the study of the subject

Part 12.

The Meiningen Company of Actors. (Illus.)
The Biological Station on Lake Plön in East
Holstein. (Illus.)

Friedrich Rückert, Lyric Poet and Translator
from Oriental Languages (1789-1866); and
the Rückert Monument at Schweinfurt.
(Illus.)

The Pipers' Festival at Rappoltsweiler. (Illus.)

The Kiefernprozeßions Spinner. (Illus.) Dr.
G. Zickerow.

The Silver Jubilee of Heinrich Vogl, Tenor.
(Illus.) A. von Mensi.

Reminiscences of Moltke's Youth in Holstein.
(Illus.) Dr. Lüttgens.

Monument at Nürnberg to Martin Behaim,
Geographer (1489-1506). (Illus.) F. Dittmar.

Adolf Diesterweg, Educationist (1790-1866).
With Portrait.

Die Gesellschaft. Leipzig. Nov. 1 Mark.

Margarethe Halm ("Paul Andow"). With
Portrait. J. Alois.

On Love. Margarethe Halm.

Poems by Margarethe Halm, A. Pfungst, W.
Ketschau, and others.

Theatre Reform. F. Lienhard.

A. Anzengruber's Drama, "The Fourth Com-
mandment," first performed at Vienna, Sep-
tember 27, 1890. J. L. Windholz.

Nord und Süd. Breslau. Nov. 2 Marks.

Portrait of Albert Traeger.

Sea Poems. Albert Traeger.

School Reforms in Different European
Countries and their Signification for Ger-
many. W. Wetekamp.

Heligoland. G. Biercks.

J. P. Jakobsen. O. Hansson.

The Inquisition in Languedoc in the 13th and
14th Centuries. F. Hoffmann.

Preussische Jahrbücher. Berlin. Novem-
ber. 1 Mark 50 Pf.

Annette von Droste-Hülshoff.

Protection of Workmen, Competition, and
Profits.

The Joint Stock Companies of Prussia and
the Income Tax. Dr. Strutz.

The Education Question—German High
School Reform. C. Rössler.

A Visit to the Holy Land in the 4th Century.
Dr. G. Krüger.

Trade Unions and Strikes.

Political Correspondence—Austria, Russia,
Italy, and the Social Democrats and the
Moltke Celebration in Germany.

Schorer's Familienblatt. (Salon Ausgabe.)
Berlin and Leipzig. 75 Pf.

Part 2.

Count von Moltke. (Illus.) L. Franz, H.
Frisch, and others.

Hermann von Wissmann. With Portrait. P.
Reichard.

Hypnotism.—II. Dr. F. van Ceden.

Fritz Reuter and Victor Siemerling.—II.
K. T. Gaedertz.

Part 3.

Emin Pasha and Karl Peters. (Illus.) P.
Reichard.

Experiences in German East Africa. (Illus.)
Hypnotism. (Concluded.) Dr. F. van Ceden.

The Lessing Monument in Berlin. (Illus.)
Fritz Reuter and Victor Siemerling. (Con-
cluded.) K. T. Gaedertz.

Hermann Sudermann. With Portrait. A.
denstein.

"Christ in the Temple." Picture by L. Feld-
mann.

Adolf Diesterweg, Educationist. With Por-
trait. G. Beyer.

Heinrich Vogl, Tenor. (Illus.)

General-Lieutenant von Kaltenborn-Stachau,
New Prussian Minister of War. With
Portrait.

which resulted from the *Pall Mall Gazette's* Special Commission. In Germany the truth about the homes of the poor seems to be much less known than it is in England. Herr Albrecht therefore takes this opportunity of describing in detail the condition of Berlin, Hamburg, and even Dresden, and in a second article proposes to go into the remedies suggested by the "Verein für Socialpolitik."

Die Gartenlaube.—Rappoltsweiler or Ribeauville is a little town on the Strengbach in Alsace. Every year, on September 8th, it is the scene of a curious festival, which originated somewhat as follows: When the Crusades were at an end and the survivors returned to their homes, there remained among them many restless individuals who could not or would not settle down again to a life without adventure. As time went on the character of these merry men deteriorated, while their number increased so fast, that they became a veritable plague in the land and were eventually excommunicated by the Church. Among them, however, there seem to have been a few better elements, and these, with the support of the Emperor Charles IV., formed themselves into a brotherhood of musicians called Pfeifer (Pipers). This and similar brotherhoods, such as those of the shepherds, brickmakers, braziers, &c., received in those days royal protection, and could exercise a jurisdiction of their own, provided they could furnish a sort of feudal lord to act as their protector and judge. In this way, about the year 1390, the travelling musicians of Alsace banded themselves together under the protection of a rich man in their district, and for the last 500 years they have celebrated their annual piper-day at Rappoltsweiler. Part 5 of *Ueber Land und Meer* has an article on the same subject. The "Kiefern-prozeßions-spinner" (Pine-procession-spinner) is a pine forest pest, not the same as the "Nonne" of Bavaria.

Die Gesellschaft.—Many pages in this number are devoted to Margarethe Halm, poet and novelist, "an idealist in her lyrics, but a realist in her 'Female Prometheus,' a novel of the emancipated woman in her noblest form, in her courage, bravery, and greatness of soul." "The Fourth Commandment," a drama by A. Anzengruber, which is briefly noticed here, was first performed at Vienna on September 27th last. Though entitled "The Fourth Commandment," it must be understood that the piece deals with the Fifth Commandment in our arrangement. The play, however, seems to have given much offence, and the many sermons which have been preached against it will probably be followed by petitions for its prohibition.

Nord und Süd.—In some twelve pages Herr Diercks writes the history of Heligoland, and rejoices that the little island has at last got into German hands, suggesting at the same time that Spain would welcome the cession of Gibraltar, while Italy would probably like well enough to have Malta, Greece Turkey, Russia Cyprus, and so on. The most notable article in the present number is perhaps Ola Hansson's study of J. P. Jakobsen, the Danish poet and novelist (1847-1884), author of the novels "Mogens," "Marie Grubbe," "Two Worlds," "Nils Lyhne," etc. His poems were only published after his death.

Preussische Jahrbücher.—One of Germany's greatest poetesses was Annette von Droste-Hülshoff (1797-1848), but the admirer of her poems is constrained to admit that her works, for some reason or other, now lie undisturbed and unopened on the bookshelf, mute witnesses of a former sentimental generation which had time to read poems.

Schorer.—Part 2 of the *Familienblatt* devotes most of its pages to Count von Moltke, and very interesting are the various contributions on the famous nonagenarian. Besides poems, there are autographs and portraits of the veteran himself, portraits of his parents and his wife, and many pictures of Kreisau, including a sketch of Moltke's bedroom. To these must be added brief biographies of his parents and his wife, with articles on "Moltke at Home" and "Moltke as a Teacher." The last little essay, by a German officer, was a happy thought, for it was just this trait in Moltke—he knew how not to stand alone in his greatness, but had formed a school of leaders of the Army for time to come and for all future generations—which the young Emperor singled out in his address to the aged strategist when he presented him with a magnificent field-marshal's staff as a symbol of the imperial regard, devotion, and gratitude. Part 3 is also a good number. The most interesting personage figuring in its pages is Hermann Sudermann, the dramatist and novelist, and author of "Sodom's End," a social tragedy which was to have been produced at the Lessing Theatre, in Berlin, on October 25th last, but

Ueber Land und Meer. Stuttgart. 1 Mark.
Part 4.

Lake Constance. (Illus.)
Amely Bölte. With Portrait.
Our Little Friends—Hedgehogs, Weasels,
Moles, &c.
Brakes for Railway Trains.
Modern Gymnastics. (Illus.) G. Dahms.
The German Rifle.
Music-making Insects—Hornets, Cicada, &c.
(Illus.)
Cycles for the Army. (Illus.)
Schleswig-Holstein Manœuvres. (Illus.)
Buxtehude. (Illus.)
The Barometer.

Part 5.

The Building Works of the North Sea Canal.
(Illus.)
The German Social Democrats. R. Martin.
The Isar Valley, near Munich. (Illus.)
The Biological Station on Lake Plön. (Illus.)
The New Rückert Monument in Schweinfurt.
(Illus.) O. Steinel.
A Tobacco Factory at Constantinople. (Illus.)
G. Albert.
The Pipers' Festival at Rappoltswiller. (Illus.)
A. Hasselbach.
The Meiningen Company of Actors. (Illus.)
The Lessing Monument at Berlin. (Illus.)
Adolf Diesterweg. (Illus.) Dr. A. Kohut.
Prince Alphonse of Bavaria and Princess
Louise of Alençon. With Portraits.
Commanding Generals Count Gottlieb
Häsel and Auguste Lentze. With Por-
traits.
Gen.-Lieut. von Keltensborn-Stachau, New
Prussian Minister of War. With Portrait.
Martin Behaim Monument at Nürnberg.
(Illus.)
Gowned at Home. (Illus.)

Unsere Zeit. Leipzig. November. 1 Mark.

W. J. Ssaltykow-Schtschedrin. W. Henckel.
Wildenbruch's Dramas. E. Wolff.
Types of Russian Officers. H. Zernin.
Lorenz von Stein, 1815-1890. Professor A. von
Miaskowski.
The Newer Forms of the Darwinian Doctrine.
Dr. M. Alsberg.
On Art Exhibitions.

Velhagen and Klasing's Neue Monatshefte. Bielefeld and Leipzig. November.
1 Mark 25 Pf.

Portrait of Count von Moltke.
Modern Tenors. With Portraits. F. Pfohl.
Schloss Camenz in Silesia, Summer Residence
of Prince Albrecht of Prussia. (Illus.)
F. Erhardt.
Gottfried Keller, 1819-1890. With Portrait.
M. Necker.
Michael Angelo. (Concluded.) With Portrait
and other Illustrations. H. Knackfuss.
George Washington. With Portrait and other
Illustrations. H. Dalton.
The Berlin Theatres, May-September. H. von
Spielberg.

Westermann's Illustrierte Deutsche Monatshefte. Brunswick. October.
4 Marks. Quarterly.

Athens.—I. (Illus.) L. Pietsch.
Goethe's Sister. With Portraits. L. Geiger.
Miniature Portraits. (Illus.) W. Schwarz.
Frederick the Great as an Architect. (Illus.)
C. Gurlitt.
Impressions of Dresden. K. Frenzel.

its production was prohibited by the police a day or two before on account of the supposed immorality of the piece. Sudermann was born in September, 1857, at Matzicken, an East Prussian village near the Russian frontier. After some years' study at Tilsit and Königsberg, he went in 1877 to the Berlin University and has remained at Berlin ever since. Among his published novels may be mentioned "Frau Sorge," "Der Wunsch," "Der Katzensteg," &c. It was his famous play, entitled "Honour," which was brought out last year that brought the author from comparative obscurity to the first rank as a dramatist. As will be seen from the tables of contents, the marble Lessing, recently unveiled at Berlin, is described in several magazines. Another monument, that erected to Friedrich Rückert, the poet, at Schweinfurt, his birthplace, and unveiled on October 18 last, takes a prominent place in the periodicals. There is also the new statue of Martin Behaim, the geographer. Seeing that Behaim died in 1506 or 1507, Nürnberg, his native town, must have thought more than twice before it finally made up its mind to commemorate its hero's travels and discoveries by an appropriate monument. Adolf Diesterweg, who is also referred to in the *Gartenlaube* and in *Ueber Land und Meer*, devoted his life to the reform of German national education. He was born on October 29, 1790, and it is the 100th anniversary of his birthday which serves as the occasion of articles describing his life-work. Nor has the Silver Jubilee of Heinrich Vogl, the celebrated tenor, been forgotten by the more popular magazines.

Ueber Land und Meer.—Amely Bölte, an authoress, has just celebrated her golden literary jubilee. In 1839 she came to London to study English, and made the acquaintance of Carlyle. Her first published works were a German translation from the English and "Tales by a German in England." The recent Imperial Manœuvres in Schleswig-Holstein are treated at considerable length, and among the illustrations are interesting sketches of the castles of Glücksburg, Augustenburg, Gravenstein, and Rohnstock.

Unsere Zeit.—Russia is still somewhat of a world by itself, for though we have of late years added something to our knowledge of the country, by far the greatest part of it remains a strange and unknown land to the West European. We have a proof of this in the fact that many of the intellectual gems of Russia, all translations notwithstanding, are little understood or appreciated outside Russia, the satire, which is their chief charm, being all so Russian in colour, in character, and in spirit. And to the intellectual products greatly esteemed in Russia, but little known and understood elsewhere, belongs Ssaltykow-Schtschedrin, the greatest modern Russian satirist, author of "Provincial Sketches," "Satires in Prose," "Signs of the Time," "The Diary of a Provincial in St. Petersburg," etc., etc. Ssaltykow is the author's own name, and Schtschedrin his pseudonym. He died in 1889.

Velhagen.—With a third instalment Herr Knackfuss closes his exhaustive review of Michael Angelo's work. Ferdinand Pfohl has strung together a number of interesting biographies, with portraits, of modern German tenors—Emil Götze, Heinrich Vogl, and a host of others. In a sympathetic spirit Moritz Necker has written a monograph on the late Gottfried Keller (1819-1890), the poet and novelist whose knowledge of the weaker side of human nature may be said to be almost unrivalled in contemporary literature.

Vom Fels zum Meer.—Not to hand.

Westermann.—There are several good things in the October number, which begins a new volume. Ludwig Pietsch writes in warm appreciation of Athens as the scene of the life and work of the men whose intellectual creations have remained the foundation of culture for all succeeding races. Next to this we have an interesting article on Goethe's sister Cornelia. Of her Goethe once said, "That may be good enough for other girls, but not for my sister"; and a few years later, when he heard of her death, he wrote, "That the death of my sister should have overtaken me in the midst of so much happiness causes me all the more pain." The sorrow remained, but it never drove the poet to paint in verse his sister's portrait. Only a generation later, when depicting the days of his youth, did he erect in "Dichtung und Wahrheit" a beautiful monument to her memory. After a capital article, profusely illustrated, on "Miniature Portraits," there is an attractive paper on "Frederick the Great as an Architect," which is supplemented by many illustrations of the town residence, the new palace, and the castle of Sans-Souci at Potsdam; the Opera-House, the University, the Imperial library, and the new church at Berlin, etc. The November number is not to hand.

THE RUSSIAN AND ITALIAN REVIEWS.

RUSSIAN.

Russian Review.

- Memoir of D. G. Roonitch.
Hypnotism considered as a Psychological Problem. By P. Astafieff.
The Contemporary: a Novel. By I. I. Yassinsky.
Domestic Souvenirs of the poet Pooskin. By L. Pavlishtsheff.
The Kolaynin Family: a Novel. By Prince M. Volkonsky.

The Northern Messenger.

- Sound Views: a Novel. By J. Potapenko.
The Berne Congress of the International League of Criminal Law.
New Materials for a Biography of Ferdinand Lassalle. By E. B.
Sketches and Tittle-Tattle: Among the New Settlers. By S. Ponomareff.
The Life of Charles Dickens. By A. Pleshtsheieff. (Conclusion.)
Paul Bourget and Pessimism. By A. Andreieff.
The Penitentiary Congress of St. Petersburg. By V. V.
Jewish Agricultural Colonies in New Russia. By S. Osipoff.

Messenger of Europe.

- The University of Cambridge. By J. A. Kleber.
My Recollections. By F. Booslaieff.
Questions of Agrarian Policy. By L. Sionimsky.
New Village: A Novel. By N. Akhsharomoff.
Gustav IV. and Catherine II., in the year 1796. By A. Brickner.
The First Triumphs of Bismarck. By K. Arsenieff.
Our Foreign Relations. K. Arsenieff.

ITALIAN.

Nuova Antologia. November 1st.

- Lamartine's First Century. E. Nencioni.
The Papal Encyclical. R. Bonghi.
Nassuno d'Azeglio's Villa. M. Pratesi.
Celestial Photography. P. F. Denza.
The Irish Question. R. Stuart.

November 15th.

- Giusti as a Student (continued). F. Martini.
Foreign and Military Policy in view of the elections. G. Goiran.
The Last of the Polish Poets. M. Olsewska.
The Idyl. V. Giachi.

The Rassegna Nazionale. November 1st.

- The Rosminian Question. D. E. S.
The Morosini Palace in Venice. A. Saliagnini.
The Dante Society and Italian Schools Abroad. A. Scalabrini.
Against Divorce.
Condottieri and Journalists. G. Fortebracci.

November 16th.

- Soudan and the Mahdi. G. Grabrinski.
Electrical Railways. R. Ferrini.
Servia and the Servians. G. Marcotti.
Obligatory Abstinence?
The Coming Elections. R. Mazzei.

RUSSIAN.

How Peasant Proprietorship works in Russia.—The *Messenger of Europe* contains a very interesting article on a subject of which a good deal is likely to be written and spoken in the immediate future, viz., Peasant Proprietorship in Russia. It appears that considerable numbers of peasants, reduced to beggary, have managed to sell the land given them at the time of their emancipation, notwithstanding the circumstance that they never completed the act of purchase until a day or two before the sale, and then only fictitiously, though quite legally; another numerous body have had their land sold on account of debts, and now a formidable category of landless peasants is being formed, while small farmsteads are rapidly merging into large estates. M. Pobedonostseff lately wrote an article on the subject, advocating the enactment of a law rendering it illegal for anyone to deprive a peasant, or for a peasant to deprive himself, of his land, a measure which the writer in the *Messenger of Europe* endeavours to show would ultimately lead to the reintroduction of serfdom in a modified shape. The general conclusion arrived at, which is given in the words of a highly respected publicist and scholar lately deceased, is anything but encouraging: "The root and source of the decay of agriculture is to be found in the burden of the taxes in our financial policy. In thirty years our imperial budget has grown to three times its initial dimensions, while the taxes on the *zemstro* have been quadrupled. Large industrial ventures have always been energetically protected and supported by the State, while small industries and peasant agriculture have been left to shift for themselves. The heavy burden of the taxes shifted on to the shoulders of the peasants have compelled them to sell for whatever they could get, not only the products of their land but their implements, their cattle and horses; they have seen themselves forced to neglect the land, to leave their houses and outhouses without repairs. They cannot afford to wait for good prices for their corn, so the village Shylock gets the peasant in his toils, fixes whatever price he likes, both when the peasant has to sell and when he has to buy again. All small and medium farms have in consequence fallen into decay; only the large ones have been able to keep above water. Until the yoke of the taxes therefore is lightened and our policy changed, it is useless to look for any improvement in the condition of peasant farms. . . . Before endeavouring to bring about an amelioration in peasant agriculture, it is indispensable to take measures to ensure the possibility of its existence; the conditions that at present prevail lead straight to the systematic destruction of all agriculture among the peasantry."

ITALIAN.

MR. GLADSTONE'S friend, Signor Bonghi, in an analysis of the recent Papal Encyclical, delivers himself, in the November number of the *Nuova Antologia*, of a distinctly pessimistic lament over the present condition of Italy. The learned senator writes throughout from a studiously impartial standpoint, and he is even sympathetic in his attitude towards Leo XIII. He openly regrets the anti-Catholic policy of the Crispi Cabinet; he sorrowfully agrees with the Holy Father that the Catholic faith is on the decline in Italy, and that the moral condition of the people leaves much to be desired; he is even willing to admit that the Catholic Church is the strongest force in the country to make for righteousness. But he lays the primary burden of all these ills not, as in the Encyclical, on the Freemasons and the Anarchists, but on the Pope himself, on his blind infatuation for the Temporal Power, on his inexplicable policy of non-participation in elections, and on the intellectual slavery which the Church exacts from her priesthood.

The editor of the *Rassegna Nazionale* is getting up an agitation against the proposed introduction of divorce into the Italian code, and publishes various letters of approval in the November numbers. Everyone who is interested in the great founder of the Fathers of Charity ought to read the article on Rosmini in the *Rassegna* for November 1st: it gives a most interesting sketch of his life and work, and points out that it was his liberal ideas, far more than his possible philosophic errors, that have excited so much antagonism against him in many clerical quarters.

THE BELGIAN AND SCANDINAVIAN REVIEWS.

Revue Générale.

- A Prisoner of the Revolution. Chs. d'Héricault.
 In the Country of Buffalo Bill. Arnold de Woelmont.
 A Century of Republican Rule in the United States. Charles Woeste.
 The International Congress at Antwerp. Albert Nyssens.

La Société Nouvelle.

- Sicily: The Sulphur Mines. The Mafia. A Sociological Study. X. Merlino.
 The Origin of Mankind on the Globe. A. de Potter.
 Balauf. Georges Meusy
 Lyrical Poetry in the "Petite Russie." L. Wallner.
 Adolphe Hugentobler. Jules Brouz.
 A Voyage through the German Playhouses. Georges Mesnil.

Nordisk Tidskrift. A magazine of Science, Art and Industry. Published by the Letterstedt Society, Stockholm. Eight numbers yearly; subscription, 10 kr.

A Visit to the English House of Commons. Hugo Andersson.

Paris Spring Exhibitions. Cecilia Waern.

The Connection between Light and Electricity. Aug. Wijkander.

Studies of the Golden Age of Danish Poetry. Niels Möller.

Studies of the history of ornamental decoration as founded on animal and vegetable motifs. Bernhard Salin. Reviewed by Oscar Montelius.

Dagny. Stockholm. Yearly subscription, kr. 2.50.

The Last of the Marchbanks. Translated by G. B.-I.

"Men of Honour." Laura Kieler. Reviewed by Mathilda Roos.

The British and Continental Repeal Federation. Edmund Gammal.

Woman and the Garden. Rudolf Abelin.

Revue de Belgique.

- Walloon Literature. Eug. Duchesne.
 La Fanchon. A Novel. Raymond Nyst.
 Sea Sickness. A Study. Dr. van Lair.
 The Belgian Constitution. Aug. Norga.

La Seinle Belgique

- Maurice Maeterlinck. Erigoire Le Roy.
 Poems. Fernand Leverin.
 The Glory of Judas. Bernard Lazare.
 Assumption. Paul Verlaesse.
 The Empress Felite. André Fontainas.
 Madeleine. Alber Thouney.
 Garden of Love. Valère Gille.

Revue Générale.—As usual when Mr. Charles Woeste writes or says anything, it is worth listening to. In his article, "A Century of Republican Rule in the United States," he follows M. de Noailles, the author he reviews, in his judgment of the part played by the Roman Catholic Church in the maintenance of order under the Stars and Stripes.

It cannot be denied that the Christian atmosphere in which the authorities and the people of the United States have their being is favourable to the regular progress of democracy and prevents its possible excesses. From this standpoint, as from others, one can but applaud the progress of Catholicism; while Protestantism is subdivided into a multitude of branches. Catholicism, with its ten million of adherents headed by a Cardinal, forms one homogeneous mass."

La Société Nouvelle.—Mr. X. Merlino will one day, we feel sure, be cited as a great authority on Italian sociology. His book, "Italy as it is," is attracting the attention of all sociologists and socialists, for it is uncompromising in its statements of facts and in the deductions arising therefrom. Merlino says that Sicily has her *Mafia* which stands with her for the vendetta of the Corsicans.

The *mafia* is an occult association to grind the poor on the nether mill stone and the *anti-mafia*; is a still more occult association to bring miller and mill stone to the ground. In a word, the *mafia*, of the rich is the *mafia* of the poor corrupted and brought up to date in cleverness and wickedness. The origin of both can easily be traced. The lord of the manor, to break the resistance to his oppression which rendered his relations with his subjects difficult, began to protect the most fierce and to be feared among them, made them his henchmen and the instruments of his tyranny. The former inequality existed still, but reversed, and the peasant, the miner, the simple citizen, vanquished in the daily struggle for life, powerless to resist the tyranny and the power of their lord on the spot, persecuted by ceaseless offences and vexations, prosecuted by the law for having taken vengeance for wrongs endured but never forgiven, had recourse to an heroic remedy: they took to flight and turned brigands. The brigand was and is the most sacred incarnation of the popular *mafia*.

The article in *Nordisk Tidskrift* on the "Connection between Light and Electricity" is a very comprehensive one, though written in a light and easy style. The writer's subject is mainly the theory of the eminent scientist, Herz, which identifies light with electricity. Maxwell in 1865 started the theory that light itself was merely a separate group of electrical disturbances. About two years ago he made a parabolic reflector of zinc, some four feet in length and breadth, in the focus of which he placed the primary electric conductor. If sparks were produced in the ordinary manner in the primary conductor the electric vibrations were reflected in precisely the same way as a ray of light would have been under analogous circumstances. By means of a plain reflector of zinc Herz then threw the electric ray through the open door of an adjoining room. The closing of the door in no way intercepted the ray, and hardly any difference was manifested in the secondary conductor. When, however, a sheet of metal was placed in front of the ray a shadow was thrown, and the beam could not be seen in the adjoining room. The door, therefore, was as transparent to the electric ray as a glass door would have been to an ordinary light. Thus it will be seen that two properties—speed and reflection—have been proved to be possessed in equal proportion by light and electricity.

An article of considerable interest is contributed to *Dagny*, by Edmund Gammal, describing the meeting of the Repeal Federation at Stockholm. A brief pen and ink sketch of Mrs. Leavitt, of Boston, will perhaps be acceptable to those readers who take a sympathetic interest in this earnest champion of morality. She is a woman of perhaps sixty, with a pale, oval face somewhat saddened and thoughtful, but retaining still much of youthful charms. Her eyes sparkle at times as though they had seen but sixteen summers instead of sixty. Her expression is calm yet warm, mild yet serious, and her smile is perfectly charming. Even the grey tresses that peep out from beneath the black lace veil have something youthful about them. Her slim figure, erect carriage, and animated voice combine to give an appearance of strength and elasticity. Her speech was characterised by such purity and sweetness that the most cautious mother need not have feared to bring her own young girl to hear it. She asserted that it was the duty of women to educate their daughters, not in the purity of ignorance but in the truer purity that knows of the full evil and its temptations, and is able by its own strength to battle with it and conquer.

THE MUSICAL MAGAZINES.

Monthly Musical Record.

- Musicians of the same Family Name. Fr.
Niecks.
- Portrait Sketches from the life. II. W.
Sterndale Bennett.
- An Alleged new theory of Sound. W. S. B.
Woolhouse.
- The Pianoforte Teacher. Herr Pauer.
- Music—Duet from Reinecke's "Snowdrop and
Rosebud."

Musical Herald.

- Mr. Owen Breden and St. Mark's College,
Chelsea. (Illustrated).
- A Manchester Sunday School.
- Dr. Bridge at Gresham College.
- Milton Church, Huddersfield.
- Music: "The Light of Christmas Morning."
(Prize Carol).

Noneconformist Musical Journal.

- Should Noneconformists use a Liturgy?
- Music at Kentish Town Congregational
Church. Illustrated.
- The North London Choral Society.
- Music in the Scottish Churches.

Musical Times.

- The Egyptian Flutes. (Illustrated).
- The Great Composers—Wagner.
- Mr. Hipkins on "The Old Claviers"
- Music—Four Christmas Carols. Joseph
Barnby.

In the *Monthly Musical Record*, Herr Niecks shows how, in the case of musicians, a name has sometimes become a source of trouble to the bearer and others. The Bachs, of course, afford the best instance of this trouble, John Sebastian Bach having been blessed—so Herr Niecks puts it—with twenty children, several of whom became musicians of some eminence. To distinguish them, people adopted the expedient of adding to the family name the name of the town or country where they resided. Matters, the writer thinks, get worse rather than better when we come to our own time. "Now that we see John Morley's name every day in the papers, even the dullest and most superficial intelligence cannot but be impressed by his personality; before he had come prominently before the public as a politician he must have often been confounded with Henry Morley. If it were not for his artistic and social propagandism, the force of Mr. William Morris' poetic individuality could not preserve him from being confused with Lewis Morris. The Alma Tademas, husband, wife, and daughter, will become a terror to talkers without eyes, critical faculty, and memory." The *Record's* portrait sketch is occupied this month with Sterndale Bennett, England's greatest composer after Purcell. The writer feels sure that Bennett would have risen to still nobler heights had his lot been cast in a more congenial atmosphere than that of the London music-teacher. "What way of earning a livelihood can be imagined more dulling to the intellect, more stifling to the creative faculty than the routine of a music-master—that is the treadmill work of giving lessons from morning till night to stupid, trifling pupils! And yet such is really the only possible way for a musician in this country to make a comfortable living.

The *Musical Herald* this month is bright with illustrations. In addition to the portrait accompanying the usual biographical sketch, there are portraits of the late Dr. Cox, for many years rector of St. Helens, Bishopsgate, and author of "Musical Recollections of the Last Half-century," and of Dr. A. J. Ellis, the eminent musical scientist, recently deceased. Dr. Ellis was a life-long student. His original name was Sharpe, and it is said that a relative left him a competency on condition that he took his name and devoted his life to study. A more successful effort at the endowment of research was never made, for Dr. Ellis worked at his scientific and literary pursuits with unceasing zest, as if his bread depended on them. The writer of the article dealing with a Manchester Sunday-school finds that there is a growing callousness in Sunday-school singing. "There are plenty of efforts to print and learn new tunes, but what about the old ones? New tunes learnt at great pains for an anniversary do not always help the general singing. It is a flaw in musical Manchester and most other places, and it is high time that conferences should be called to consider means to improve praise in the ordinary exercises of the Sunday school." A good deal of space is given up to summaries of Professor Bridge's "lectures at Gresham College." These summaries show that the Professor is not only a learned musician but a humorist as well. The *Herald* announces its enlargement and the doubling of its price, beginning with the New Year.

The *Noneconformist Musical Journal* discusses the question of a liturgy for Nonconformists, *apropos* of the recent debate of the students of Regent's Park College, when 32 were for and 67 against. The writer very properly holds that the matter should be settled by every individual congregation for itself. Much depends upon the people and the minister, and upon the nature of the liturgy to be used. If a majority are in favour of some kind of form, the argument that it is "apeing the Church," or that it is inconsistent with the ideas of Nonconformist Church worship ought not to prevent its introduction. Much can, of course, be said on both sides of the question. If a liturgy is found helpful to devotion and an aid to the beauty of worship, there can be no valid reason against its adoption. On the other hand, if it is monotonous, and reduces prayer to a mere form, no arguments, however able, would justify its use. The *Journal* tells a good story regarding an effort made lately to form a mission brass band in connection with a prominent village chapel in Suffolk. At a meeting held for the purpose, it was suggested that slips of paper should be handed in, on which each member should write the name of the instrument he wished to play. On examining the slips, it was found that, without an exception, the big drum was the instrument selected! Practices of the band have not yet begun.

British Bandsman.

- History of Military Musical Instruments.**
Old Egyptian Flutes.
Status of Military Bandmasters and Bandmen.
Military Music in the Indian Army.
Wind Instruments—The Bassoon.

Magazine of Music.

- The Royal College of Music. (Illustrated.)**
Schubert's Impromptu in B flat.
Christmas Carols.

Musical Opinion.

- A Day with Handel. J. F. Rowbotham.**
A Gossip on Harmony. Dr. Henry Hiles.
Making Sound in Organ and Orchestra.
The late Prosper Saintou. Portrait.
On Christmas Music. Dr. C. J. Frost.
Reading Music at Sight.

Yorkshire Musical Age.

- The Literature of the Pianoforte. Walter Macfarren.**
Elocution: What is it? Wallis A. Wallis.
Sight Reading.
Musical Education. Robert McHardy.

Die Gartenlaube. Part 12.

- The Twenty-five Years' Jubilee of Heinrich Vogl. Tenor. With Portrait.**

English Illustrated Magazine.

- Patriotic Airs. J. Cuthbert Hadden.**

Sun.

- Makers of Music. III. Haydn. R. F. Sharp.**

Velhagen und Klasing's Neue Monatshefte. Nov.

- Modern German Tenors. With Portraits. F. Pfuhl.**

The *Musical Times* gives evidence of the importance of Mr. Petrie's recent discovery of ancient Egyptian flutes by devoting over three pages to the subject. Since the discovery, time has been afforded to see what old writers have to say respecting this primitive type of musical instrument, and the pipes themselves have been more completely examined. The result, detailed here at length, shows that, however limited may have been the music of the ancient Egyptians compared with ours of to-day, they certainly employed the intervals we now use in our series of musical notes. While giving cordial approval to the objects of the new Choral Conductors' Alliance, the *Times* doubts whether, after all, the conductors who compose the Alliance are in a position to enforce the proposed examination on the choralists. Will the managers of the great Sunday-school and day-school choirs agree to exclude all singers who do not possess the new or similar certificates? It is to be feared they will not, and there is no reason why they should. Mr. George Augustus Sala is twitted for his mistake in the matter of the "Kreutzer" sonata. G. A. S. in one of his "Echoes" said:—"I should like to know which Kreutzer it was that wrote this plaguery sonata. I have become aware of no less than four Kreutzers," and so on and so on at length, for the ready journalist had looked up material under the head Kreutzer. The error is, of course, fair game, but Mr. Sala does not pretend to be a musical writer, and there is some excuse for him. Beethoven's famous sonata was, as musicians know, dedicated to his friend Rodolphe Kreutzer, a French violinist and composer.

The *British Bandsman* pleads for a system which would ensure a proper and dignified status for bandmasters in the army. At present, it is contended, the Government, instead of regarding the soldier musician as an artist, looks upon him as simply a "necessary evil." The system commended is that laid before Congress last session for the benefit of American military players. The *British Bandsman* proposes to widen its scope, so as to become the recognised organ for concerted music in its several branches. It will appear in future under the title of *The Orchestral Times and Bandsman*.

More than any of its fellows the *Magazine of Music* betokens the near-approach of Christmas, being full of articles, stories, &c., intended to be appropriate to the season. The leading musical paper is that on the Royal College of Music, in which, perhaps, too much is made of the princely patronage bestowed on the institution—patronage which has not commended the College to the musical masses of the country. The speech of the Prince of Wales at the opening ceremony is said to have fully proved "his devotion to the art of music, and his lofty ideas concerning the influence of music on mankind." The history and working of the College are very fully detailed, and there is, besides, a full-page photographic group of the staff, in which we observe the Principal, Sir George Grove, seated on the top of a wall!

To *Musical Opinion* Mr. Rowbotham—who, by the way, is a candidate for the Edinburgh Chair of Music—contributes an interesting paper under the title of "A Day with Handel." The house in which the great composer resided in London, we are reminded, was on the south side of Brook Street, near Hanover Square. It is now No. 57; but those who visit it with the hope of finding any memento of the master will be disappointed. Yet here last century for many years Handel lived, and here he died. It seems fitting that Dr. Frost should write on Christmas music. He regards the serenading carol singers as musical impostors, "who never sing at any other time," and he would have carols sung in the churches where the congregations could join in them.

The *Yorkshire Musical Age* is a new magazine which began its existence in September last. It appears to be well conducted, and while being of special interest to readers in the North of England, its contents may be studied with profit by the musical world at large. Mr. Walter Macfarren's papers on the Literature of the Pianoforte are of much value, and should be read by all who desire to know something of the vast quantity of good music which has been written for the household instrument. The author of the article on Light Reading pays a well-deserved compliment to the letter notation which has now seen all but fifty years of useful work. Some trifling errors in the magazine are not pretty. We hardly recognise the poet of "The Seasons," under the name of Thompson, and although Handel's friend, the musical "Small Coal Man," was certainly a *briton* he preferred to have his name written Britton. Professor Blackie, too, as the editor of *Scottish Nights* is unknown to the world.

COUNT TOLSTOI.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF HIS YOUTH.

ONE of the most interesting articles of the month has appeared in the *Historical Messenger*, under the title: "Life and Persons of Former Days," in which a certain V. Nazarieff gives us his recollections of three celebrated Russians, one of them being Count Leff Tolstoi. In the forties the writer was studying at the University of Kazan, and when Leff Tolstoi entered his name on the books of the University. The first time they met was at the house of one of the professors whom Tolstoi had requested to "coach" him in Russian literature, and the impression made by the future novelist was anything but favourable. "I, too, occasionally came to these lectures, keeping aloof from the Count, who had repelled me the very first time we came together, by his assumed frigidity, his bristling hair, and the contemptuous expression of his blinking eyes. This was the first time in my life that I had seen a young man puffed up with such a strange and incomprehensible feeling of his own importance, and such exaggerated self-satisfaction. The professor, always in the same female costume, and perfectly at his ease in spite of the presence of the conceited Count, would pace the room with heavy steps, narrating some event in the history of literature, in a loud, whistling tone of voice, just as if he were in the lecture-room addressing his students. The lecture over, the Count would leave the house without wasting a word on taking his leave. He came up for examination in evening dress, accompanied by a relative or tutor. . . . The Count got in with the so-called aristocratic set at the University, and would scarcely deign to acknowledge my salutations, as if desirous of proving that even there we were far from equal, seeing that he had been driven by a courier, whereas I had come on foot.

"After having failed to pass his examinations, the Count entered the Law Faculty, and so we met in the corridor almost every day. I continued with the same feeling of curiosity and perplexity as before to observe the haughty figure of the Count, who was obviously embittered by his failure to pass. At this conjuncture the Duke of Leichtenberg paid a visit to Kogan, and his arrival was celebrated with balls and other festivities. The authorities of the University drew up a list of students who were to be invited to dance at the ball given by the Marshal of Nobility, and Tolstoi was one of the number. After the Duke's departure, when the ball was the theme of lively discussion among the students of the aristocratic set, the Count kept aloof, taking no part in what interested the others so profoundly. It was evident that his comrades set him down as a great original and a philosopher."

The writer then goes on to describe how they met again, this time in the prison of the University, if the lock-up deserves such a formidable name, where they were condemned to languish only a very short time for being late for one of the lectures and disturbing the other students in the lecture-room. The Count had obtained permission to have his private attendant in the corridor to wait upon him.

"Throwing off his cloak, and without uncovering his head or taking the slightest notice of me, the Count walked to and fro, now looking out of the window, now buttoning and unbuttoning his coat, and generally giving unmistakable outward indications of the impatience and irritation he felt at his ridiculous position. Profoundly indignant at this behaviour, I lay there, my face hidden with a book and endeavouring to show that I had not noticed the Count's presence. He suddenly opened the door and called his servant in a loud commanding voice, as if in his own house. 'Tell the coachman,' (who was probably waiting at the door) 'to drive past the windows.' 'All right,' replied the servant; and the Count took his station at one of the windows with the intention of killing time as best he could.

"I continued to read, but yielding at last to the impulse within me got up and went also to the window, and saw the coachman in the street, his hands stretched out in front, now trotting the horses, now making them gallop madly on.

"We exchanged a few words at first about the horses, but before an hour had elapsed we were engaged in a warm, endless discussion, in which the subject-matter was of infinitely less importance than the strange hatred that at once manifested itself between us. Several decades have passed away since the memorable four-and-twenty hours I involuntarily passed in the same room with Count Tolstoi . . . and I ardently wish I could call to mind every word spoken during our incarceration, but my memory retains only the general impression. . . . I remember that Tolstoi, noticing the 'Demon' (a poetical production of the poet Lermontoff), spoke sarcastically of poetry generally, and then seeing a volume of Karamzeen's history lying near me, delivered himself of a philippic against history, describing it as a most wearisome and almost useless study. 'History,' he majestically proclaimed, 'is but a collection of fables and good-for-nothing details, bestudded with a number of figures and proper names. The death of Zgor, or the snake that stung Oleg—what are all these but myths, and who cannot get along without knowing that Ivan's second marriage . . . took place on the 21st August, 1562, and his fourth in the year 1572? And yet I am required to know all that, to cram it into my head, and if I don't know it they'll give me a unit for my examination mark. And how is history written? It is all squeezed and fitted in to the mould devised beforehand by the historian. Ivan the Terrible, on whose reign Professor Ivanoff is lecturing this term, from the virtuous and wise ruler that he had been, was suddenly metamorphosed into a crackbrained, savage tyrant. How and why? These are questions you had better never put. . . . It was in these words, or words to that effect that my fellow prisoner gave expression to his views."

The discussion and conversation went on all night. Among the other subjects discussed was the University. Tolstoi poured out the vials of his wrath on this institution and on academical science generally.

"The expression, 'Temple of Science,' was perpetually on his lips. Remaining as serious as an undertaker he

drew for me in a few words the portraits of our professors, making them cut such ridiculous figures that in spite of my steadfast determination to remain impassive, I laughed outright, positively roared like a madman. 'And for all that,' concluded Tolstoi, 'you and I have a right to expect that we shall leave this "temple" as well-informed, useful members of society. But what shall we carry with us from the University? Just reflect and answer me conscientiously. What shall we take with us from this holy of holies? When we return whence we came, to the country, what shall we be good for? who will have need of us?' he insisted.

"A martyr to sleeplessness, I merely listened, obstinately refusing to speak.

"At break of day the door opened, the turnkey walked in, made his bow, and informed us that we were at liberty and could return to our homes.

"Tolstoi pressed his cap down over his eyes, wrapped himself up in his beaver-lined mantle, slightly nodded to me, and with a parting word of abuse to the 'temple' left the lock-up, accompanied by his servant and the turnkey. . . .

"The last time we met was at the yearly examination that gave the right to pass from one course into the next. . . . The law students, paralyzed with fear, were waiting for the arrival of the bloodthirsty professor of history.

"Tolstoi's name was called out and he walked up to the table and took up a folded ticket containing a question. Meanwhile I moved as near as I could, and waited impatiently further developments. I was extremely curious to know in what way my fellow-student would distinguish himself, for in my heart I acknowledged that he was a man of rare intellectual powers.

"A minute passed; two crept lazily by; several minutes elapsed. I watched and waited while my heart sank within me; meanwhile Tolstoi looked at the question on his ticket, blushed and kept silence. It was proposed that he should take another ticket instead of the one he had; he did so, but behaved himself as before. The professor also remained silent, fixing his mocking, malignant gaze on the student. This

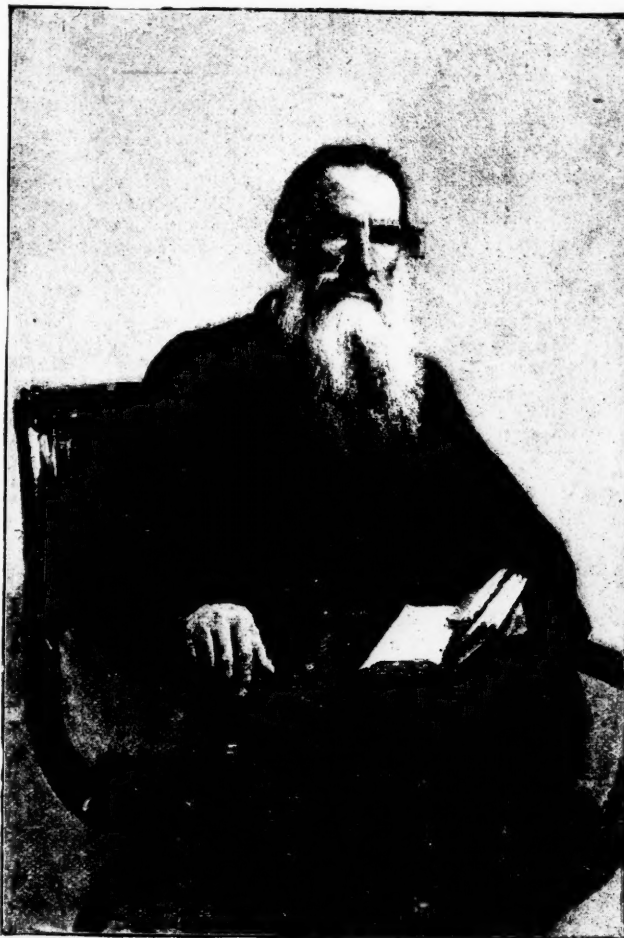
painful scene at last came to an end, when Tolstoi deliberately put back the ticket on the table, turned right about, and taking not the slightest notice of anyone walked slowly towards the exit. 'A cipher; he's got a cipher,' I heard them whisper around me. I completely lost my head from excitement, but I heard it whispered in the group of aristocrats standing near me, that certain ladies of the highest circles had requested the professor to spare the Count, and that he had promised not to give a unit. 'Well, it was an ingenious way to get out of the

difficulty,' I heard some students remark; 'he has only to give him a cipher, and he has kept his promise!'

"I listened to the jokes and sallies of wit that Tolstoi's action provoked, but in the depth of my heart I felt, in fact I was prepared to swear, that he knew the subject as well as the others, and could have answered the questions, but would not. But why he acted thus and not otherwise, whether through excessive bashfulness or pride, I have never been able to discover."

"One of Tolstoi's comrades who had served with him in Sebastopol during the war gave M. Nazarieff an interesting account of his life in that city:—'Tolstoi, with his funny stories and hastily composed verses, brightened and cheered us up in the saddest moments of life on the battlefield. When he was in our midst, the days flew by like moments; when absent—he would occasionally run off to Simferopol—we all hung our heads. A day would drag its slow length along, a second, and a third. At last he would return, for all the world like the

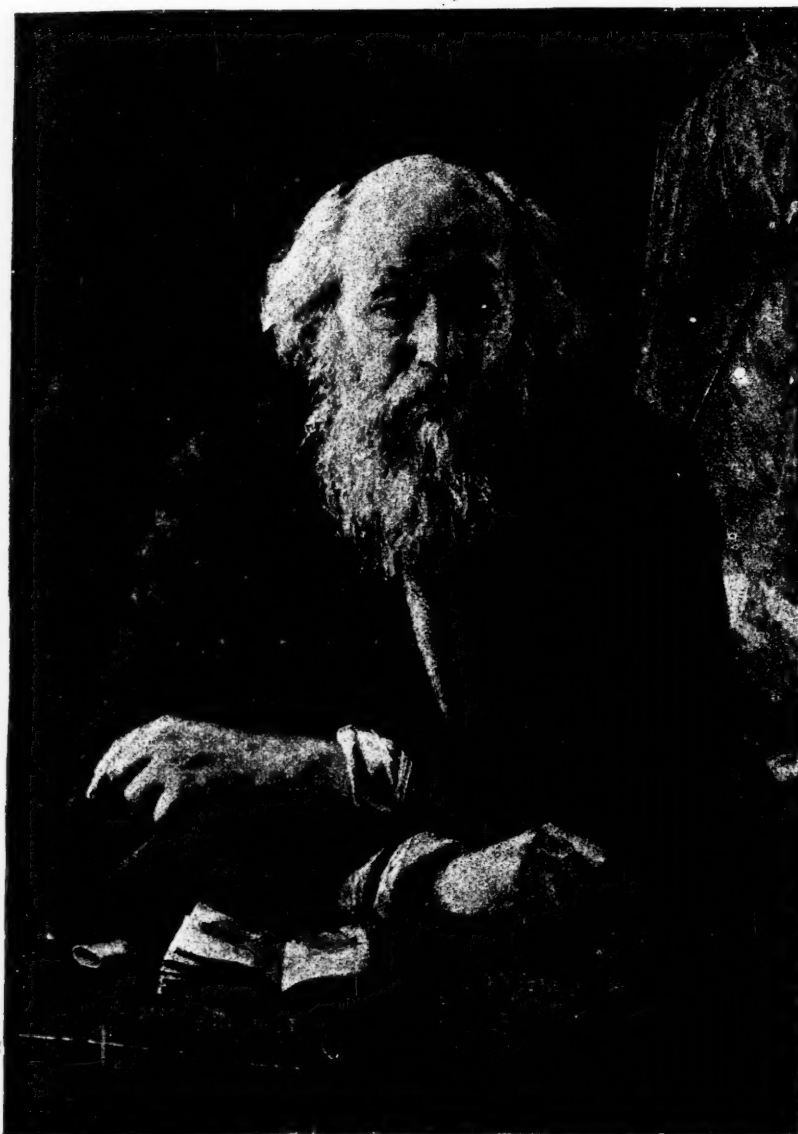
Prodigal Son, gloomy, emaciated, dissatisfied with himself. . . . He would then take me aside and begin his confession and contrition. He would tell me all about it; how he had led a gay, dissolute life, how he had gambled, where he had passed his days and his nights, and during all this he would condemn and torment himself as if he were a terrible criminal. . . . It was a piteous sight to look upon him while he was thus morally flagellating himself. . . . That's the kind of man he was. A queer sort of fellow, and I may say beyond my comprehension, but, on the other hand, he was a splendid comrade, a most honest soul, whom it is impossible ever to forget."



From the picture.

COUNT TOLSTOI.

(by Repnin.)



NIKOLAI NIKOLAÏEVICH GAY, RUSSIAN PAINTER.

From the Portrait by Yaroschenko, specially photographed by him for this article.

GAY, ARTIST AND APOSTLE.

LIFE AND WORKS OF A FAMOUS RUSSIAN PAINTER.

BY DR. E. J. DILLON.

ONE might ransack the annals of painting from the times of Cimón of Cleonæ down to these days of Kaulbach and Rossetti, without coming across the names of a dozen artists whose works are so directly and exclusively the growth of their inner nature as those of the Russian painter, Nikolai Nikolaievitch Gay, who first saw the light of the world, in the city of Voronesh, sixty-one years ago. His canvases are memorials of events in his earthly pilgrimage—silent witnesses to the gradual gropings and strenuous efforts by dint of which he struggled painfully upwards from darkness into light, each one summing up a whole spiritual epoch. From any and every point of view Gay's life is a most interesting study; to me its chief value lies in the circumstance that his striving has ever been with loving, and his living in very deed.

An exhaustive biography of Gay would be a history of Russian painting almost from the time when that art, receiving the impress of national individuality, ceased to be Byzantine. A celebrated artist long before Repnin, Yaroschenko, or Semiradsky were heard of, he is still one of the most accredited representatives of the Russian school now that these painters are in the zenith of their fame; age having brought him maturity, not decay. He has passed successively through all the stages of evolution through which Russian art has advanced during the past forty years, and he stands at present on a height whither few others have had the strength of wing to follow him; and even this summit he hopefully views but as a halting-place on his way to still higher pinnacles. The secret of such success as he has had seems to me, who knows him, to lie in his lofty conception of duty, his boundless faith in man's inborn powers, and his untiring efforts to reach those far-off heights which his sharp spiritual sight renders visible to him. He is a firm believer in the new, the progressing; life, he holds—physical, intellectual, artistic, if life at all—is a tissue of new elements, a series of ever-changing operations, a succession of new ideas and feelings. But the new, to be worth anything, must be the outcome of what was true in the old. Undisciplined talent he abhors; conservatism in art is an abomination to him. Truth of conception—the highest a painter can attain to—is as vain as the sighing of the wind without corresponding skill of execution.

As precocious as Paul Potter, he drew ever since he could hold a pencil; as a lad, like Hogarth, he paid quite as much attention to the ornamentation of his exercises as to their correctness, and, when still a mere schoolboy, was entrusted with the painting of the scenes and decorations required for the annual school theatricals. After having completed the course of studies prescribed for students of Russian Grammar Schools, he was sent to

the University, first at Kieff, then at St. Petersburg, to study mathematics; but soon forsaking the exact sciences for Art, he entered the Art Academy of St. Petersburg, where he worked unremittingly for seven years, carrying off all the medals—four in number—accessible to superior talent combined with rare assiduity. The last tests of proficiency to which he was subjected were the examination themes proposed by the Council of the Academy, for the execution of each of which twenty-four hours were allowed: the first of them was Achilles Bemoaning the Death of Patroclus, the second, Samuel Appearing to the Witch of Endor. So highly did the competent authorities think of these two drawings that their author was sent to Italy to continue his studies at the Government expense. Shortly before leaving Russia he married.

To many a young artist Italy seems what the earth was to Antæus. But they mistake the occasion for the cause. Art may be furthered by externals, but cannot thrive on them alone, whether they assume the form of imitation of the old masters or emulation of the new. It is contingent upon, and commensurate with, the growth of the artist's spiritual nature, and Gay's had, for a time at least, been rapid and exuberant, thanks to the scrupulous care bestowed upon his early education and religious training by his grandmother, who brought him up in the fear of God and love of his neighbour, deeply imbuing him with her own heroic spirit of self-sacrifice. This religious spirit abode with him in the Grammar School, but, subjected at the Universities to the Voltairian test of ridicule, quickly evaporated, leaving him sadly handicapped at the very outset of his artistic career.

The work he performed while in this state of mental and moral fermentation bears unmistakable evidence of the rebellious nature of his thoughts and feelings; for in this matter of the inter-dependence of modes of thought and feeling, choice of themes, and style of painting, Gay is at the antipodes of Rembrandt, whose works were as little affected by the cares and sorrows that oppressed and finally crushed him, as the burning glass is by the fierce rays of the sun which it gathers to a focus. Gay left Russia at a time when the old political and social order was fast breaking up, and the new had not yet hardened into permanent forms; types were succeeding types with the bewildering rapidity of kaleidoscopic figures, none drawing perceptibly nearer to the ideal. Liberalism had been inaugurated in 1864 by the Emperor of Russia, much as it had been adopted in 1848 by the Pope of Rome, and when Gay started for Italy he left the faith of his childhood and youth behind him, and took with him no better spiritual outfit for life's journey than contempt for the old and feverish expectation of the new.

Nor was this state of mind confined to politics:

it extended to all fields of thought, influenced all spheres of activity. Thus, externally a member of the Orthodox Church, the official label was in his case, as in so many others, utterly misleading. He thought, lived, worked and spoke as an agnostic—at times even as an atheist; but his agnosticism or atheism was always tempered by an uncompromising conscience and strength to act up to its dictates without well knowing or taring why. Instinctively he turned to the old Roman Stoics for light and guidance in the stress of action, and it was in Rome, too, that he sought for ready-made incarnations of his ideals, among the stern old Republican heroes whose imposing figures fill the portrait gallery of Titus Livy. The Death of Virginia was the first subject he chose during these days of *Sturm und Drang*, the second was the Destruction of Jerusalem.

The execution of these pictures, however, merely allayed for a time the fever that was consuming him. The yearnings of his soul were still unsatisfied. Casting around him for higher ideas to still the cravings of spiritual hunger that was gnawing him, he turned to the Gospel for inspiration. Not that he sought there any but purely æsthetic enjoyment, for, like Leopardi, he was a firm believer in the eternal enmity of the good, the beautiful, and the true. He carefully read over the New Testament, and having obtained a copy of Littré's translation of Strauss' Life of Jesus—a most difficult matter in the Rome of those days—he pondered over the commentaries of the German Rationalist. Gradually the divine in man, of which the Gospel offers the highest expression, grew visible to the eye of his soul, and he be-

COUNT TOLSTOI ON GAY'S "LAST SUPPER."

"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another . . . John xiii. 34, 35.

Jesus said: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." Matt. v. 43, 44.

During that last evening Jesus manifested this very clearly when He said: "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."

What had Jesus done? and in what consisted the example He had set His disciples?

After supper, as soon as He began to wash His disciples' feet and Simon Peter objected, Jesus said to him: "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter . . . Ye are clean, but not all."

Neither Simon Peter nor the other disciples understood then why He said this. Judas Iscariot alone knew what Jesus was doing when, kneeling before him, He washed his feet. Having washed the feet of His betrayer, Jesus arose, took His garments, and sitting down again, said: "Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord; and ye say well; for so I am." But they did not know that Judas was a traitor, nor did they understand what Jesus had done or what was the lesson He intended to inculcate.

Then, troubled in spirit, Jesus said: "Amen, amen, I say unto you that one of you shall betray Me." And still they understood not what He had done, nor the meaning of what He was saying. They only glanced at one another, seeking for him of whom He had spoken. At that moment there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples whom Jesus loved. Simon Peter therefore beckoned to him that he should ask who it was of whom He spoke. And the beloved disciple, lying on Jesus' breast, asked Him who it was.

But Jesus did not answer him directly. He knew that if He were to name His enemy His disciples would be indignant, and would seize upon and punish the traitor. So, anxious not to destroy, but to save Judas, Jesus, instead of replying, stretched out His hand, took a piece of bread, dipped it, and said softly, "He to whom I shall give this sop when I have dipped it." And having given it to Judas, He said, "That thou doest, do quickly," having heard which, the disciples thought that Jesus was sending Judas into Jerusalem to buy what was needful for the feast. But Judas knew that He did this to save him from the wrath of the other disciples, and he straightway went out.

This it is that the picture represents.

The beloved disciple John alone knows who is the betrayer. He has started up from his seat, and is steadfastly gazing at Judas. He cannot realize or believe it possible that any man living can bring himself to hate Him who has loved him so. He pities the miserable man, and shudders at the thought of what awaits him.

Simon Peter, judging by John's looks, surmises the truth, and gazes now on John, now on Jesus, now on the betrayer, and, burning with indignation, he longs to do something to defend his beloved Master.

Judas has risen from his seat, taken his mantle, and is in the act of throwing it over his shoulders. He has already taken a step towards the door, but he cannot take his eyes off the sorrowful face of his Master. It is not yet too late—he can still turn back, throw himself at Jesus' feet, and repent him of his sin. But the devil has already taken possession of his heart. "Do not submit," he whispers, "do not succumb to a passing weakness, do not expose yourself to the reproaches of the proud disciples. They are closely observing you, and are only waiting for the signal to humiliate you. Forward!"

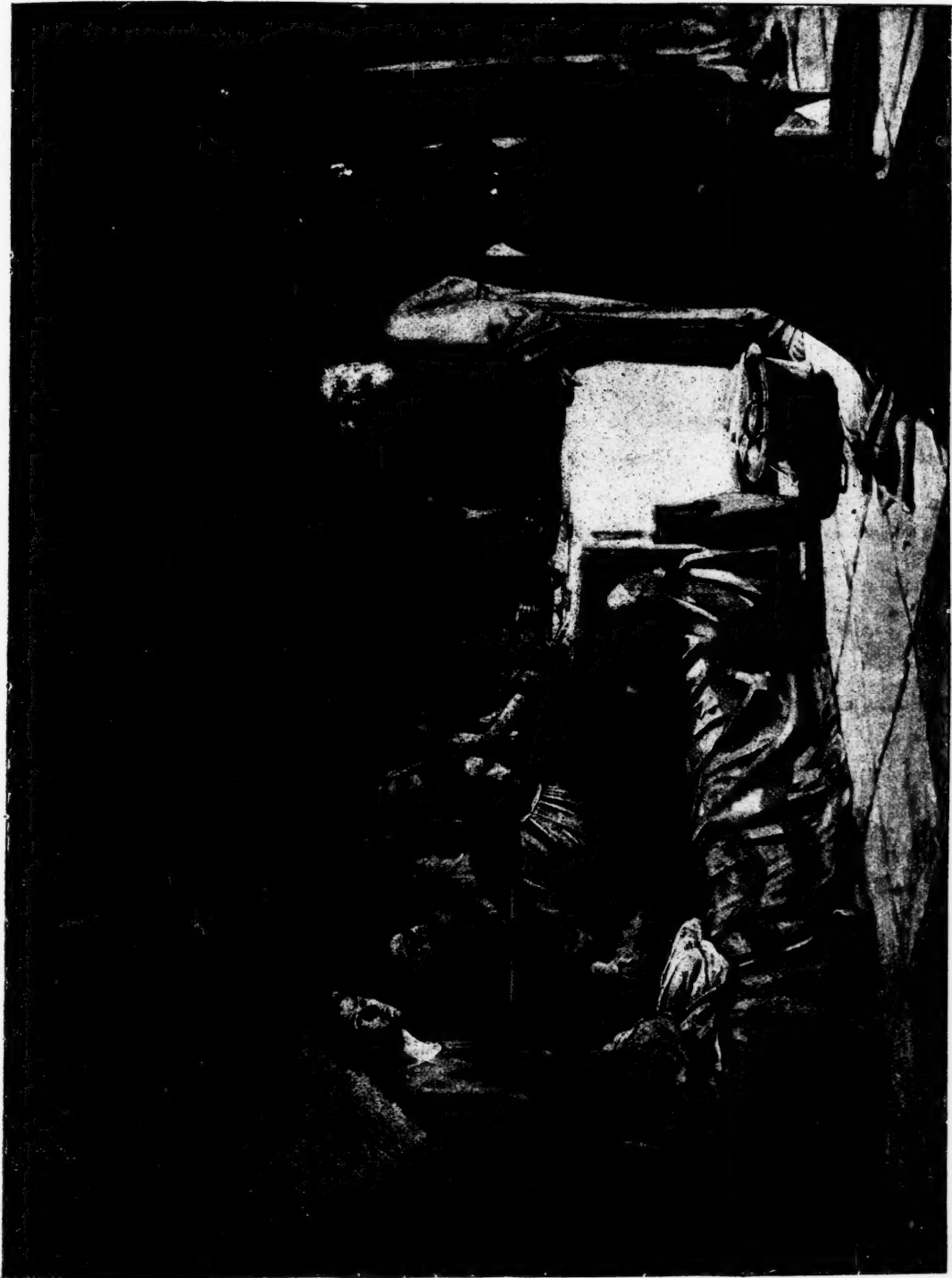
Jesus is reclining with His head resting on His hand, and though not looking, beholds all, knows all that is passing in Judas' heart, and is waiting for him, sorrowing for him. Jesus had fed His enemy with His own hands: with His own hands He had washed His betrayer's feet and saved him from the punishment of men. And He is still inviting him by His love to repent: He has already forgiven him. And in spite of all this, Judas does not return to Him; and Jesus is sorrowing for all who, like Judas, refuse to come back to Him.

Judas left the room, and was lost to view in the darkness of the night. No sooner had the door closed behind him when the disciples knew who was the betrayer. They grew angry and excited. Peter wanted to pursue him, but Jesus, raising His head, observed: "Little children, yet a little while I am with you. . . . A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Then only did they understand that having loved those who were in the world He showed by His works that He indeed loved them unto the end.

came aware that his doubts and unbelief had really never gone beyond what Lessing would call the mere scaffolding of Christianity, leaving the kernel of Christ's moral teaching untouched. Still this soothing conviction grew only by slow degrees, and was often interrupted by long fits of gloomy despondency darkening into dismal despair, such as drove Bunyan to the verge of madness.

One day this chronic malady came to a crisis. Gay had come to the conclusion that he had no vocation to become an artist, that he was not and never would be qualified to cover a canvas with anything worthy the name of picture, and in this mood he stalked about from place to place, struggling silently with the evil spirits that tormented him, sorely tempted to depart from the scene of his sufferings through the open door of death. Mechanically taking up his New Testament, his eye accidentally fell upon John's description of the Last Supper, of which he read the first lines carelessly, almost unconsciously, the remainder avidly. His soul was suddenly inundated with a flood of new light, and he at once set himself to study the chief personages of that wonderful drama, Christ, Peter, John, and Judas, trying to think their thoughts, to feel their emotions, to merge himself in the individuality of each of them in turn. And to an appreciable extent he succeeded. Peter he learned to know as if he had lived with him; his hot temper, impetuous good-nature, eagerness to fight and die for Jesus, and the rapidity with which in his case change of environment was followed by that of the noble sentiments it had called forth, all revealed them-



Judas.

Peter.

THE LAST SUPPER.

Jesus.

John.

selves to the sympathetic eye of the artist. The same loving study of John was fruitful of similar results. In the beloved disciple the feminine element predominated, softening all his movements; boundless faith, unshaken trust in his Lord and Master were the mainsprings of action discernible in everything he did. He alone of all the apostles saw and knew; his obedience was genuine love, his faith true knowledge. Even the wretched Judas seemed deserving of something better than contempt for the weakness that wrecked him. It was his misfortune to have lacked the strength needful to enable him to shake off the conventional and frankly accept the new, and this it was that ruined him. He was merely an egotist, as we all are, and exceptional circumstances had plied the shuttle that gave his deeds that hideous pattern with which they have gone down to distant posterity.

These were the figures whom Gay conjured up day by day, watching them lovingly as they rehearsed that historic banquet before his mind's eye, until at last no slightest movement, no feature, no look seemed other than what the circumstances warranted and the characters of the actors justified. He then went to the canvas, and, without previous studies, preliminary sketches, or tentative rough draughts, began to paint the Last Supper, and before six months had elapsed gave the finishing touch to one of the finest pictures which the Russian school of painting has produced. This done, he destroyed the two previous canvases, neither of which had been quite finished. In this work Gay's manner is for the first time clearly visible. In this, as in all succeeding pictures, his groups are not portraits, but *dramatis personæ*, who imply and explain each other, combining to work out the *dénouement* of a tragedy which can almost be read on their faces.

Gay soon afterwards left Florence, where he had executed his Last Supper, for St. Petersburg, where an exhibition of oil-paintings was being held, and from the enthusiastic praise with which his canvas was greeted in this latter city he gathered for the first time that he had painted a genuine picture. This discovery was confirmed and enhanced by the official offer of a professorial chair at the Imperial Academy of Arts. But nothing could be less congenial to Gay than routine and red tapeism, especially in the matter of Art, and to the plea urged by the Vice-President of the Academy, Prince Gagarin, "All the professors are asleep here," he laughingly replied, "So you want me to come and swell the snoring chorus." He officially refused the offer, and returned to Italy and to Florence.

This first success was followed by something akin to a failure. A long study of the story of the Passion and the Resurrection led to the picture called "The Harbingers of the Resurrection," representing the scene described by Matthew (xxviii. 11-15). The soldiers who had witnessed the Resurrection were about to deny it, and to account for the disappearance of the body by accusing Jesus' disciples of having stolen it. Three soldiers occupy the foreground in the neighbourhood of Golgotha; one of them is turning round to the others in the act of uttering a coarse jest. Mary Magdalen is seen in the distance running breathless towards the tomb in which the body had been laid. But Jesus was no longer there, and the only traces of Him visible are to be found in the crosses still on the ground, the crown of thorns, and some blood stains. This picture was too symbolical to be appreciated by the crowd, too realistic to please lovers of the beautiful, and too rationalistic to be sanctioned by the Government, who forbade its exhibition in the Academy, and kept it sedulously screened from the public gaze. No doubt it

has many and very grave defects, from whatever point of view we consider it, and the artist himself would be the first to acknowledge their existence; it is scarcely, however, from its official prohibition by the Government that they are to be inferred, seeing that that measure was also put in force against some of the most perfect masterpieces of the world's Art.

Gay, when he declined the offer of a professorial chair at the Academy of Arts, preferred a life of poverty and freedom to the thralldom of an official position incompatible, to his thinking, with the due unfolding of his gifts. He has always been the uncompromising enemy of Art made tongue-tied by Authority. Poverty in the abstract, however, is far from identical with the real thing which assumes the form now of hunger, now of noxious atmosphere, and occasionally of the lack of comforts which are practically necessities of life. Consequently he suffered much in the beginning of these new experiences, but he endured everything manfully, and in time discovered that suffering is the ante-chamber of content, a moral cathartic invaluable to men in search of guidance and light. It was natural for him, under such circumstances, to select themes for his pictures from the sphere in which his thoughts dwelt with most complacency, and his next canvas represented Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane.

That Gay undertook this work with a thorough knowledge of its peculiar difficulty is evident from the repeated efforts he made to fulfil the main conditions which he himself deemed indispensable to a proper treatment of the subject. The picture was nearly finished when, looking at it one day in the light of a more intense sympathy for Christ and a fuller comprehension of His sufferings, he found it lamentably defective, destroyed it, and began again. The result of the second attempt was much more satisfactory; it represented Christ arising from the ground, His gaze turned heavenward. This, to all who saw it, seemed a veritable masterpiece. Gay's son photographed it, and the artist himself was for a short time fairly satisfied with it. But even this canvas had an unfavourable effect, and the artist destroyed it as he had destroyed the first,* lest the good should stand in the way of the better. The third attempt resulted in the celebrated picture of Christ rising up from prayer, His right hand on His raised knee, His countenance partly lighted by the soft rays of the moon shining through the foliage of the broad old olive trees, and expressive of that heart-felt sorrow which had caused the bloody sweat. This canvas was sent to the London International Exhibition of 1873, along with another of Gay's, and was awarded a medal.

Soon after this he returned to St. Petersburg, where he played an important part for a time in the literary, artistic, and political circles of the day. This was the second, and, as he now calls it, Pagan period of his activity, during which the scrupulous conscientiousness and untiring industry that at all times distinguished him, were buoyed up by an unwonted enthusiasm inspired by the ambitious hopes of the society in which he moved. For great changes had come over his country and his countrymen during the thirteen years he had spent abroad. The people had grown, politically speaking, to manhood's estate, or at least it appeared so at that time; a new phase of national life seemed opening out

* The negative of the photograph has also been destroyed. M. Gay's son, however, has kindly put the only existing photographic reproduction of the picture into my hands, and it is from this that the illustration has been taken which appears on page 706.



AFTER THE LAST SUPPER.



CHRIST IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

This second study, subsequently destroyed by the artist, as inadequate.



CHRIST IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.
Third and final stage of the subject.

before them, the logical outcome of the reforms of Peter the Great. The stringent Press laws were relaxed, liberty of conscience was about to be granted, the benefits of education were being rapidly put within the reach of all. Peter was the national hero of the moment; his apocryphal testament was the Bible of patriotic circles; he was credited with the eye of an Isaiah, the soul of a Prometheus; to him were ascribed the awakening of national life and all the reforms, political and social, that ushered it in. His influence pervaded all things; the very city, with its spacious palaces, numerous canals, and broad, straight streets, spoke of him and seemed the embodiment in brick and stone of the genius who was believed to have governed his people with a view to qualify them as soon as possible to govern themselves. Gay caught the spirit of the hour, and gave lasting expression to the popular, or rather national, mood in his painting representing Peter's quarrel with his son Alexis (1871)—one that never would have served as an illustration to Lander's celebrated dialogue between the same persons.

No other work of Gay's created such a profound and widespread sensation in Russia. The first day of the Exhibition in which it was hung was like a national holiday. All who cared in any degree for painting, and thousands who cared absolutely nothing for it, hastened to view the latest triumph of Russian art. On the evening of the first day of the Exhibition, just as the premises had been closed, a general in uniform rushed breathless up to the door. "Your Excellency has deigned to come too late," were the words that struck his ear; "the Exhibition is closed till to-morrow." "I must see it to-day at all costs," insisted the decorated veteran. "May it please your Excellency, that is impossible; besides, it is dark now, you will distinguish nothing." "Oh, it's not the Exhibition itself that I care about; but isn't there some crack picture here, a portrait of Peter the Great or some such thing? Will you just let me have a glimpse of that? I only want to be able to say to-night that I saw it."

The Emperor himself (the late Alexander II.) was as enthusiastic as his subject. No sooner had he seen the picture than he gave the order to purchase it, but the wealthy collector of Moscow, Tretyakov, had already bought it. He then sent his son, the Grand Duke Vladimir, to ask the painter to execute a replica of the picture reproducing all its details. Gay's treatment of Peter the Great was in harmony with the popular conception of that monarch's person and lifework that prevailed a quarter of a century ago. He idealised him, as did all Russia. Energy of will, strength of character, the subordination of all personal considerations to the main purpose of his life—such were the traits that seemed to Gay to epitomize the life and character of Peter, and the event represented in the picture was to his thinking the scene of all others best calculated to bring them out most fully.

Pursuing his historical studies and cherishing, like most intellectual Russians of the day, hopes which proved as premature as March rose-buds in Northern Russia, he conceived the grandiose plan of painting a series of pictures representing striking scenes from Russian history, the chief figures in which were to be those monarchs, statesmen, or religious reformers who might be regarded as the harbingers of the era of civilization and liberty which was then fondly supposed to be dawning. His next canvas, the second of the projected series, represents the Empress Catherine the Great taking leave of the body of the Empress Elizabeth. Catherine was engaged in plotting against Peter III., who in turn expended whatever little energy he possessed in keeping

her in what he deemed her proper sphere. She courted popular favour as no Russian monarch had ever done before her, and the concessions she occasionally made with this object might have proved invaluable had the people only known how to put them to the best account. This mood is manifest even in such an unimportant ceremony as that of taking leave of the Empress Catherine's body. Dressed in deep mourning—a costume for which she entertained so profound a detestation that, fond as she was of having her portraits taken in every style and out of dress, she never once allowed it to be painted in that uncouth attire—she is entering the room in which the body is laid out in state, just after she has had a stormy scene with her husband. Her countenance is expressive of self-control, with a slight shade of depression. Princess Daschkoff is following her, and casting a look of unutterable scorn at the Tzar Peter. Gay's light effects are always remarkable, but in no other painting are they so truly wonderful as in this.*

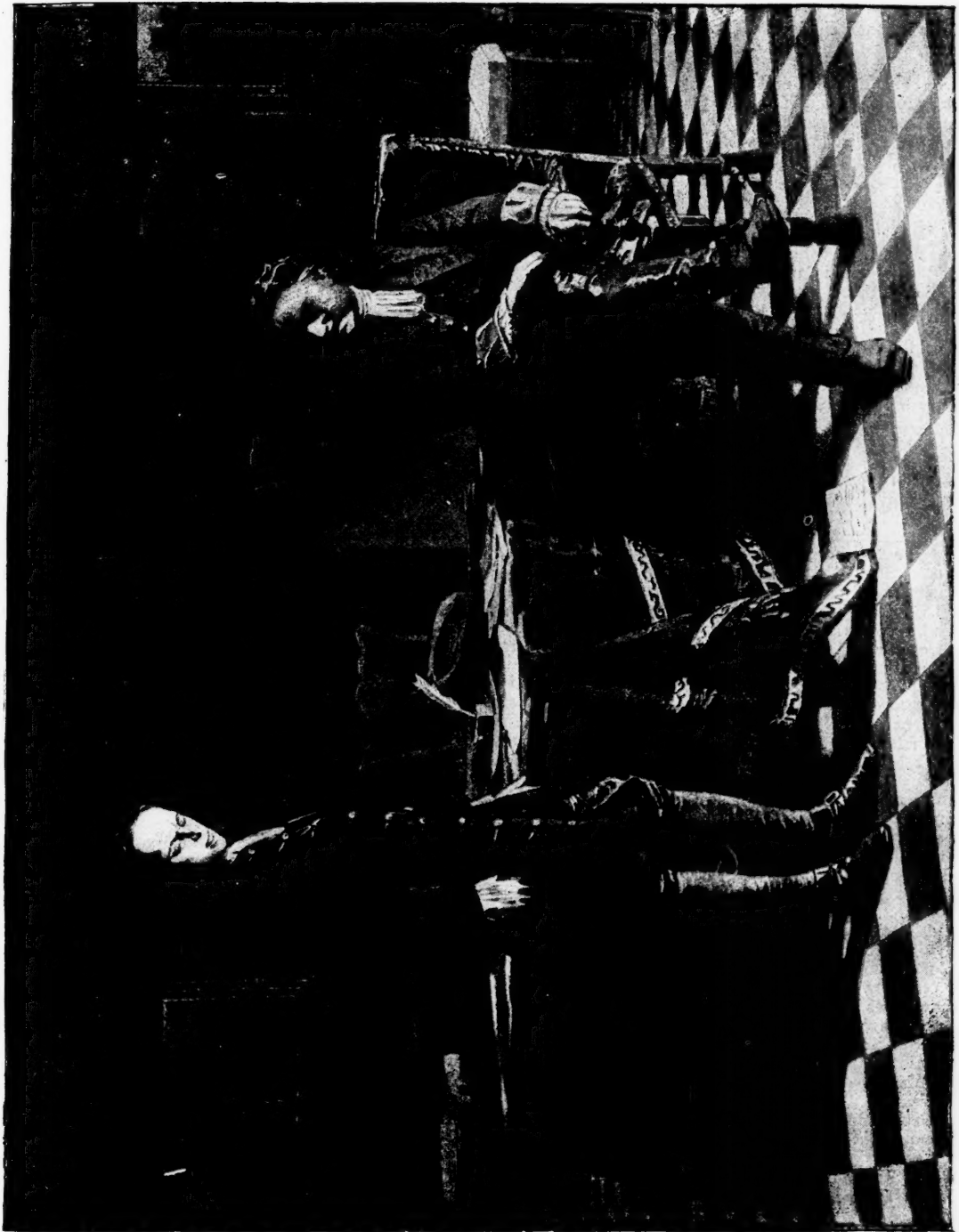
The political events which were then following each other in rapid succession left no doubt in the minds of the artist and his friends that the light which they had taken for the first streaks of dawn was a mere will o' the wisp. Despondency succeeded high hopes, and the third picture of the historical series proved also the last. The subject is suggestive of the mood in which it was executed. It represents the Russian poet Pooschkin at his country house in Mikhailovsk, where he was confined by the Government, who put him under the supervision of the Archimandrite (Abbot) of a neighbouring monastery. His friend, Pooschtschin, who shortly afterwards paid the heavy penalty usually exacted from political conspirators in Russia,† is come to pay him a visit and cheer him in his place of exile. The poet is reading to his friend the celebrated comedy of Griboyedoff (Misfortune from Too Much Wit), which had just come out at the time, while his guest, sitting in the armchair, is listening with undisguised admiration. In the background, Pooschkin's celebrated nurse, Radionoff, is visible.‡

After this, Gay resolved to forsake for ever the distracting life of a city. He would most gladly have gone abroad to spend the remainder of his days in peaceful retirement, far away from the scene of disappointments more bitter than personal misfortunes, had he been able to reconcile such a course of action with his conscience; but he held it moral cowardice to forsake his country and his people at a time when their fortunes were at what he thought their lowest ebb. He determined to remain in Russia, but, like Thoreau, to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, in order, when the time came to die, to escape the discovery that he had not yet begun to live. Purchasing a tiny estate in Little Russia, he retired into hermit-like seclusion from which he has seldom since emerged. Here he and his have frequently tasted that suffering which gives one a thorough insight into life, more especially into one's own life mission. This was the time of all others chosen by the Imperial Academy of Arts to repeat the invitation given him a few years before, to come up to St. Petersburg, accept a professorship, and pass the remainder of his life in dignified repose. The temptation to accept was peculiarly strong, but Gay successfully resisted it. For

* This picture is now in the possession of the Grand Duke Sergius Alexandrovitch.

† Pooschtschin was a so-called "Decabrist," one of the "December Conspirators," whose object it was to depose the Emperor Nicholas and elevate his brother Constantine to the throne.

‡ This canvas was purchased by the poet Nekrassoff, sold after his death, and is now in the possession of a private gentleman in the south of Russia.



PETER THE GREAT WITH HIS SON ALEXIS.

him all repose, dignified and other, is stagnation; movement, progress, is life. He chose the latter, and with it honest poverty. Like Francis of Assisi, he looks upon poverty as his sister, and suffering is of endless price in his eyes. That this is no mere piece of clap-trap is evident from the circumstance that he has brought up his son, long since arrived at manhood's estate, to depend for his livelihood upon manual labour, and manual labour alone.

The beginning of this new period of artistic activity, which some persons might be tempted to label the mystical, was marked by a very remarkable picture entitled "Pity." Alongside a wooden fence which separates the estate of a modern Dives from the public road a beggar is wending his weary way. A lady of fashion—a member of Dives' family—taking pity upon him, has just given him a cup of water to quench his burning thirst, mindful of Christ's promise to him who gives a cup of cold water in His name. Just then the idea strikes her that, as Abraham entertained angels unawares, so he to whom she has rendered this little service may be Christ Himself in person—a thought the grounds for which are plainly visible in the features of the beggar. This impressive picture was for a short period exhibited in St. Petersburg.

About this time a powerful newspaper article appeared in one of the organs of the daily press on the census of the city of Moscow, and the harrowing scenes of misery and suffering it had brought to light, the author of which said, as an American thinker had said before him, "Be sure that you give the poor the aid they most need, though it be your example, that leaves them far behind. If you give money, spend yourself with it, and do not merely abandon it to them. To give them a cup of cold water or a handful of money is not our whole duty towards them, nor even a considerable part of it; we should go among them courageously, study them lovingly, treat them as our equals and our brothers." In the author of that article Gay recognised a fellow-worker, a worshipper of the same ideals as himself, and, without losing a moment, he rose up and set out for Moscow to visit, consult, and thank him. The author of the article was Count Leff Tolstoi.

The sincerity of Gay's religious, political, and artistic convictions has been tried by the surest of all tests, and it is difficult in these days of selfishness and ignoble compromise to gauge the nature and extent of the sacrifices which he has unhesitatingly made for them. On this occasion his acceptance of the doctrine preached by Tolstoi was marked by the deliberate destruction of the painting "Pity," lest it should inculcate a wrong lesson.

On his arrival in Moscow, Gay purchased canvas, colours, and brushes, and called at Tolstoi's residence in the Money Street, but the host was not at home. Leaving his bag with the servant, he sauntered about the streets, eagerly looking forward to the meeting, sure that if he met Tolstoi in the streets he should have no difficulty in recognising him, although he had never set eyes upon him before. He did not see him, however, till the following day, when the meeting was as cordial and touching as that of David and Jonathan in the wilderness of Ziph. "I am a painter, come from the South to see and hear you, and do your pleasure. We are both servants of the one Master; but your experience is greater than mine. Command me; I am entirely at your service. Shall I paint her?" pointing to Tolstoi's daughter Tania, who glided by at this moment. "No, not her; paint my wife."

Their conversations were frequent, long, sincere; soul communed with soul; Gay instinctively divined the answers his friend was about to give to his questions, and his guesses proved invariably correct. "It was then," he assured me, long afterwards, "that I learned what is life,

what is art, what are genuine ideals. The new period of my artistic work dates from that memorable day."

From this time forward Gay has made common cause with the representatives of native Russian Art, if we can give such an official title to men who are nothing if not independent. Russian art, it is perhaps needless to say, is to be sought for, not on the canvas of those laborious imitators of a bygone age, who are clever artisans rather than artists, whose works are mechanical copies, not creations, but in the honest, straightforward attempts of painters like Kramskoi, Repnin, Yaroschenko, Makovsky, to give shape, form, and colour to the tumultuous rush of real life around them, and suggest the lesson it contains for all who are willing to be taught. To many foreigners, the highest reaches of national Russian Art may seem low and realistic: its loftiest ideals mere pictorial renderings of Martin Tupper's philosophy. This is an erroneous view, which utter ignorance of the facts may explain, but cannot excuse.

Contemporary Russian Art is a safety valve. The repressed thoughts and pent-up feelings of a whole people struggle herein for expression, and struggle not in vain. Hence its worthiest representatives, in their zeal for what they consider a noble cause, occasionally employ signs and symbols that seem wholly foreign to genuine art. This may be right or wrong, as the conditions that necessitate it may be excellent or the reverse. For our purpose it is enough to know that it is so. Painting in Russia, therefore, is no longer the vehicle for recording the people's veneration for the old, the traditional, the aristocratic in religious or social life; it is one of the principal forms assumed by the general protest against the old order of things; an apotheosis of the lowly and despised, a prophecy of the new. The initiated have no fear of the startling, feel no shrinking from the unpleasant truth that stimulates to still more unpleasant though salutary action. In a word, Russian Art is liberal, radical, democratic.

One of the most excellent results of the democratization of Russian art which has been going on since the days of Fedotoff and Peroff manifested itself some years ago, when Gay, in conjunction with the painter, Miassoyedoff, organized ambulatory *salons* of paintings, with the object of exhibiting the best canvases of the year, whatever the number, in the chief cities of Russia, thus bringing them within the reach of hundreds of thousands who would otherwise never get a glimpse of a really good picture, and awaking among the masses an interest in art. Other equally unmistakable traces of the same tendency are visible in Gay's treatment of certain religious subjects, the striking likeness, for instance, between the traditional countenance of Christ and the face of the beggar in the picture called "Pity," and generally the execution of all the works that he has begun or finished since he accepted the religious teaching of Leff Tolstoi.

On his return home from Moscow, Gay set to work to paint Christ in the Synagogue, expounding the Scriptures to the doctors, whose admiration of his precocious wisdom is giving way to disgust and anger at the startling novelty of his theological views. Having worked at this for a considerable time, he put it aside,* and returned once more to the Last Supper—the theme which he had already treated with such marked success. His second canvas represents the departure of Christ and His apostles from the hall of the Last Supper—Christ, pensive and silent, the presentiment of His impending agony and death strong upon Him; John, thinking only of

* I have reason to believe that he intends to finish it very shortly, so that it will be one of the first of his future pictures.



"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

his Master's safety, eagerly looking out for enemies in ambush; Peter, walking boldly on, fearless and self-confident. This is considered by competent critics who have seen and studied it to be one of Gay's most successful renderings of Christ and His two chief disciples.

The sunset clouds of life are fast gathering round the artist now, and at times they look peculiarly threatening; but Gay's buoyancy is weather-proof, for he is endowed in no small degree with

the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love,

so that his serenity is not easily disturbed. His last picture fell like a bone of contention, an apple of discord, in the midst of Russian society last February. It represents Christ standing, early on the fatal morning of His death, before Pilate, who is sneeringly asking Him, "What is truth?"—these words constituting, to the artist's thinking, the sneer of a sleek, well-fed, contemptuous egotist, rather than the query of an anxious thinker; for instead of waiting for a reply, straightway after saying this "he went out." Christ had been overwhelmed by intense mental and physical suffering, the bloody sweat in the Garden of Gethsemane, the sad, sleepless night that followed, the black treason of one disciple, the ingratitude of another, the craven fears of his trusted disciples, the indignities offered to him by the vile rabble that had so lately honoured him as a mere earthly king—all these painful memories were still vibrating through his mind, "like leaves through which a bird has flown," when this cold, contemptuous sneer at the very holiest of his teachings was uttered by a pampered Epicurean. And the look of Christ is his answer.

It would be a mistake to blame the artist for daring to rend the mist of "devious symbols" that has so long hung around religious art. We shudder at the thought of the exquisite tortures endured by the Saviour on the Cross, and yet we insist on having a picture of the dying Christ with a serene, mild, almost happy look upon His face, as if his end were merely

A death-like sleep,
A gentle waiting to immortal life.

Gay resolutely refuses to pander to this depraved taste. He cannot imitate the Byzantine school of religious art, which lavishes aureoles upon its saints, lengthens out their limbs, gives them long noses and stiff, stolid, stately forms; all this may be heraldry or church ornament; it is not Art. If a man is God or God-like, let his divinity light up his countenance and shine through his whole being. An aureole or its modern equivalent is but a roundabout way of writing over the picture, "This animal is a lion." If you cannot dissolve your halo into its component rays, and judiciously distribute them throughout the form, features, and action of your hero, so that they will again unite in the mind of the intelligent beholder, and help him to fix his place in the hierarchy of men, then you had better paint ships or trees or church interiors. If we endeavour to gauge the merits of Gay's "Christ before Pilate" by this broad standard, making abstraction from all dogmatic questions concerning the divinity of the author of the Sermon on the Mount, and looking upon Him as a mere man without even so much of the God-like about Him as transcendentalists attribute to their heroes, even then we find it hard to recognise in the bitter, resentful glance of the outcast at bay the loving look of the Man who, when still harder pressed, excruciated by cruel tortures and with no issue before Him but a most ignominious death, prayed for His murderers, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

This picture was exhibited last winter in St. Petersburg, and thousands, nay, tens of thousands, flocked to the

Academy of Sciences to see and discuss it. I sometimes stood for over an hour at a time before it, listening to the contradictory judgments of the crowd, some blessing, others literally cursing the name of the artist. After the lapse of several weeks the Government interfered, ordered the canvas to be removed and all the photographs to be withdrawn from circulation. I may perhaps be allowed to state here that this act, which it might be deemed unseemly for an Englishman sojourning in Russia and writing over his signature to approve, condemn, or even discuss, argues no special animus on the part of the authorities against Gay, seeing that one of Raphael's seven famous cartoons—Christ addressing to Peter the words, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep"—shared the same fate, having been expressly forbidden about three years ago in Moscow.*

As an intellectual force, a stout, gnarled piece of that species of Russian humanity endowed with a soul capable of self-sustainment, which bears within it the germs of future life, Gay is one of the most noteworthy figures of his age and country. His mind takes a range far beyond the easel. A born artist, no craving for nobleness of form, no inclination for what is commonly called human happiness, no longing for states in which the soul finds repose, hinders him from descending to the lowest depths of the well of truth, and bartering, like old Odin at Mimir's well, his most precious possession for what he finds there. Unlike the run of Russian artists, his works are not cast in the common mould; he stands out in bold relief, his individuality strong upon him, a man who possesses opinions and principles, religious and artistic, and force of character to suffer, and, if needs be, die for them. We may admire or condemn him, but we must do either. It is impossible to glance at him in passing and turn to the next. Vapidity has no part among his characteristics.

As a painter, Gay is distinguished from most of his colleagues by the courage with which he gives practical expression to his ideas on art. His realism consists in imitating Nature rather than nature; not in reproducing the dead, the motionless, the prosaic and repulsive as such, but in copying Nature's method, in creating anew. God he believes to be in every man, and, to a less extent, in every inanimate thing, and when we look upon Nature with eyes undimmed by animality, we behold much that no photographic reproduction will ever render—the ever-changing forms assumed by the living divine idea. To understand that, is the work of every reasonable man; to seize upon and express it, the task of the artist. Perception and reproduction are at bottom one and the same faculty, present in various degrees, the gradation arising from differences of development, from inherited dispositions and aptitudes, from education in its broadest, most catholic acceptance. Genius, in the sense of a spark which burns in one man in a hundred millions, and is lacking in all others, is a fiction; what we term genius is the highest talent applied to art or science with greatest love and most untiring labour. But there is no intellectual caste, no aristocracy of talent. God loves all men equally well, and our spiritual and intellectual outfit is practically uniform. Though we travel the world over in search of beauty, of truth, of happiness, we never

* This, perhaps, would be the proper place to analyze the peculiar intellectual and religious atmosphere of Gay's native country, and gauge its profound influence—beneficial or baneful—on the artist and his works. For though the Art of no nation can escape the influences of time and place, that of Russia is especially, and in a degree unknown elsewhere, the expression of the hopes, fears, ideals, and tendencies of the people as distinct from the ruling classes. But as the successful accomplishment of this task might possibly necessitate a degree of plain-speaking distasteful to either or both parties, and of which, therefore, a strict interpretation of the laws of hospitality would not allow me to avail myself, I gladly leave it to others who are more favourably situated in this respect than I am.



CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

The above picture, "Christ before Pilate," is creating a sensation in Germany—in Munich and Hamburg. In the latter city the workmen visited it in thousands, and were enchanted. When the time came for it to be taken away to another city, the workmen collected a subscription of 4,000 roubles, which they offered to the artist to induce him to bring it back again and let them have it for a few weeks more.

find it unless we carry it within us. Nature is democratic. The breath of God in one man is primarily as fresh and powerful as in another; its manifestations differ according to the modes in which the general soul, as a modern philosopher has it, incarnates itself. Gay would certainly never have endorsed the sentiment which Kneller is said to have uttered in reply to the tradesman who requested him to mould his son into a painter: "Only God Almighty makes painters, man."

Art should be subservient to the highest ends of life, and Art for Art's sake is, to Gay, an utter absurdity. Like religion, it must be practical, progressing, and moral; must shape itself in accordance with the requirements of modern times in order to become a power for good. The divorce of the true and good from the beautiful is a sacrilege which carries its own punishment with it. Hence he feels it incumbent upon him to moralize from the canvas, using paintings as sermons and making his figures discourse. "If, while engaged on a painting in which I am putting my best work, a beggar asks me to bind his wounds, or a blind man to lead him to the next village, it is my bounden duty to put down my brush and help my fellow-man to the best of my ability."

Intense human sympathy is the key-note of Gay's character. He who claims his assistance may be the merest wreck of a human being, a soulless creature whose life is to all appearance utterly worthless, but, to Gay's thinking, the man's a man for a' that, and therefore deserving of all that love and self-sacrifice on the part of his fellow-men which Christ lived and died to inculcate, and the possession of what are popularly regarded as special gifts does not exempt anyone from the fulfilment of these universal obligations. It is something, he feels with Thoreau, to be able to paint a particular picture or to carve a magnificent statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally all of us can do. His life has a mission, his works a well-defined purpose. Like the late Mr. Herbert, he holds that one should look through a picture as well as at it. But he would have been inexorably condemned by that eccentric individual, along with Alma Tadema and Rembrandt, as false in his lighting, which is always highly effective, and never more so than in his *Catherine Taking Leave of the Body of the Empress Elizabeth*.

Gay holds that every picture should be a drama, carrying with it its own explanation; the artist should look from the *dramatis personæ* on the canvas to the deed they are engaged in performing, and even in that, lay particular stress on the eternal meaning it contains; for behind the meanest man that lives on the earth, he discerns the shadow of God's omniscience. The drama he delineates goes on within himself first; then he puts it on canvas. He never makes tentative sketches for his pictures, as other celebrated artists do, who work out their subjects by slow and painful degrees, now drawing a head, now a trunk, ever retouching, adapting, accommodating. He is endowed with a rich pictorial imagination and a highly retentive memory for his own conceptions, gifts which help to impart the life-like air that at times distinguishes his figures.

Gay, as a painter of religious subjects, has very little in common with Vereschtschagin, whom America lately raised to the dignity of an immortal *maestro*. Vereschtschagin's religious pictures illustrate the mere scaffolding of Christianity, not its inner meaning. Take his Holy Family, in which Mary is represented with her children. Apart from the purely dogmatic side of the matter, who

cares one jot about the question raised and the answer suggested by that picture? Not this, nor any other side issue, is really of importance to mankind, but the circumstance that she was the Mother of the Man-God. Does she appear in this character in Vereschtschagin's painting? Nothing on the canvas gives an affirmative reply. She might, for all the painter suggests, be his aunt. In everyone of Gay's works the question touched is always one of vital importance to humanity, and the solution the best he can offer.

Unfortunately, he is not always satisfied unless his groups are susceptible of another interpretation, containing, as it were, the esoteric doctrine, like the celebrated critic Dobroliuboff, who, to meet the requirements of the Russian censure, acquired such a peculiar style that he could treat any historical or literary subject—the revolution in Naples, for instance, or a new drama—in such a way as to describe Russian statesmen, monarchs, officials, Russian manners and morals so perfectly, that each interpretation, the literal and the esoteric, seemed, in turn, the simple and obvious one. In literature, this may be desirable or otherwise; in Art, it leads to symbolism, pure and simple. And it must be admitted that, in his religious pictures, Gay is a symbolist. His symbolism, however, is of a refined kind, not coarse or obtrusive. It takes in whole orders of ideas. The figures have a simple, primary meaning for those who cannot dive beneath the surface, and stand for eternal truths for those who can. In the "Harbingers of the Resurrection," Christ Himself is not there, and the truth embodied in the dogma is symbolized by Mary Magdalen, who, pale and haggard though she be, is the incarnation of life and hope, while Death, over which Christ triumphed, is personified by the lusty, laughing, lying soldiers. In his last picture, the Christ is the embodiment of poverty, suffering, misery, as Pilate is the symbol of comfortable, cold-hearted egotism; but the figure is so unlike a real man of flesh and blood that one might be excused for taking it for an apparition from the under-world. And so—

At kind distance still
Perfection stands, like Happiness, to tempt
The eternal chase.

Gay continues to live in an obscure country place in the steppes of Southern Russia, far away from the busy haunts of men, alone with his New Testament and his conscience. The blast of time is fast stripping the tree of foliage, once thick with refreshing shade, but only, as the poet has it, to let the heavens shine through. Gay has educated himself into the frame of mind recommended by Mr. Ruskin, and has learned not only to do the right thing, but to enjoy doing it; not merely to be just and true, but to hunger and thirst after truth and justice. Few artists, and, indeed, few men, have given so numerous and such precious hostages to the future of their sincerity in the past and present. A man who has renounced the rewards of success, who has preferred hardship and poverty to ease and affluence, who has destroyed some of his finest pictures lest they should teach a wrong lesson to those whom he is bound to help, who has brought up his son in the principles that shaped his own life, so that the heir of the oldest and one of the most celebrated of Russian painters is a simple peasant earning his bread in the sweat of his brow, and with naught but his own brawny arms to fall back upon—such a man and artist surely deserves a sympathetic study from people who live in a world of appearances, and sell their souls as well as their bodies to the mammon of unrighteousness.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU, 1890.

THE STORY THAT TRANSFORMED THE WORLD.

I SOLD about 20,000 copies of "The Passion Play as Played To-day," and now, in accordance with my promise, I have republished it, revised and complete, in a half-crown volume in boards, under the title, "The Story that Transformed the World." I have postponed the publication of the best hundred pictures of the Passion, and in order to make the new Christmas volume more complete have included in it reproductions of some of the most famous pictures of the Passion by ancient and modern painters. In order not to prolong an unpleasant controversy, I have withdrawn the quarto pictures of the Passion Play of 1890, and have replaced them by quartos of 1880. I have added several new pictures taken by kodak and by amateur photographers, together with other cabinet pictures not included in the early edition. The following extract from the preface says all that is necessary to say in introducing this book to my readers:—

When I published "The Passion Play as Played To-day," a local preacher in the North wrote me, saying, "I never realized before that the people who crucified Jesus were animated by the same feelings as ourselves." Another correspondent said, "I never before realized the Passion as a whole." I need no other justification than these two remarks for the appearance of the present volume.

In order to secure a version of the Passion Play so complete and accurate as to entitle this edition to rank as the classical edition of the text, I sent Miss Werner to Oberammergau with instructions to obtain a faithful stenographic report of every syllable uttered on the stage. A competent

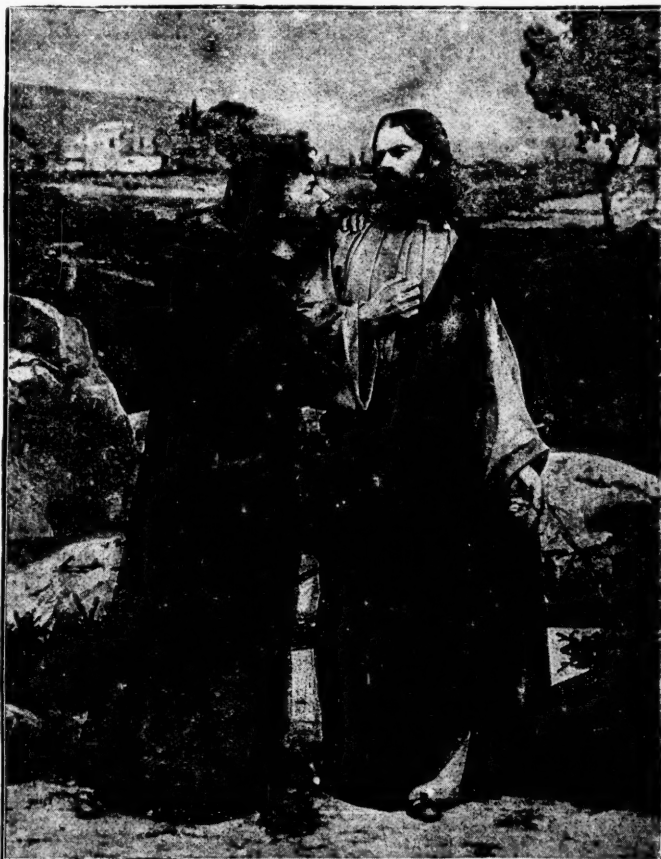
German stenographer was engaged, but at the last moment everything was stopped by the intimation that anyone who was caught attempting to take a shorthand note of the Play would be instantly arrested. Miss Werner was therefore compelled to revise the text by the collation from the manuscript parts of the

leading performers, and by following word by word their utterances on the stage with the book in hand. By this means I think I may fully claim that the present edition contains a text as nearly authentic as the circumstances permit. Even the unrevised text of the earlier edition was very close to the original. Slight variations are inevitable when there is no authentic complete text in existence, even in manuscript, and where the performers, with the exception of the "Christus," do not hesitate to vary from time to time the precise form of the words of their parts.

The illustrations speak for themselves. The book bids fair to have an extended sphere of usefulness as a school book, the German and English in parallel columns and the numerous illustrations making it one of the most popular of school books.

The magic-lantern slides have given, I fear, no end of trouble to many of my readers. As it is impossible to supply the

slides of 1890 without raising questions of copyright, the only slides available are those of 1880, supplemented by a few kodak pictures of 1890. The colours, despite much pains and expense, are not accurate. The difficulties thus arising have prevented the production of the books of words and music, for which I have received many applications.



Kunst und Verlags Anstalt, Oberammergau.]

[Carl Stockmann, photo.]

THE BETRAYAL.



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS —



THE ELEVATION OF THE CROSS. RUBENS.

SOME FOREIGN MILITARY PERIODICALS.

AMERICAN.

Journal of the United States Cavalry Association.

With the Reserve Brigade, September-October, 1864. II.

Troop and Company Pack Trains.

A Reconnaissance with the First Maine Cavalry, October 1863. (With map.)

Kilpatrick's Raid Around Atlanta, 18-22 Aug., 1864.

A New Lecture on the Horse's Foot. Illus.

An Unexampled Ride: Pjeshkoff's Ride from the Pacific to the Baltic.

New Drill Regulations for Cavalry U. S. Army.

A New Method of Throwing Horses.

The Shoeing or Non-Shoeing of Cavalry Horses.

FRENCH.

Journal des Sciences Militaires.

The Tactic of Supplies. Concluded. (With diagrams.) General Lewal.

Letters on Smokeless Powder and the Method of Conducting War. General Clément.

Service and Instruction in the Army. Chapters LVI-LXIII.

The Campaign of 1814. The Cavalry of the Allied Armies. From Documents in the Imperial Archives at Vienna. (Continued.)

The Tactic of the Three Arms. The Division (12 figs.) Lieut.-Colonel de Périne.

The Commander-in-Chief and his Auxiliaries

Revue Militaire de l'Étranger.

The Topographical Corps in Russia.

The Bulgarian Army in 1890.

The Military Forces of Sweden.

The Requisitioning of Horses and Vehicles in Italy.

The Austro-Hungarian Infantry Rifle.

Revue de Cavalerie.

Count Exelmans: Marshal of France, 1775-1852. With Portrait. General Thoumas.

Historical Précis of the French Cavalry, By Regiments 7th, 8th, and 9th Hussars.

The Cavalry Combat of Zehlénick. Oct. 26th, 1806.

Cavalry Fencing.

Le Spectateur Militaire.

The Manœuvres of the 1st and 2nd Corps d'Armée in 1890. II.

Appropos of the Balloon Ascents from the "Mars," Gunner Ship.

Hap-hazard Grand Manœuvres.

The Report on the Military Budget for 1891. III. Noël Desmazons.

The Annuaire of the French Army, 1819-90. III.

Cavalry. Captain H. Choppin.

Joan of Arc: Studies on the Military Career of the Heroine of Orleans. Captain Marin.

Revue Maritime et Coloniale.

The War Navies of Antiquity and of the Middle Ages (5 figs.) Continued. Rear-Admiral Serre.

Night Observations at Sea. Lieutenant Campardon.

Voyage from Saigon to Laos, with Charts of the Me-kong River. Lieutenant Heurtel.

Soudan Tactics. An Analysis of Colonel Luciano's Study. Captain Féroz.

FRENCH.

In the *Journal des Sciences Militaires*, General Lewal devotes the last few chapters on "The Tactic of Supplies" to the feasibility of utilizing the Decauville railway and traction engines for bringing up supplies from the terminal railway depôts. If the latter are employed, it would probably be found preferable to keep them stationary and to haul the trucks from section to section by means of an endless chain or some similar arrangement. At present the four auxiliary trains attached to each army corps consist of 480 waggons, 2,160 horses and 1,152 men, whereas the same amount of work could be performed far more economically by 20 traction engines, 100 trucks and 80 men, or a total of 600 engines and 3,000 special trucks for the whole of the French Army. The cost of supplying these would amount to about 15,000,000 francs, or to double that sum if a similar equipment is supplied to feed the base. The series of articles concludes with a graphic diagram which shows at a glance the daily and hourly movements of the auxiliary train for an army corps as proposed by General Lewal. General Clément in his "Letters on Smokeless Powder" considers that infantry is destined to play a still more important rôle in future warfare than heretofore; but since the heterogeneous elements brought together by the modern system of universal service make it impossible to bring the general level of instruction up to the exigencies of the times, why, he asks, should it be considered unreasonable to have recourse to special aptitudes, natural or acquired, in order to satisfy special requirements? During the annual manœuvres the introduction of a limited number of Reservists has been found considerably to detract from the smooth working and efficiency of the regiments, and, when war breaks out, the absence of preliminary skirmishes to inure the mass may easily lead to this inconvenience becoming a source of grave danger. Why, then, if the incipient stages of war are radically different, should we hesitate in time of peace to organize distinct units specially trained to carry out the preliminaries of a battle, to support the cavalry in its work of discovery, and, if necessary, to supplement its action? General Clément gives full credit to the objections which have been urged against *corps d'élite*. Nevertheless, he considers that the rapidity with which troops are now hurried into general action, when they are exposed to fire for the first time, makes it necessary that a distinction should be made in training. He suggests (1) that infantry should be divided into two distinct elements, according to a proportion to be determined, corresponding to the two tactical rôles which it will be called upon to carry out in future wars, *i.e.*, the infantry mass should be organized as light infantry and as infantry of the line. (2) This division should be effected at the time the annual contingents are called up according to the special aptitudes of the young soldiers and the duration of their stay under the colours. (3) The amount of instruction and the method of preparing them for war should be in accordance with the sphere of action for which each branch is intended. "The Commander-in-Chief (*le Commandement*) and his Auxiliaries" is a plea for the careful selection of staff officers, and contains most interesting details of the way in which Napoleon made use of his *aides*—Rapp, Drouot, Bertrand, Mouton, Lauriston, and others—in leading the decisive attacks in his most famous battles.

The *Revue Maritime et Coloniale* contains some valuable charts of the navigation of the Me-Kong, and an extremely interesting Analysis of "Soudan Tactics." In spite of the French critic having a slap or two at the *mirage trompeur*, with which the English managed to surround their campaigns in the Soudan, he does full credit to the splendid examples of night marches which characterized the attack on Tel-el-Kebir and the advance to the Nile after Abu Klea. Admiral Serre's article on "The War Navies of Antiquity and of the Middle Ages," deals principally with the form and construction of the war-galleys of the fifth century.

Revue du Génie Militaire.

The Safety Range and Pavilion of the Tir National at Brussels. 2 plates, 14 figs.
On the Employment of Geometrical Methods in Determining the Strains on Lattice Girders. 6 plates.
The Field-Pioneer Instructions for the German Infantry. 4 figs.
The Fortifications of Lisbon.
The Artillery Experiments at Lydd in 1888. 5 figs.
Germany: Supports and Shields for the Rifle in Siege Trenches. 2 figs.

La Marine Française.

The Programme of the *Jeune Ecole*.
Our New Constructions: The "Hoche" and "Marceau."
The Question of Dahomey. Rear-Admiral Vallon.
The Re-organization of our Dockyards.
Hydraulic Works at Cherbourg.

GERMANY.**Internationale Revue über die gesamten Armeen und Flotten.**

Germany: The Fight at Langensalza, 27th June, 1866, and the Operations of the Prussians and Hanoverians prior thereto.
Austria: The Political Situation in Eastern Europe and the Danger of War.
Italy: Correspondence by Pellegrino.
France: The Tactic of the Three Arms. (Concluded.)
Belgium: The Military Power of Belgium.
Switzerland: Report on the Manœuvres, 1890, by Captain Leutwein.
Paraguay: The War of the Triple Alliance against the Republic of Paraguay, 18th July 1866, to 30th December 1868.

Jahrbücher für die deutsche Armee und Marine.

The 250th Anniversary of the Accession of Frederick William, the "Great Elector."
What Influence will the Introduction of the new Small-bore Rifle have on Tactics? By Lieutenant Petermann.
Training of Field Artillery in Firing against Lines of Troops employing Smokeless Powder. By Major Layritz.
The Present Use of Field Fortifications.
The Spirit of the Times and Military Law.
Our Naval Manœuvres.
The Wars of Frederick the Great: the First Silesian War, 1740-2.

AUSTRIAN.**Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Seewesens.**

Recent Researches in Oceanography—Waves and Tides—Colour, Limpidity, and Chemical Properties of Salt-water. Commander Hermann.
Characteristic Features and Phenomena of Air Flowing out under Pressure. (Illustrated.) Professor Salcher.
Berg's Apparatus for Transmitting Orders. (Illustrated.)
Dr. Vignier's New Deep Sea Net. (Illustrated.)
Employment of Balloons in the French Navy.

ITALIAN.**Revista di Artiglieria e Genio.**

On the Solution of Ballistic Problems.
Descriptive Details of the New Passalacqua Barracks at Novara. (8 plans.)
The Fortifications on the N.E. Frontier of France. (4 maps.)
The Monier System of Constructions in Iron and Cement. (35 figs.)
The Value of Numbers and Courage in Modern Warfare.
Military Telephones for Service in the Field. (Illustrated.)
The Gruson Experiments.
Captain Rehm's Siege Battery.

Revista Marittima.

The Launch of the *Sardegna*.
Modern Naval Tactics. III. Lieutenant Ronca.
Fireships and Infernal Machines in Naval Warfare. An Historical Sketch. III.
Drinking Water on Board Ships of War. 5 plates. II.
Ships and Guns. Captain Noble.

In the *Revue du Génie Militaire*, an exhaustive account is given of the construction of the safety range and pavilion of the *Tir National* at Brussels, which well deserves careful study in view of the difficulty which is experienced in obtaining suitable ranges in England. The pavilion is a huge structure somewhat over 530 feet in length, with two tiers of firing galleries, club rooms, council chamber and offices. The ranges vary from 200 to 600 metres, each range having six or twelve targets, all of which can be fired at simultaneously. There are also side ranges for revolver practice and for sporting guns. The whole ground covers a space 710 yards long by 220 broad. The site, at the N.E. of Brussels, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles as the crow flies from the Hotel de Ville, cost £10,400, and the pavilion and other accessories, all of which were paid for by the Government, an additional sum of £25,600. So far, no instance has occurred of a shot going out of bounds.

The *Revue Militaire de l'Etranger*, as usual, is well posted up in all recent changes affecting foreign armies. "The Bulgarian Army" and "The Requisitioning of Horses and Conveyances in Italy" form the most interesting of the articles in the November numbers.

GERMAN.

In the "Political Situation in Eastern Europe," which appears in the *Internationale Revue über die gesamten Armeen und Flotten*, the writer falls foul of that portion of the Austro-Hungarian press which has lately been busy endeavouring to show that the Dual Empire has nothing to gain from the Triple Alliance, and that, Russia's objective being India, it would be easy, and far more advantageous, to come to an arrangement with Russia in regard to the Balkan Peninsula. In "The Military Power of Belgium" expression is given to the opinion that the organization of the Belgian army is defective, and that its strength is insufficient to guarantee the neutrality of the country. At the outside, only 90,000 men and 240 field guns could be mobilised, and of these, not more than two-thirds could be employed in the open field to defend the frontiers. After dealing fully with the Meuse line of fortifications the writer concludes that they will certainly effect the purpose of facilitating the advance of a French army against Germany, whilst blocking the way to a German invasion of France. Supported by the fortresses of Maubeuge, Lille, Valenciennes, and others in close proximity to the defenceless Belgian frontier, a French army could easily reach Brussels in three days and would thence speedily occupy the whole of the country.

ITALIAN.

The *Rivista di Artiglieria e Genio* commences an excellent account of "The Fortifications on the North-East Frontier of France." The opening article, after giving a general idea of the features of the country and of the two main lines of defence to the East of Paris, proceeds to enumerate and describe the position of the various forts embraced between the entrenched camps of Verdun and Toul, and between those of Epinal and Belfort. The letter-press is greatly elucidated by a series of excellent maps drawn to a scale of 1:32,000. Two other articles, very fully illustrated, describe "The New Passalacqua Barracks at Novara" and "The Monier System of Constructions in Iron and Cement." Among the miscellaneous items is a summary of a curious speculative problem "on the value of numbers and courage in modern warfare," which appeared originally in the *Revue Scientifique*. The writer, who hides his identity under the pseudonym of "Stephanos," attempts to give an algebraical value to each of the factors which conduce to victory—e.g., numbers, courage, technical skill, armament and military value of position—and proves mathematically, *bien entendu*, that numbers have the preponderating value. The article, although not without considerable interest, is of too speculative a character for quotation, and it will be enough therefore to instance how the result works out in a case where all the factors are supposed to be the same except as regards numbers. Assuming n and n' to represent 1,000 and 250 combatants respectively, opposed to one another, and that it is desired to find the loss that will be incurred by the former in annihilating the latter the formula would stand $x^2 = n^2 - n'^2$, from which it appears that the stronger party would incur a loss of only 32 men in annihilating their opponents.

In the *Rivista Marittima* the principal articles are by Lieutenant Ronca, R.N., on "Modern Naval Tactics," and by Signor Soliani, Naval Constructor, on "Drinking Water on Board Ships of War," the latter being illustrated with plates descriptive of the Normandy and Kirkaldy distilling apparatus.

PHONETIC REFORM. By ISAAC PITMAN.

First Stage of the Spelling Reform.

Spelling Reform is no longer a thing to be desired, but unattainable—a "konsumashon devoutli to be wisht." It is a reality in the leaf and daili praktiks of a larj number of persons in everi kuntri where the English langweij is spoken. The heralds of true spelling, Ormeen in the thirteenth senturi; John Hart, Sir Thomas Smith, and Sir John Cheke in the sixteenth; Bishop Wilkins and his "Philosophical Language" in the seventeenth, Benjamin Franklin and James Elphinstone in the eighteenth, and meni other authorz, wer so meni voicez in the wilderness of ignoranz, deklaring the nesesiti of order, truth, and simplisiti in spelling. They wer beakon leits in the dark ajez, direkting the atenshon of posteriti to the removal of a hijj stumbling-blok that lay at the verientrans of the path to lerning.

A Spelling Reform haz kum upon us, through no dezein, wizado, or forekast of eni wun, but bei an aksident—understanding the wurd in the sens of an uniuzhual efekt of a known kanz.

"The English langweij," obzervz the late eminent filologist, Prof. Jacob Grimm, "pозезз a pouer of ekspreshon such az wox never, perhaps, attained bei eni human tung. Its altugether intelektual and singulardi-bapi foundashon and development, haz arisen from a surprizing aleians between the two noblest langweijez of antikwiti—the German and the Romanesk—the relashon of which to each uthr iz wel known to be such that the former supleix the material foundashon, the latter the abstrakt noshonz. Yes, truli, the English langweij may with gud reason kall itself a universal langweij, and seemz chosen, leik the English peepel, to rule in futiur teimz, in a still greater degree, in all the kornorz of the erth. In richness, sound reason, and fleksibiliti, no modern tung kan be kompared with it—not even the German, which must shake of meni a weaknes before it kan enter the lists with the English."

"But into this langweij," sez Dr A. J. Ellis, whoz deth we hav tu lament wheil preparing this paper, "which grew up almost unawares, as a wild plant in a fertil soil, the mode of reiting each wurd woz (with, of kourse, frekwent variashonz,) kopid from the langweij from which the word itself wox derheid; each of these langweijez uzing the Roman alfabet after its own fashion. Kustom sankshond the abius, and at the present day we hav a mode of spelling so far removed from eni aparent attempt to represent the soundz of speech, that we shud skarseli hav gest (guessed) there had ever been eni intenshon of doing so, had we not known its histori. The English langweij, although areid at a hei pitch of refinement, iz, in its dres, almost in the primitiv idiografik sate. Its wurdz ar simbole of eideiz rather than of soundz, and it iz onli after severe, long, and harasing praktiks, that we kan be shure of asochiating the reit sound with the reit sein. The present alfabet, considered as the ground-wurk of a sistem of orthograf in which the fonetik sistem prevailz, iz an enter failiur. It iz defektiv in meanz for representing several soundz, and the simbole it emploiz ar uzed in sensz so varius that the meind of the reader bekumz perplekst. Deigras must be lukt upon as singel leterz kweit as much as the singel leterz themselves; for they hav not the valiu of a kombinashon of leterz, but of wun leter. Viud in this leit, the English alfabet wil be found to konsist, not of twenty-siks leterz onli, but of more than 200! and almost everi wun of these 200 simbole variz its meaning at teimz, so that after having lerned wun meaning for each of them, the reader haz not lerned all their meaningz; and having lerned all their meaningz, he haz no meanz of knowing which wun he iz to aplai at eni teim. These aserzhonz ar so ekstraordineri that they rekwiir to be striktili proved." They ar proved in Dr Ellis's "Plea for Phonetic Spelling."

"We violate everi prinsipel of a sound alfabetikal sistem more outrajeusli than eni nashon whotever. Our karakterz do not korespond to our artikulashonz, and our spelling of wurdz kanot be machd for irregulariti and whimzikal kaprize."—*Chambers's Papers for the People.*

"The fakt that milionz speak the English langweij who kanot read or reit it, iz diu to this disgrejrd of the prinsipelz of a true orthograf, and the konsekwent difikulti of akweiring a korekt nolej of spelling and pronunsiashon. It also kanzes a great waste of teim in the attainment of the elements of lerning bei the yung. Meni praktikal edukaterz hav earnestli dezerid a sistem of orthograf bei which these evilz wud be removed, but it haz in general seemd to be unattainabel. The truth which Shakspeare ekspresz in the wel-known leinz 'There's a Divinitie that shapes our endz, ruh-fiu them how we wil,' shud ever inspiir men with enerji and perseverans to do sumthing, however small, to rektifei error, and to replase evil bei gud. That which fiu had kurajie even to hope for, haz been realized through the aparentli unimportant event that, in 1837, a niu sistem of shorthand wox published, based on an analysis of the English spoken langweij. The author of this sistem of Fonografi had originali no intenshon to disturb the established orthograf of the langweij, and in the third edishon of his wurk, published in 1840, he obzervd, 'It iz, of kourse, Utopian to hope to chanje the printed medium of interkourse of the milionz who speak the English langweij; but it iz not ekstravagant, or hopeless, to attempt to feind a substitiut for the komplikated sistem of reiting which we at present emploij.' About a year after this opinion wox published, the sukses of fonetik shorthand reiting led meni who emploied the sistem to ask, 'Wheil the prinsipel of fonetik spelling, so advantageous in reiting, shud not be aplaid to printing.' The blessing that wud folow the introdukshon of a natural sistem of spelling, and the evilz of the kurent orthograf, then began to appear in their true leit; and after meni attempts to konstrukt a fonetik printing alfabet, with koresponding forms for longhand reiting, fonetik printing kometen in Januari, 1844, in the *Phonotypic Journal*. From wot haz alredi been efekted in the produkshon and disseminashon of bukz printed fonetikali, we ar enkurajed to hope that the kurent orthograf wil, in teim, giv place to a sistem in which the fonetik eideia wil be uniformli respekted."—*Manual of Phonography.*

It iz proposed as a "First Stage" in this reform, that we

1. Rejekt *c, q, x*, as useles; uze the eighteen konsonants "b, d, f, g, h, j, k, l, m, n, p, r, s, t, v, w, y, z," and the deigras "ch" (such), "th" (thin and then), "sh" (she), "zh" (vision), "ng" (sing), as at present; and reit no miut konsonant. Eksept in such a kase as *ought*, where, bei omiting "gh" we shud hav out insted of *ought*.

2. Represent the short vowelz bei

a, e, i, o, u.
as in pat, pet, pit, pot, but and put.

3. Represent the feiv difthongz bei

ei, ou, iu, ai, oi,
as in kind, found, few, Kaiser, naïve, coin,
but uze "I," in referens to "ei," for the first personal pronoun.

4. Alou n tu represent *ng* (ing) before *k* and *g* in monosilabelz and sumteimz in polisilabelz; as, *sink* (singk), *anger* (ang-gor).

5. Represent the long vowelz as at present, eksept in a fiu kasez of great irregulariti; thus *peepel* (people), *gaje* (gauge).

This artikel iz printed in the "First Stage" of the Reform. For the representashon of the langweij fonetikali, as the Sekond or Feinal "Stage," the following "Old-Leter Alfabet" iz rekomended to printerz and tu reiterz who prefer old-leter deigras to niu monosilabelz, during the transishon period between the old and the niu spelling. The more perfekt alfabet with 13 niu leterz iz rekomended for teaching reading, and for use in bukz and niuzpapper when the publik meind haz been prepared for the Reform bei the use of this "First Stage," which iz as eazi to read as the koman spelling.

OLD-LETER ALFABET.

Long Vowelz.— aa, ay, ee; au, oa, oo.
as in palm, pate, peet; pall, pole, pool.
Skript { aa, ay, ee; au, oa, oo.
or *Aa, Ee, Ii, Oo, Uu, Yy.*

Short Vowelz.— a, e, i; o, ü, u.
as in pat, pet, pit; pot, but, put.
Skript a, e, i; o, u, u.

Difthongz.— ei, ou, iu, ai, oi.
as in kind, cow, cue, Kaiser, coy.

Konsonants.—The eighteen enumerated abuv, and these siks:

ch, th, sh, zh, ng.
as in { cheap, thin, then, she, measure, sing.
each, faith, with, fish, vision, long.
Skript { ch, th, sh, zh, ng.
or *Ch, Th, Sh, Zh, Ng.*

SPECIMEN.

The English langweij kontaynz 36 soundz, and the alfabet kontaynz oanli 23 yusful leterz; *c, g*, and *x* being duplikates of uthr leterz, *c* of *k* and *s*, *g* of *k*, and *x* of *k* or *ks*. Each of theez 36 soundz iz vayriusli represented in from 2 to 30 wayz, and the 26 leterz, singli or kombeind, represent the soundz in 200 wayz. The rezult iz, the kaos of English orthograf. Shud not this grayt evil and impediment to edukayshon be remoyvd? Ai; but haaf mezhiurz wil not süfeiz. We müst ad 13 niu leterz to the alfabet, and yuz everi leter konsistentli, a sein for a sound. Lerning to read and spel wil then be chanjed from a toil to a plezhur. This paragraf kontaynz aul the leterz of the niu alfabet.

A singel "e" may be riten for "ee" in the undekleind pronounz "he, she, me, we, ye;" in the verb "to be;" and when long "ee" iz folowd bei a vowel; as, "kreaty (create), kreosot (creo-ote), beatifik, eidea (idea), re-elekt."

"O" at the end of a wurd, or before a vowel, may be riten for "oa;" as, "no, eo, go, tho; poet, Joel."

"At the end of a silabel "u" may take the plase of "oo;" as "du (do), thru (through)," also in inflektd wurdz; as "tru (true), truth; hu (who), hur (whose);" and in all kasez of ini-hai "yu;" as, "yus (use, noun), yuz (use, verb), yunion (union), Yuroap (Europe)." The siksth vowel, in its short or stoip kondishon dux not okür after "y" in eni English wurd.

The kapital of "u" iz an Italik "U;" as, MUG (mug). When each of the two leterz of a deigrat represents its own proper alfabetik sound, insert a heifen between them; thus—Mo-ab, No-a (Noah), co-operativ, pot-huk, mis-hap (not mish-up leik mish-op), hogz-hed, en-graft.

ALFABET WITH 13 NIU LETERZ.

CONSONANTS.

Explosives.

	Name.
P p...	rope, post.....pea
B b...	robe, boast.....bee
T t...	fate, tip.....tea
D d...	fade, dip.....dee
C c...	larch, chump.....chay
J j...	large, jump.....jay
K k...	leek, cane.....kay
G g...	league, gain.....gay

Continuants.

F f...	safe, fat.....ef
V v...	save, vat.....ve
R r...	wreath, thigh.....re
W w...	wreath, thigh.....we
S s...	hiss, seal.....ess
Z z...	his, zeal.....zee
X x...	vicious, she.....ish
Y y...	vision, pleasure.....zee

Nasals.

M m...	seem, met.....em
N n...	seen, net.....en
W w...	sing, long.....ing

DIPHTHONGS: EI ei, OU ou, IU iu, AI ai, OI oi.
as heard in by, now, new, ay, boy.

SPESIMEN.

He Igglif langwej kontenz 36 soundz, and de alfabet kontenz om 23 yusful leterz; e, g, and x bjig diuplikets ov sder leterz, e ov k and s, g ov k, and x ov ks or kz. Ig ov dje 36 soundz iz verissli represented in from 2 tu 30 wez, and de 26 leterz, singli or kombeind, represent de soundz in 200 wez. He rezslt iz, de keos ov Igglif ordjografi. Xud not dis gret jvil and impediment tu edukaefon bi remuyd? Ai; bst haf mezurz wil not ssefiz. Wj msst ad 13 niu leterz tu de alfabet, and yuz everi leter konsistentli, a sein for a sound. Lernig tu rjd and spel wil den bi genjd from a toil tu a plezur. Dis paragraf kontenz ol de leterz ov de niu alfabet.

Spelling reformerz ar rekomended tu emploi the Ferst Stage ov the Reform in their ordineri reiting. Everi reiter kan pleaz himself az tu the use ov old or niu leterz when reiting in the Sekond Staje.

Bath, November, 1890.

ELIZAK PITMAN.

THE BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE following list comprises all the more important Blue Books issued during the month of November. A complete list may be obtained of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Queen's Printers, East Harding Street, E.C.

COMMERCIAL.

FRANCE AND CYPRUS.—Exchange of Uninsured Postage Parcels.

Convention between Her Majesty and the President of the French Republic for the Exchange of Uninsured Postal Parcels between France and the Island of Cyprus, signed at Paris, May 8, 1890. (Pp. 6d. Price 2d.)

I. DOMESTIC.

FOREIGN IMPORT DUTIES.—Return.

A return "of the rates of import duties levied in European Countries and the United States upon the produce and manufactures of the United Kingdom," giving the duties in force at the date of issue, viz. August 11th. Yarns and threads, woven manufactures, metals unwrought and wrought, earthenware and porcelain, glass and glass ware, hides, skins and leather, india-rubber and gutta-percha, paper, stationery and books, chemicals, salt, oils and minerals, and articles

of food are among the produce and manufactures of this country, concerning which statistics are given. An appendix sets forth the new tariff of the United States. (Pp. xiv. 490. Price 1s. 5d.)

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES, &c. Report.

Reports of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies for the year ending 31st December, 1889. Part B. of these reports (Appendix M.) deals in Industrial and Provident Societies; and gives, under County, the name and registered office of each society, its date and establishment, total number of members, sales, stock-in-trade, balance on year's transactions, capital, profit, &c., &c. (Pp. 150. Price 8d.)

LOCAL TAXATION. Annual Returns.

Part III. of the Annual Local Taxation returns; containing abstracts of the returns made by Town Councils acting as municipal and urban sanitary authorities by Local Boards and Improvement Commissioners, Joint Boards, Rural Sanitary Authorities, Port Sanitary Authorities, Burial Boards, Commissioners of Baths and Washhouses, Conservators of Commons, Commissioners of Free Public Libraries, Lighting and Watching Inspectors, Commissioners of Markets and Fairs, and Bridge and Ferry Trustees. (Pp. xlv. 356. Price 3s. 3d.)

PILOTAGE. Return.

Abstract of "Returns relating to Pilots and Pilotage in the United Kingdom" for the year ended 31st December, 1889. Gives all the bye-laws, regulations, orders, or ordinances relating to pilots or pilotage for the time being in force; the names and ages of the pilots or their apprentices; the service for which they are licensed; the rates of pilotage in force at the various ports; and the total amount received for pilotage thereat. (Pp. 150. Price 1s. 3d.)

STRIKES AND LOCK-OUTS.—Report.

Report on the Statistics and Lock-outs of 1889. By the Labour Correspondent to the Board of Trade. (Pp. 141. Price 1s. 3d.)

II.—EDUCATION.

EDUCATION. (England.) Examination Returns.

Return of all Public Elementary Schools examined during the year ending 31st August, 1889; giving name and denomination of school, number of scholars for whom accommodation is provided, average attendance, income from fees and books, income from subscriptions, and rate, income from endowment and income from Parliamentary grant. (Pp. 356. Price 2s. 10d.)

EDUCATION (Ireland). Appendix to Commissioners' Report.

The appendix to the fifty-sixth report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland for the year 1889, gives (1) a List of Inspectors, (2) their Reports, (3) a Literary Classification of Pupils, (4) Descriptions of various School Premises, (5) an account of Pensions granted, (6) list of Schools, Ordinary and Special; together with (7) Statistics as to progress in Buildings, Examinations, &c., &c. (Pp. 636, price 2s. 6d.)

FOREIGN.

AFRICA. Anti-Slavery Decree.

Anti-slavery decree issued by the Sultan of Zanzibar, dated August 1, 1890, enclosed in a letter sent by Colonel Euan-Smith to the Marquis of Salisbury. (Pp. 4. Price 1d.)

SOUTH AFRICA. Report on Swaziland.

Colonel Sir Francis de Winton's Report, with appendices and correspondence. (Pp. 90. Map. Price 1s.)

SOUTH AFRICA. Swaziland—Convention.

A Convention between Her Majesty and the South African Republic for the settlement of the affairs of Swaziland, with correspondence relating thereto. The Convention is given both in English and in Dutch. (Pp. 18. Price 2½d.)

SOUTH AFRICA. Correspondence—cont. Swaziland.

Further correspondence respecting the affairs of Swaziland and Tongaland. A collection of more than two hundred letters with maps. (Pp. xxv. 296. Price 3s. 3d.)

IRELAND.

[See also "Education."]

INSECTS AND FUNGI. Report.

Special Report on Insects, Fungi, and Weeds injurious to Farm Crops, illustrated with original drawings by Robert E. Matheson—a supplement to the agricultural statistics of Ireland for the year 1889. (Pp. xiv. 30. Price 10d.)

SCOTLAND.

POOR RELIEF AND PUBLIC HEALTH. Report.

Forty-fifth Annual Report of the Board of Supervision for the Relief of the Poor and of Public Health in Scotland for the year 1889-90. The Report contains abstracts of the reports sent in by the general superintendents and visiting officers under the Poor Law; as well as of those sent in by the inspecting officers and medical officers under the Public Health Acts. The Appendices comprise (a) documents issued and received by the Board of Supervision, and (b) abstracts, returns and tables, relating to the Poor Law, Public Health, and Vaccination. (Pp. xxviii. 259. Price 1s. 2d.)

CONTENTS OF THE LEADING REVIEWS.

<p>CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. 2s. 6d. Mr. Stanley and the Rear Column—What Should the Verdict be? In Darkest England, and the Way Out. FRANCIS PEEK. Alexander Vinet GABRIEL MONOD. On Some Economic Aspects of Woman's Suffrage. R. B. HALDANE. Two Religions. FRANCES POWER COBBE. Origins of Common Law. SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK. Russian Secret State Trial. ADOLPHE SMITH. State Socialism and Popular Right. JOHN RAE. Latest Results of Oriental Archaeology. Prof. SAYCE. Imperial and Local Taxation. SIR THOMAS H. FARRER.</p> <p>FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. 2s. 6d. Mr. Stanley's Rear-Guard. J. ROSE TROUP. Child-Life Insurance. CAPT. PEMBROKE MARSHALL. Prosper Merinde. WALTER PATER. Rural Life in Fourteenth Century. MADAME DARMESTETER. Burton as I knew him. COMMANDER LOVETT CAMERON. Outlook in France. WILLIAM H. HURLBERT. Mask of Descartes. W. L. COURTNEY. Dr. Koch's Consumption Cure. EDWARD BERDOE, M.D. Mr. Tree's Monday Nights. X. An Averted Crash in the City. W. R. LAWSON. English Bankers and the Bank of England Reserve. A. J. WILSON.</p> <p>FORUM. November. 50 cents. Democracy and Wealth. PRES. FRANCIS A. WALKER. Sabbath of Public Opinion. W. S. LILLY. Tolstoi and "Kreutzer Sonata." REV. DR. C. A. BARTOL. Six New States. SENATOR SHELBY M. CULLOM. Formative Influences. REV. DR. E. EGGLESTON. Probabilities of Agriculture. C. WOOD DAVIS. Recent Views about Glaciers. PROF. A. WINCHELL. Embattled Farmers. REV. DR. W. GLADDEN. French Canada and the Dominion. W. BLACKBURN HARTE. Progress of the Negro. REV. AMORY D. MAYO. Western Farm Mortgages. DANIEL REAVES GOODLOE.</p> <p>NATIONAL REVIEW. 2s. 6d. Mr. Gladstone and Church of Scotland. Talent of Motherhood. ARABELLA KENEALY. History of Socialism. ALICE OLDBAM. Gambling at Monte Carlo. NORWOOD YOUNG. Eight-Hours Movement. FREDERIC PINCOTT. Umar of Nishapur. C. J. PICKERING. Christian Colonies and Brotherhoods. REV. HARRY JONES. Château Malbrouk. H. W. WOLFF. Technical Agricultural Education. P. HENRY REW. Who Shall Inherit Constantinople. QUIS.</p>	<p>NEW REVIEW. 6d. Studies in Character—Dr. Koch. "In Darkest England." VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D. Two Newly Discovered Papers. DE QUINCEY. Are our Warships Seaworthy? LORD BRANSEY and P. H. COLOMB. Retrospect of Racing Season. SIR G. CHETWYND. Ether Drinking. NORMAN KERR, M.D. Folios and Footlights. L. F. AUSTIN.</p> <p>NINETEENTH CENTURY. 2s. 6d. Shall We Americanize our Institutions? RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P. Irresponsible Wealth. (1) By His Eminence Cardinal MANNING. (2) By Rev. DR. HERMANN ADLER (Chief Rabbi). (3) By Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES. The Trade League against England. LOUIS J. JENNINGS, M.P. Birds. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART, M.P. Constantinople Revisited. RIGHT HON. G. SHAW LEEFVRE, M.P. Idealism and the Masses. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, M.P. Women as Public Servants. LOUISA TWINING. Life in the Harem. ADALET. The Keepers of the Herd of Swine. PROFESSOR HUXLEY. Give Back the Elgin Marbles. FREDERIC HARRISON.</p> <p>NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. November. 2s. 6d. What Congress has Done. MESSRS. MCKINLEY, LODGE, FITCH, MCADOO AND CLEMENTS. Scottish Politicians. The Marquis of LORNE. The Ladies of the Last Caesars. GAIL HAMILTON. Reminiscences of a Portrait Painter. MR. GEORGE P. A. HEALY. Old Poets. WALT WHITMAN. Relief for the Supreme Court. EX-JUSTICE WILLIAM STRENG. Business Men in Politics. COLLECTOR ROBERT SMALLS. Election Modes in the South. EX-COMMISSIONER JAMES MONRO. A Fatal Synonym. DR. CYRUS EDSON. The Army of Mercenaries. JOHN H. HOPKINS.</p> <p>PATERNOSTER REVIEW. 6d. South Central Africa. H. H. JOHNSTON. Zone Tariff for Railways. E. L. SHELTON. American Elections and McKinley Bill. OAKLEY HALL. Russia and Jewish Questions. WILLIAM HENRY. Recollections of Sir R. BURTON. L. A. SMITH. University Extension. M. E. SADLER. Parliament on Circuit. ALARIC POINS. Registration Reform. J. R. SEAGER. "Taken from the French." JOSEPH FORSTER. Bona Mors. (Tale.) HILAIRE BELLOC.</p>	<p>UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE. 1s. The Loss of H.M.S. <i>Serpent</i>. ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ELLIOT, K.C.B. The Canadian Pacific Railway. (With 2 Maps.) MAJOR-GENERAL T. BLAND STRANGE. Tactical Guides for the Formation and Leading of the Cavalry Division. Translated, by permission, from the German by Capt. G. F. LEVERSON, R.E. The Education of Infantry Militia Officers. MILITIA ADJUTANT. Red Tape in the Army. National Insurance.—VIII. Vice-Admiral SIR GEORGE TRYON, K.C.B.</p> <p>WESTMINSTER REVIEW. 2s. 6d. Alsace-Lorraine in 1890. HENRY W. WOLFF. Professor Thorold Rogers. H. DE B. GIBBINS. Re-housing the Poor in London. HAROLD COX. Dangers of Hypnotism. ST. CLAIR THOMSON. Contemporary Literature. Home Affairs.</p> <p>REVUE DES DEUX MONDES. Nov. 1. Sacrificed. (1st part and in 15th) The Black Indus. VICOMTE DE VOGUE. A Friend of Descartes. (Princess Elisabeth of Bohemia.) M. JOSEPH BERTRAND. Tarification on the Railways, and International Tariffs. G. NOBLE MAIRE. The Restoration of the Bourbons in Spain. G. VALBERT. Nov. 15. Pascal's Bet. M. SULLY PRUDHOMME. The French in Tunis. EDMOND PLANCHUT. Literary Mysicism. (Samuel Taylor Coleridge). An Italian Court at the end of the 15th Century. EUGENE MUNTZ. A Workman's Parliament—The Last Trades Union Congress. JULIEN DECRAIS.</p> <p>THE NOUVELLE REVUE. Nov. 1. Viticulture in the 20th Century. THE DUCHESS OF FITZJAMES. Appeal to the Chambers of Commerce. A FRENCHMAN IN CHINA. Studies in Norwegian Literature (and in 15th). (Bjornstjerne Bjornson.) ERNEST TISSOT. The Seven Days of Man. J. BERTHEROY. "The Rebeuillouse." CHARLES BOURGAULT DUCONDRAZ. The Division of Africa. L. SEVIN-DESPLACES. Observations on the Expense of Justice. F. A. HELLIE. The Armenians. GARA BILEZIKJI. Nov. 15. St. Bartholomew. HECTOR DE LA FERRIERE. The First Reformers of Education in Germany. F. T. PERRENS. Fortifications and Artillery. G. G. Sketches on Leather. CH. DE LARIVIERE. Rural Holdings in France and the Imperfections of our Land Laws. GEORGES STELL. Marine Artillery in France. Commandant Z.</p>
--	--	--

ART AND AMERICAN.

ART.

L'Art.

The Cathedral of Orvieto (con.). (Illustrated.) H. Meren.
The Universal Exhibition of 1889 (a Century of Engraving 1789-1889). (Illustrated.) (Cont.) Henri de Cheuvreux.
Engravings—Trans de Vriendt, named Trans Floris, the Falcon Hunter; Heliogravure.

ILLUSTRATIONS: The Judgment of Christ. The Choir of the Prophets. Fresco by Fra Angelico. Cathedral of Orvieto. Barricade of the Rue St. Antoine (28th July, 1830) by Raffet. "I Give Thee what I have," by Charlet.

Art Journal.

Is. 6d.
Nativity in Art. (Illustrated.) Alice Meynell.
Royal Palaces: Buckingham Palace. Rev. W. J. Loftie. (Illustrated.)
Run through Italy. (Illustrated.) An Architectural Student.
Pilgrimage to Scene of Turner's "Crossing the Brook." (Illustrated.) F. Armstrong.
Painting by the Wayside. (Illustrated.)

Art and Literature.

Is.
Engraved Portrait—Marquis of Salisbury. Mezzograph Plates—Chapel of Charterhouse; "Adrift."
Burgos Cathedral.
Makers of Prussia in Sculpture. (Illustrated.)

Atalanta.

Children in Modern Art. (Illustrated.) Julia Cartwright.

Atlantic Monthly.

New Departure in Parisian Art. Birge Harrison.

Deutsche Rundschau.

November.
Natural Science and Art. C. Du Bois-Reymond.

Gazette des Beaux Arts.

Nov. 1.
Pierre Brenghel the Elder.—II. Henri Hymus.
Decorative Art in Old Paris.—II. A. de Champeaux.
Jean Fouquet. (Concluded) Henri Bouchot.
Journal of Antique Art. Salomon Reinach.
Artist's Movements in Germany and England. T. de Wizeva.

Good Words.

Strugglers in Art—Chintreuil and Lavielle. R. Heath.

Harper's Magazine.

A Pre-Raphaelite Mansion. (Illustrated.) T. Child.

Magazine of Art.

Is.
Waiting. (Frontispiece.) Sir J. D. Linton, P.R.I.
Fernand Khnopff. (Illustrated.) Walter Shaw-Sparrow.
Walls of Stamboul. (Illustrated.) Tristram Ellis.
"The Chemistry of Paints and Painting." Edwin Beale, I.L.I.
"Lingering Light." (With Note.) W. Gilbert Foster.

Portfolio.

2s. 6d.
Illustrations—Wind and Rain. C. O. Murray; St. Paul's Churchyard. Joseph Pennell; Yarmouth, after Turner.
Wind and Rain.
British Seas: North Sea. W. Clark Russell.
National Supremacy in Painting. P. G. Hamerton.
Charing Cross to St. Paul's: Ludgate Hill. Justin McCarthy.
Chemistry of Paints and Painting. C. W. Heaton.

New England Magazine.

November.
Japanese Popular Art and Sketch Books. (Illustrated.) W. H. Winslow.

Photographic Reporter. November. 1s.
Publications of the Month.
Chemistry of Photography. F. Cresswell.

Scribner's Magazine.

Neapolitan Art—Morelli. (Illustrated.) A. F. Jacassy.

Temple Bar.

Of the Illustrating of Books.

Universal Review.

November.
Art in the Valley of Saas. Samuel Butler.

Unsere Zeit.

November.
On Art Exhibitions.

Velhagen and Klasing's Neue Monatshefte.

November.
Michael Angelo, III. (Illustrated.) H. Knackfuss.

Westermann's Illust. Deutsche Monatshefte.

October.
Miniature Portraits. (Illustrated.) W. Schwarz.

Wilson's Photographic Magazine.

November 1st. 30c.
What Wastes to Save and How to Save Them.

Grain or Net Negatives for Process Work. Necessity for Higher Intent in Photography. George T. Harris.

Wilson's Photographic Magazine.

30c.
Lighting and Expression. Edward Dumbore.
Some Photographic Suggestions. Frederick H. Wilson.

AMERICAN.

Arena.

Nov. 50 cents.
Future American Drama. Dion Boucicault.
Sex in Mind. Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, D.D.
African Element in America. Prof. N. S. Shaler.
Glance at the "Good old Times." Rev. Minot J. Savage.
Turgénief as a Poet. Nathan Haskell Dole.
New Basis of Church Life. Wilbur Larremore.
Sunset on the Mississippi. Virginia Frazer Boyle.

Andover Review.

Nov. 1s. 2d.
Conflict between Religion and Science. Principal Alfred Cave, D.D.
Reorganization of Congregational Churches. A. E. Dunning, D.D.
Leaders of Widening Religious Thought and Life.—I. Thomas Erskine. Miss Agnes M. Machar.
Prayers Subjective and Objective. Rev. Edward Hungerford.
"In Darkest England and the Way Out." Mr. Robert A. A. Woods. (General Booth's Social Plans.)
Dogma in Religion. Professor Smyth.
China Missions. Rev. Charles C. Starbuck.

Chautauquan.

Intellectual Development of English People. Edward A. Freeman.
English Constitution. Woodrow Wilson.
Religious History of England. Professor George P. Fisher.
How the Saxons Lived. R. S. Dix.
Tenure of Land in England. D. McG. Means.
English Scholar of Middle Ages. Eugene Lawrence.
Sunday Readings. Selected by Bishop Vincent.
What shall we do with our Children? Harriett Prescott Spofford.
Brazilian Constitution. J. N. Ford.
Studies in Astronomy. Garrett P. Serviss.

Commonwealth.

Oct.-Nov. 35 cents.
Labour and Capital. Charles Hayden.
An Unfortunate Realism. Story. Charles M. Harger.
Victim of a Conspiracy. Story. W. Blackburn Harte.
Colorado Politics. E. H. Benton.
Newspaper Work. W. H. Eadon.
Our Brother—The Jew. Hon. James B. Ross.

Cosmopolitan.

Nov. 25 cents.
Sister's Charge. (Frontispiece.)
Army of Japan. (Illustrated.) Arthur S. Hardy.
American Amateur Stage. (Illustrated.) Charles C. Waddle.
Executive Departments of Government. (Illustrated.) George G. Bain.
College Education in relation to Business. P. T. Barnum.
Art at the Monastery in Corea. (Illustrated.) Charles Chaillé Long.
Queens of the Shop, Workroom, and Tenement. (Illustrated.) Katherine P. Woods.
Desertion and Military Prison. (Illustrated.) J. Worden Pope.

Cosmopolitan.

25 cents.
Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau. (Illustrated.) Elizabeth Bisland.
Cruise of Sonoma. (Illustrated.) T. H. Stevens.
Collections of Teapots. (Illustrated.) Eliza R. Scidmore.
Army of Japan. (Illustrated.) Arthur S. Hardy.
Field-Marshal Von Moltke. (Illustrated.) James Grant Wilson.
Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand. (Illustrated.) Gertrude F. Atherton.
Literary Boston. (Illustrated.) Lillian Whiting.

Magazine of American History.

Nov. 50 cents.
Portrait of Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D. (Frontispiece.)
Divine Drift in Human History. Rev. C. H. Parkhurst.
America's Outgrowths of Continental Europe. (Illustrated.) Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.
Puritan Birthright. Nathan M. Hawkes.
French-Canadian Peasantry. Dr. Prosper Bender.

New England Magazine.

Nov. 25 cents.
Charles Bulfinch, the Architect.
Third Estate of the South. Rev. A. D. Mayo.
Impressions of a Yankee Visitor in the South. Charles H. Levermore.
Fifty Years of a Canadian University. J. J. Bell, M.A.
Professor of American. Edward E. Hale, D.D.
Japanese Popular Art. W. Henry Winslow.
New England Newgate. Edwin A. Start.

Poet Lore.

Nov. 25 cents.
"Hamlet" in Paris. Theodore Child.
Russian Drama—Pushkin. Nathan Haskell.
Goethe's Relations to Russian Writers. Otto Harnack.

Statesman.

Oct. 20 cents.
Republican Democrats and Democratic Republicans. Alfred H. Peters.
Toi-toi and Social Impurity. William Burgess.
Restitution for Crime. E. R. Pritchard.
History of Labour. David D. Thompson.
Regulation of Commerce in Light of German History. G. W. Shaw.

University of South Magazine.

Nov.
Leaf from an Italian Note-book.
Heinrich Heine.
Wordsworth's Ideal of Woman. William T. Manning.

THE MORE NOTABLE ARTICLES IN THE MAGAZINES.

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

Detroit Free Press.

The Record of Badalia Herodfoot. Rudyard Kipling.
One Day's Courtship. "Luke Sharp."

Graphic.

STORIES.
A Group of Noble Dames. Thomas Hardy.

PLATES.
Desdemona. Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart.

A Concert in the Nursery. Alice Havers.
Teddy's Buffalo Trap. "Mars."

A Wet Day. Alice Havers.
An Old-Fashioned Love Story. Percy Macquoid.

Illustrated London News.

STORIES.
Only a Shadow. David Christie Murray and Henry Herman.
Mrs. Haukshee Sits Out. Rudyard Kipling.

PLATES.
Little Jack Horner. Jan Van Beers
The Swing. R. Madrazo.
Idle Moments. R. Madrazo.

Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

STORIES.
The Great Downshire Handicap. A. E. T. Watson.
The Charm. Walter Besant and W. H. Pollock.
The Whispering Wife. F. W. Robinson.

PLATES.
Fancy Free. R. Madrazo.
A Cat's Christmas Dance. Louis Wain.
Forsaken. Davidson Knowles.
"Whew! How they Tore Along!" J. Sturgess.
"Begone Dull Care." Gordon Browne.

Lady's Pictorial.

STORIES.
Slide Number 42. E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross.
Yves' Vow. Mrs. Oliphant.
A Sardinian Tragedy. Lady Colin Campbell.
Across the Waste. Mrs. Macquoid.

PLATES.
The Queen of the Roses. V. Corcas.
And Illustrations by J. Bernard Partridge.
Maurice Griffenhagen, A. Forestier, and F. H. Townsend.

Penny Illustrated Paper.

STORIES.
The Murderer's Dog. George R. Sims.
For His Sake. Clo Graves.
A Daughter of the People. John Lathey, junr.
A Poem. Kate Bishop.

PLATES.
Baby's Own. G. Hillyard Swinstead.

Pictorial World.

STORY.
Sergeant Seth. E. W. Hornung.

PLATES.
First at the Tryst.
Blind Man's Buff. Lewis Wain.

World.

STORIES.
The Salt of the Earth: a Novel. Illustrated by Alfred Bryan.

PLATES.
St. James's Street on Levée Day. Alfred Bryan.

The Horse Guards' Parade. Alfred Bryan.
Trafalgar Square: a Socialist Demonstration. Alfred Bryan.

By the Achilles Statue. Alfred Bryan.

All the World. 6d.

Mrs. Booth and her Army Family. Chief-of-Staff.
Our Finnish Comrades. Hedwig von Hartman.
In Darkest England reviewed. Major Sowerby.

Amateur Work. 4d.

Wood Engraving for Amateurs. (Illustrated.) An Amateur Engraver.
Swinging Hammock Chair. (Illustrated.) Clericus Secundus.
Chucks for "My Lathe." (Illustrated.) Rev. J. L. Dwyer, B.A.
Engine without a Connecting Rod. (Illustrated.) "Electron."

Antiquary. 1s.

A Friar's Chronicle's Account of the Abbey of Ripon. Rev. P. H. Ditchfield.
Old Newcastle and Gateshead. (Illustrated.)
Holy Wells, their Legends and Superstitions. R. C. Hope.

Argosy. 1s.

Isabelle's Waiting. Miss Betham-Edwards.
Sonnet. Julia Kavanagh.
Vanishing Year. Sydney Grey.
The Ghost of Clare Manor. (Illustrated.) Charles W. Wood.
Sonnets. Sydney Hodges.
Domini Voluntas Fiat, The Harvest of the Hedgerows. A. H. Japp, LL.D.
R.S.V.P. (Illustrated.) H. M. Burnside.
Bells at Christmastide. J. J. Beresford, M.A.

The Asclepiad. Nov. 2s. 6d.

Centenarian Pathology.
Medical Teaching (Old and New).
Cycling for the Insane.
Pulmonary Consumption.

Astrologers' Magazine. 4d.

Lessons in Astrology for Beginners.
Notable Horoscope, with Map. Duke of Edinburgh.
Horoscope—New Method of Directing.

Atalanta. 1s.

Light of Light. (Frontispiece.) Marianne Stokes.
The Were-Wolf Story. (Illustrated.) Clemence Housman.
Cupid's Cunning. Comedietta in Two Acts. Frederick Langbridge.
Children in Modern Art. (Illustrated.) Julia Cartwright.
Madeleine Leroux. Story. Katherine S. Macquoid.

Atlantic Monthly. 1s.

Non Sine Dolore. R. W. Gilder.
New Departure in Parisian Art. Birge Harrison.
"Sir Walter Raleigh of Yonghal in the County of Cork." Louise I. Guiney.
From King's Mountain to Yorktown. John Fiske.
United States Looking Outward. A. Y. Mahan.
Carriage Horses and Cobs. H. C. Merwin.
But One Talent. Oliver W. Holmes.
Cardinal Newman.
Ancient Athens for Modern Readers.

Author.

Fin de Siècle.
International Literary Congress.
American Tongue.

Bankers' Magazine.

Baring Crisis.
Crisis in America.
Fall in Silver.
Wheat Crops of the World.

Blackwood's Magazine. 2s. 6d.

About the Leper—Once More. Lieut.-Col. H. Knollys, R.A.
Recent Chapter in Tongan History. Coutts Trotter.
Druses of the Holy Land. Haskett Smith.
Hindu Infant Marriage. H. H. Risley, B.C.S.
Worshofen Water-cure and Pfarrer Kneipp. Madame A. de Ferro.

Boy's Own Paper. 6d.

Mistakes about Snakes. Dr. Arthur Stradling.
"Boy's Own" Rustic Cart. (Illustrated.) F. J. Erskine.
How to Prepare and Mount Objects for Microscope. (Illustrated.) R. A. R. Bennett.

Brighton Magazine. November.

The L. B. and S. C. Railway.

Casell's Family Magazine. 7d

A Sharp Experience. Story. (Illustrated.) Kate Eyre.
By Word of Mouth. Story of Adventure. (Illustrated.) Thomas Keyworth.
Chapter of Accidents. Story. (Illustrated.) Author of "Who is Sylvia?"
Sea Belles. (Illustrated.) G. Vickers-Gaskell.
"Gentlemen of the Jury!" (Illustrated.) Herbert E. Boyle.

Casell's Saturday Journal. 6d.

Undercurrents of London Life. (Illustrated.) J. Hall Richardson.
Sunday Morning in Bird Fair. (Illustrated.)
A Night in a Gambling Club. (Illustrated.)

Catholic Magazine. (Melbourne) Oct. 6d.

Is Boycotting Justifiable? Benj. Hoare.
Culture in Ireland. Rev. W. Ganly.
National Education. Ebor.

Century Illustrated. 1s. 4d.

Daphne. (Frontispiece.) George W. Maynard.
Life in California before Gold Discovery. (Illustrated.) Gen. J. Bidwell.
California—Trading with Americans.
Franklin in Allegory. (Illustrated.) C. H. Hart.
Laurels of American War in 1912. Edgar S. MacLay.
Cynical Miss Catherwaite. (Illustrated.) R. H. Davis.
Record of Virtue: Experiment in Moral Chemistry. Anna G. Spencer.
A Pair of Old Boys. (Illustrated.) Maurice Thompson.
Borderland of China. (Illustrated.) W. Woodville Rockhill.
Sister Dolorosa.—I. James Lane Allen.
Can a Nation have a Religion? Lyman Abbott.
Furteen to One. (A True Story.) Elizabeth S. Phelps.

Chambers's Journal. 8d.

Round about the Bahamas.
Sea Waves.
A Famous Technical College.
Predicted Revolution in Gunnery.
This Year's Prairie Harvest. Jessie M. E. Saxby.

Churchman. 6d.

Advent and Modern Unbelief. Rev. W. T. Hobson.
Indigestion. Sir W. Moore, K.C.I.E.
Brotherhoods. Rev. Canon Jenkins.

Church Missionary Intelligencer and Record. 6d.

Trial of Faith. Major Seton Churchill.
Comity of Missions. Rev. W. R. Blackett.
St. Paul our Model of Hopeful Missionary Perseverance. Rev. M. B. Cowell.
On Infant Marriage and Enforced Widowhood in India. An Old Indian.
Mission-Field. (Recent news and letters.)

Clergyman's Magazine. 1s.

Portrait of Rev. E. A. Stuart, Vicar of St. James, Holloway.

- Our Sacred Commission.** Bright Sermons. Rev. Canon Wynne.
American Revision of New Testament. Rev. Coker Adams.
- Cornhill.** 6d.
 Notes at Dieppe. Fin de Saison.
 First Impressions.
 Duels in France.
 Big Birds.
- Day of Days.** 1d.
 Our "Poet Bishop."
 On Individuals. Agnes Giberne.
 Samuel Morley. Edwin Hodder.
- Education.** 6d.
 Interview with Professor Meiklejohn. (Illustrated.)
 Arnold and Arnoldism. Oscar Browning, M.A.
 Scholarship Work—Girton. Sara Burstall, B.A.
 Our Field Classes: Reports by W. Topley and Prof. Dobley.
 Illustrated Guide to Prize Books.
- English Illustrated Magazine.** 1s.
 Ancestral Home of Washingtons. (Illustrated.) William Clarke.
 Wisdom Tootle. D. Christie Murray and Henry Herman.
 Painter of Players. (Illustrated.) J. Fitzgerald Molloy.
 Working Men's Clubs. Right Rev. Lord Bishop of London.
 Inns and Taverns of Old London. (Illustrated.) Philip Norman.
 Nooks and Corners in Westminster Abbey. (Illustrated.) Ven. Archdeacon Farrar.
 Patriotic Aids. J. Cuthbert Hadden.
 English Convent Life. (Illustrated.) Sister Aloysia.
- Expositor.** 1s.
 Old Testament and New Reformation. Rev. Prof. W. H. Bennett.
 Notes on Genesis. Bishop-Designate of Worcester.
 Recollections of Dr. Döllinger. Rev. Alfred Plummer, D.D.
- Expository Times.** Dec. 3d.
 Inspiration of Bible and Modern Criticism. Very Rev. J. J. S. Perowne.
 Early Christian Writers. Rev. Vice-Principal Harding.
 Study of Early Chapters of Genesis. Rev. Prof. J. Rawson Lumby.
- Fireside.** 6d.
 Celebrated Wits and Humourists. Archdeacon Whately.
 Present Day Topics. Editor.
 Group of Noble Women. W. H. Davenport Adams.
- Free Russia.** Nov. 1d.
 What can the Tzar do?
- Goodwill to Men.** (Fireside Christmas No.) 6d.
 Christmases Which Have Been. G. Holden Pike.
 Christmas with Lord Tennyson. Rev. George Lester.
 Christmas in the Hospital.
- Gentleman's Magazine.** 1s.
 Berkshire Town and its Remembrances. James J. Doherty.
 George Eliot and Her Neighbourhood. George Morley.
 Deprivation of Words. George L. Apperson.
- Girl's Own Paper.** 6d.
 Married Women's Property Act. A Solicitor.
 Autograph Collection for Girls.
 Kate Marsden and Her Mission to Russia and Siberia.
 Famous Natives and Residents of our Great Cities.
- Good Words.** 6d.
 Ascent of Cotopaxi. Edward Whymper.
 Socialism: The Collectivization of Capital. Prof. Flint.
 Norwich. Cunningham Geikie.
 Strugglers in Art: Chintreuil and Lavelle. R. Heath.
- Great Thoughts.** 6d.
 Mr. Hall Caine at Home. (Illustrated.) Our Representative.
 A Talk on Books. (Illustrated.) Professor Drummond.
 Interview with R. L. Stevenson. (Illustrated.)
- Harper's Magazine.** 1s.
 As You Like It. (Illustrated.) Andrew Lang.
 Winter of Our Content. (Illustrated.) Charles D. Warner.
 A Pre-Raphaelite Mansion. (Illustrated.) Theodore Child.
 Japanese Women. (Illustrated.) Pierre Loti.
- Harper's Young People.** Nov. 6d.
 Schooldays of the Presidents. George J. Manson.
 Russian Grand Dukes. Barnet Phillips.
- Highland Monthly.** 6d.
 Samson. M.O.W.
 Ancient North Scotland. Thomas Chelclair.
- Home Words.** 1d.
 Strangeburgh at Christmas. Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Ripon.
- Homiletic Review.** 1s.
 Scientific Study of Christianity.—Revelation. W. W. McLane.
 Shall we give up Doctrinal Teaching and Preaching? Daniel S. Gregory.
 Hand of God in American History. Rev. Prof. Arthur S. Hoyt.
 Current English Thought. Joseph Parker, D.D.
- Housewife.** 6d.
 Pheasant Rearing for Pleasure and Profit. W. Chitty.
 Food and its Failings. Ada S. Ballin.
 Chiefly How Not to Decorate. Henrietta Davis.
- Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine.** 2s. 6d.
 Frontispiece: Russian Horse Grenadiers of Guard.
 American War, 1861-5. T. M. Maguire.
 Six Months with a Russian Family. Capt. W. Cyprian Bridge.
 Passing the Russian Lines. War Correspondent.
 Some Lessons from Franco-Chinese War. Lieut. Hon. H. N. Shore.
 Smokeless Powders. Capt. S. Leith Tomkins.
 Naval Warfare. Rear-Admiral P. H. Colomb.
- India's Women.** Nov.-Dec. 3d.
 Coming Census.
 Years of Labour in our Foreign Mission Field.
- Irish Monthly.** 6d.
 An Australian's Notes at Wiesbaden. Susan Gavan Duffy.
 John Pius Leahy O.P., Bishop of Downmore. Editor.
- Journal of Botany.** 1s. 3d.
 In Memory of Marianne North. W. B. Hemsley.
 Freshwater Algae of Enbridge Lake and Vicinity, Hampshire. John Roy.
- Journal of Education.** 6d.
 Condorcet. A. Jameson Smith.
 Neglected Subject of Education. Emma Oettinger.
 Vocation of Higher Teachers.
- Journal of Manchester Geographical Society.** Oct.-Dec.
 Manufacturing Processes in Relation to Health. J. T. Arlidge.
 Account of Travels in Peru and Bolivia. Chevalier H. Guillaume.
 Lagoons of Bight of Benin, West Africa. Mr. Alban Millson.
 Portuguese Possessions of South-West Coast of Africa and Angola. Joseph Rippon.
 Resources of Siberia and the Practicability of Sea Route. H. N. Sullivan.
 Charter of Incorporation of British South African Company.
- Journal of the Institute of Actuaries.** Oct. 2s. 6d.
 Statistics of Insanity in Scotland.
 The Foundation of the Institute of Actuaries.
 Mr. David Deuchar on the Progress of Life Assurance Business in the United Kingdom during the last Fifty Years.
 The Life Assurance Companies of the United Kingdom.
- Journal of Royal Society of Antiquaries.** 1s.
 Athlone in Seventeenth Century. Rev. Prof. Stokes.
 Some Recent Cases of Remarkable Longevity. (Illustrated.) Seaton F. Milligan.
- Kindergarten.** November 20.
 Froebel's System, Being of the Child. Baroness von Marenholtz Bulow.
 Kindergarten Management and Methods. Room Decorations. Constance McKenzie.
 Physical Training in the Kindergarten. Annie Payson Call.
- King's Own.**
 The Alhambra. Rev. William Stevenson.
- Ladies' Treasury.** 7d.
 In the Ice Region of Switzerland. (Illustrated.)
 Among the Icebergs. (Illustrated.)
 A Modern Comedy of Errors. (Play in two parts.)
- Leisure Hour.** 6d.
 Erckmann-Chatrian and their Tales for People. (Illustrated.) Richard Heath.
 Everyday Life on the Railroad. Booking Office. W. J. Gordon.
 Studies in Character.—Napoleon I. Adam Rankine.
 On the Science of Old Age. A. Schofield.
 Under Discussion.—Emigration. Mrs. Mayo.
- Life and Work.** 1d.
 Word of Advice to Farm Servants. Rev. Alexander Gray, D.D.
 General Booth's New Book, "In Darkest England." Rev. A. Turnbull.
- Lippincott's.** 1s.
 An Army Portia. Captain Charles King.
 Glance at the Tariff. Joel Cook.
 Bermuda Islands. H. C. Walsh.
 To the Sunset Breeze. Walt Whitman.
 Types in Fiction. W. W. Crane.
- Little Folks.** Dec. 6d.
 Noble Deeds of Noble Children.
 Some Old-fashioned Watches.
- Longman's Magazine.** Dec. 6d.
 Decay of Canine Fidelity. James Sully.
 Love in a Mist.
 Spiders. Arthur Somerset.
 Country Parsons. Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A.
 At the Sign of the Ship. Andrew Lang.
- Lucifer.**
 Forlorn Hopes.
 The Theosophical Society and H.P.B.
 Annie Besant.
 The Emperor's New Clothes. M. A. Moore.
 Theosophy and Ecclesiasticism. W. Kingsland.
 Hypnotism and its Relation to Other Modes of Fascination. H. P. B.
 Theosophy as it presents itself to an outside student. P. N. Pantakar, B.A.
- Macmillan's Magazine.** 1s.
 Universities and Counter-Reformation. Dr. Ward.
 Pure Water and Plenty of it. W. M. Torrens.
 On the Fells.
 At the Sign of the Golden Bird. Graham R. Tomson.
 Mr. Lecky's Last Volumes. W. O'Connor Morris.
 Leaves from a Note-Book.

- Methodist New Connexion Magazine.** December. 6d.
Other Half of Religion. John E. Fowler.
Temporal Power of Pope.
- Missionary Review.** 25c.
Duty of Christendom to Jews. Rev. F. F. Ellinwood.
Miracles of Missions—Wonderful Story of Madagascar. Editorial.
Inheritance of Nations allotted by God. Rev. A. W. Pitzer.
Congo Missions. Miss H. F. Clark.
- Month.** 2s.
Salvation Army and Darkest England. Editor.
Lincoln Case and Anglican Prayer Book. Rev. John Morris, F.S.A.
Jeanne d'Arc. Ellis Schreiber.
Missouri Valley to Omaha. Rev. Thomas Hughes.
Irish Worthies of the 16th Century: Father Thomas Fildes. Rev. E. Hogan.
Slavery in British Colonies. Very Rev. Canon Brownlow.
- Monthly Packet.** 1s.
Cameos from English History: Two New Religions.
Shakespeare Talks with Uncritical Readers. Constance O'Brien.
Sketches of Old Norse Literature. Miss Oswald.
- Monthly Chronicle of Country Lore and Legend.** 6d.
Mossroopers. Late William Brockie.
Men of Mark: twixt Tyne and Tweed. Richard Welford.
- Monthly Observer.** Nov. 1d.
Shakespeare and the Ballet.
Spirit of the Modern Novel.
- Murray's Magazine.** 1s.
Truth About Greece. Professor A. N. Jannaris.
Streets of London. Morley Roberts.
Political Apostate. James Sully.
What do the Colonies Want? Admiral Colomb.
French Schoolboy. Madame de Bury.
- Nature Notes.** Nov. 2d.
Influence of Environment upon Plants. Rev. Professor G. Henslow.
Preservation and Enjoyment of Open Spaces. Robert Hunter, M.A.
Sympathy of Birds with their Kind. Miss A. M. Buckton.
- Nationalist.** Nov. 20 cents.
Birth of Freedom. H. B. Salisbury.
Health and Nationalism. Charles E. Waterman.
Penalty Paid for Speculation in Grain. Charles E. Buell.
Minority Representation. Thomas C. Brophy.
Individualism versus Socialism. Capt. E. S. Huntington.
- Parents' Review.** 6d.
Reverence for Work of Holy Spirit in Children and Young. Ven. Archdeacon Blunt.
Theology in a Nursery. Elsa d'Esterre-Keeling.
Our Naval Cadets. E. P. Arnold-Forster.
Evening Sky—December. Mrs. L. C. d'A. Lipscomb.
- Phrenological Journal.** Nov. 15 cents.
Phrenological, the Key to Mystery of Life. Delia Lawrence.
Practical Phrenology.
Child Culture.
Science of Health.
- Phrenological Magazine.** 6d.
Equality of Brain Power in Man and Woman considered.
Men and Women of our Times.
Phrenology Proved.
- Preacher's Magazine.** November. 4d.
Present Day Preaching. Rev. R. F. Horton.
Elijah. Mark Guy Pearse.
Supremacy of Love. Rev. T. F. Lockyer.
- Primitive Methodist Magazine.** Nov. 6d.
Premiers of Victorian Age. Earl of Aberdeen. (Illustrated.) R. Shields.
Disruption Worthies. Hugh Miller. (Illustrated.) Joseph Ritson.
Difficulties of Modern Missions. (Illustrated.) A. L. Humphries.
- Quiver.** 6d.
God in the Book of Nature—A few words about Flies. (Illustrated.) B. J. Johns.
An Old-World Scene in Modern Babylon. (Illustrated.) Anne Beale.
- Scots Magazine.** 6d.
Reverend James Grahame, author of "Sabbath." James S. Barbour.
Our Letter Box—Home Rule for Scotland. Harry Gow.
The Churches—Charities. William Calder.
Mr. Gladstone on the War Path.
- Scribner's Magazine.** Christmas. 1s.
Japonica. (Illustrated.) Sir Edwin Arnold.
A Pastoral without Words. (Illustrated.) Howard Pyle.
Amy Robsart, Kenilworth, and Warwick. (Illustrated.) William H. Ridgway.
Neapolitan Art—Morelli. (Illustrated.) A. F. Jacassay.
"Christie's." (Illustrated.) Humphry Ward.
- Shipping World.** 6d.
Petroleum—How it is got, and what is done with it? (Illustrated.)
Marine Paints and Compositions.—Application of Anti-Fouling Compositions.
Increased Piston Speed for Marine Engines. (Illustrated.)
- Steamship.** 6d.
Whale-shaped Steam Barge. Illustrated.
Present Position of Steam Engineering. Professor Ripper.
On Dynamics Involved in Lines and Speed of Ships. G. Pinnington. (Illustrated.)
- Sun.** 6d.
England Under Queen Victoria. G. Barnett Smith.
Christianity and the State. Sophie F. F. Veitch.
Henrik Ibsen. Kineton Parkes.
"Makers of Music."—III. Hadya. R. Farquharson Sharp.
Hereditry and Responsibility. A. Campbell Clark, M.D.
Our Labourers—How do They Live? Jenny Wren.
- Sunday at Home.** 6d.
Fearing Family. Leslie Keith.
Catherine Booth.
Social Life among the Assyrians and Babylonians. Professor Sayce.
New Crusade.
- Sunday Magazine.** 6d.
Divine Gardener. Hugh MacMillan.
Carmen Sylva. L. T. Meade.
Angelic Painter. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D.
- Sword and Trowel.** 3d.
Man, not the Place. C. H. Spurgeon.
Plain Directions.
- Tinsley's Magazine.** 6d.
Madame de Staël. Rosa Niederhauser.
What to Eat at Christmas. Dr. Crespi.
- University Correspondence.** Nov. 14d. 4d.
Manual Training. Miss Agnes Ward.
London University Examinations in French. H. B. Just and L. J. Lhuissier.
Papers set for B.A. Examination of London University.
- Universal Review.** Nov. 15. 2s. 6d.
Mr. H. M. Stanley as Leader and Comrade. Harry Quilter.
Wisdom of Indians. (Illustrated.) R. Garnett.
Franco-Russian Alliance. Adolphe Smith.
- Ten Sonnets on Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." J. G. F. Nicholson.
Venetian Wells. (Illustrated.) William Scott.
Defoe's Political Career: its Influence on English History. H. Harrison.
- Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.** Nov. 6d.
Ireland: Old and New. Rev. G. R. Wedgwood.
Revelations of a Woman's Soul. "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff." Rev. J. Edwards.
- Work.** Dec. 6d.
Temporary Decorations for Buildings. Few Hints on Cycle Riding, Pedalling, &c.
Modern Forging.
How to make a Triunial Optical Lantern.
- Worker's Monthly.** 2d.
God's Evolution: Through Pain to Perfection.
Some Useful Old Ruts. Rev. James Inglis.
- Zoophilist.** Dec. 3d.
Koch and Cure for Consumption.
Half-hearted Anti-vivisectionists.

- Rev. John Edmund Cox, Musician and Literary Man (Oct. 30).
Mr. Ashworth Briggs, Nonconformist and Liberal Leader in Northampton (Oct. 30).
2. Dr. Alex. John Ellis, Philologist, 76. Mrs. Rachel Prussie, 107.
3. Gen. Castellman, of the Old Imperial Army, 75.
Inspector Boots, Charles Verlat, Dutch Animal Painter, 66.
4. Gen. Oehsenbein, Adm. Robert Tryon, 84.
Lady Emily.
Dr. F. Trestrail, late Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, 87.
6. Hon. Frances Trench, widow of the late Archbishop Trench, of Dublin, 81.
Henry Spencer Lucy, of Charlotte Park, 64.
7. Viscount Cantelupe, drowned, 23.
8. Rev. Dr. James Brown, of Paisley, 55. Canon Holmes.
10. Eugène Govard, Aeronaut.
Hon. James Drummond, Master of Elphin-stone.
11. Countess of Orkney.
12. Justice O'Hagan.
Rev. Dr. Alex. Haunay, Secretary of the Congregational Union, 68.
Dr. Waters, of Chester.
Wm. Rogers, President of the National Association of Colliery Managers, 44.
Duchess of Malakoff.
13. Alderman Thos. Hedley, Newcastle, 81.
14. Sir John Francis Davis, 95.
16. Shirley Hibberd, Horticulturist, Editor of the *Gardener's Magazine*, 65.
Prebendary, Wm. Fred. Powell, 81.
John Lewis Brown, Artist.
Henry Ashley, Comedian.
18. Canon Kearne of Broom, Consett.
19. Dr. Adam, Free Church Minister, Glasgow, 70.
Lady Rosebery.
21. Col. Beverly Kennon.
23. William III., King of Holland.
Wm. Beckett, M.P., killed, 64.
Hon. Thos. G. Bruce, 65.
24. Augustus Belmont, Millionaire, 74.
25. Wm. Bell Scott, Artist and Poet, 79.
Bernard Waymouth, Secretary, Lloyd's Registry.
26. Joseph M. Preston, Cricketer.
27. Sir Augustus Rivers Thompson, 61.
28. Judge Litton, Chief Land Commissioner for Ireland.

DIARY FOR NOVEMBER.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

- General Debate on the Budget closed in the French Chamber. (Oct. 30.)
 Cardinal Manning presented with congratulatory address by the Jewish Community. (Oct. 30.)
 Collision off New Jersey. Spanish steamer "Vicanza" sunk. Sixty-one lives lost. (Oct. 31.)
 Mr. Balfour completes his tour through the congested districts of Connemara. (Oct. 31.)
- Arrival of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien at New York.
 - Municipal Elections; Liberal majorities.
 - New conditions of employment comes into force at London Docks.
 - Seizure of Pictures at the Rabelais Exhibition.
 - Case for Crown closed at the Tipperary Conspiracy Trials, after twenty-one sittings.
 - City and South London Electric Railway opened by the Prince of Wales.
 - State Elections in the United States. Large Democratic majorities.
 - Mr. Balfour goes to Galway.
 - Meeting of London County Council to consider the Bethnal Improvement Scheme. Draft Scheme (with amendment relative to the gradual clearing and rehousing of those displaced) unanimously agreed to.
 - New Greek Cabinet takes the oaths of office.
 - Messrs. Sutton and Scarborough charged at Bow Street by the National Vigilance Association with the exhibition of objectionable pictures at the Rabelais Gallery.
 - Visit of the Tzarewitch to Vienna.
 - The Duke of Nassau takes the oath as Regent of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg.
 - Meeting of General Caprivi and Signor Crispi at Milan.
 - English Protectorate proclaimed at Zanzibar.
 - Re-election of Sir John Lubbock as Chairman of the London County Council.
 - Reception of the German Chancellor by the King of Italy at Monza.
 - Lord Mayor's Day. Ald. Savory Lord Mayor. Demonstrations in favour of universal suffrage held in Belgium.
 - Greek Chambers opened by the King of the Hellenes.
 - Elections in the Canton of Geneva for the Grand Council.
 - Wreck of the British cruiser, "Serpent," off Cape Buoy. Three survivors.
 - Extradition case opened against Angelo Castioni at Old Bailey.
 - Disastrous collision on the Great Western Railway near Taunton; arrest of the pointsman.
 - Extradition case concluded; release of Castioni.
 - The Kaiser opens new Session of the Prussian Diet.
 - Fire at Wellington Barracks.
 - Colston Day celebrated in Bristol.
 - Duel between M. Déroulède and M. Laguerre.
 - Bill appointing Queen Emma Regent of the Netherlands adopted unanimously.
 - Anglo-Portuguese Modus Vivendi Signed.
 - Trial of Nihilists commenced at St. Petersburg.
 - Inquest on the Taunton Railway disaster concluded. Verdict against the signalman.
 - Revolution in Honduras suppressed.
 - Election of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Goschen to the Lord-Rectorships of Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities respectively.
 - Tipperary Conspiracy Trials concluded.
 - O'Shea Divorce Case opened.
 - O'Shea Divorce Case concluded. Decree granted. Mr. Parnell co-respondent.
 - Great Meeting at Exeter Hall to hear General Booth's report on the response to his proposals.
 - Meeting at Devonport to promote a Relief Fund for the Sufferers by the wreck of the "Serpent."
 - Meeting of the London County Council.
 - First Congress of the Railway Workers' Union at Hope Town Hall, Bethnal Green.
 - Marriage of Princess Victoria of Prussia to Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe.
 - Servian Skuptschina opened.
 - Murder of General Siliverstov, ex-Chief of the 3rd section of the St. Petersburg Police, in Paris.
 - Queen Emma of the Netherlands takes the Oath of Regency.
 - Mr. Raikes lays the memorial-stone of the new General Post Office.
 - Meeting in Dublin to consider the position of Mr. Parnell. Vote of confidence in Mr. Parnell passed.
 - National Liberal Federation meets at Sheffield.
 - Judgment of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the case of Reed v. the Bishop of Lincoln.
 - Visit of the Tzarewitch to Cairo.
 - General Election in Italy. Ministerial majority.
 - Sporting and Art Exhibition at King's Lynn opened by the Prince of Wales.
 - Funeral of the officers and men wrecked in the "Serpent."
 - The Irish Members, on assembling of the House of Commons, elect Mr. Parnell as their Chairman.
 - Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Morley published, protesting against Mr. Parnell's continuance in the leadership of the Irish party.
 - Debate in the London County Council on the question of granting licenses to music-halls connected with public-houses.
 - Conference of Irish Members to consider Mr. Gladstone's letter calling on Mr. Parnell to retire.
 - Pelican Club case resumed.
 - Deputation of Tithe-owners wait on Sir M. Hicks-Beach.
 - Mr. Parnell's Manifesto to the People of Ireland.
 - Defeat of the French Government on the Loan Bill.
 - Deputation from the County Council to Mr. Ritchie to ask for acceleration of registration.
 - Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley reply to Mr. Parnell.
 - Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, and the Irish delegates in America telegraph a Manifesto declaring Mr. Parnell must retire.
 - Sir J. Gordon Sprigg on affairs in South Africa.
 - Mr. Morley at Scarborough on the Eight Hours Day.
 - King of the Hellenes on the opening of the Greek Chambers.
 - Lord Salisbury at the Guildhall.
 - The Kaiser at the opening of the Prussian Diet.
 - Sir Michael Hicks Beach at Colston Hall on the condition of Ireland.
 - Earl Spencer at Greenock on the incompetency of the Government.
 - Cardinal Lavergne at Tunis on the relation of Catholics to the Republican Government.
 - Mr. Goschen at Dundee on recent Gladstonian speeches.
 - Mr. Goschen at Dundee on the Government Policy.
 - Lord George Hamilton at Bedford on the loss of the "Serpent."
 - Mr. Ritchie in East London on the Elections and the Eight Hours Question.
 - General Booth on his Scheme at Exeter Hall.
 - Signor Crispi at Turin.
 - Mr. Balfour in Hengler's Circus, Liverpool, on the congested districts of Ireland.
 - Lord Hartington at Grimsby on Home Rule.
 - Mr. Balfour at Southport on the Irish Policy of the Government.
 - Mr. Morley at the National Liberal Federation on the Liberal Programme.
 - Mr. Raikes, on laying the memorial-stone of the new General Post Office.
 - Sir William Harcourt at the National Liberal Federation, Sheffield.
 - Lord Compton at the Foresters' Hall on the County Council.
 - Sir C. Russell at Hackney on the Irish Leadership.
 - Lord Spencer at Bromley on the Irish Leadership.
 - Mr. Ritchie to a deputation on Acceleration of Registration.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

- Parliament opened. Debate on the Queen's Speech: speeches by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. W. H. Smith. Address agreed to.
- Bill to remove the disabilities of Roman Catholics to hold the office of Lord Chancellor of Great Britain and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland introduced by Mr. Gladstone and read a first time. First reading of other Bills.
- Lord G. Hamilton makes statement concerning the "Serpent."
- Irish Land Purchase Bill introduced by Mr. Balfour. Speech by Mr. Balfour. Mr. Labouchere's amendment rejected by 268 to 117. Bill read a first time.
- Motion by Mr. W. H. Smith that Government business should, until Christmas, have priority over all other agreed to after a division by 224 to 173.
- Motion by Mr. Bradlaugh of disapproval of the Treasury Minute relating to the Commutation of Perpetual Pensions by twenty-seven years' purchase rejected by 185 to 152.

HOUSE OF LORDS

- Parliament opened. Queen's Speech read. Debate on the address; speeches of Lord Granville and Lord Salisbury.

UTTERANCES, NOTABLE AND OTHERWISE.

- Sir Michael Hicks Beach at Kilmarnock on the by-elections. (Oct. 30.)
 Lord Hartington at Edinburgh on Ireland. (Oct. 31.)
- Mr. Stanhope at Boston on County Government.
 - Mr. Gladstone at Peebles on the Eccles election.
 - Sir John Gorst at Wigan on Trade Unions.
 - Lady Dilke at the meeting of the Liverpool Shop Assistants' Union.
 - Lord Hartington at Greenock on Disestablishment and Home Rule for Scotland.
 - The Prince of Wales at the opening of the City and South London Railway.
 - Sir John Lubbock at a meeting of the Imperial Federation League.
 - Mr. Gladstone at Carisle on Local Option.
 - Mr. Goschen at Halifax on Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian speeches.

INDEX.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

A. , Arcus	C. R. , Contemporary Review	Kg. , Kindergarten	Phren.M. , Phrenological Magazine
A. A. , Anglo-Austria	D. D. , Day of Days	K. O. , King's Own	Pion. , Pioneer
A.A.P.S. , Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science	D. R. , Dublin Review	Law Q. , Law Quarterly	P. L. , Poet Lore
A. L. , Art and Literature	Ex. , Expositor	L. F. , Little Folks	P. M. M. , Primitive Methodist Magazine
All W. , All the World	E. H. , English Historical Review	L. H. , Leisure Hour	P. M. Q. , Primitive Methodist Quarterly
A. M. , Atlantic Monthly	E. I. , English Illustrated Magazine	Lip. , Lippincott's Monthly	P. Q. , Photographic Quarterly
Ant. , Antiquary	E. R. , Edinburgh Review	L. M. , Longman's Magazine	P. R. , Parents' Review
A. Q. , Asiatic Quarterly	Ex. T. , Expository Times	L. T. , Ladies' Treasury	Pres. Ch. , Presbyterian Churchman
A. R. , Andover Review	F. , Forum	Luc. , Lucifer	P. R. R. , Presbyterian and Reformed Review
Arg. , Argosy	Fi. , Fireside	L. W. , Life and Work	P. , Psyche
Art. , Artist	F. R. , Fortnightly Review	Ly. , Lyceum	Q. , Quiver
Art J. , Art Journal	G. M. , Gentleman's Magazine	Mac. , Macmillan's Magazine	Q. R. , Quarterly Review
Astrol. M. , Astrologer's Magazine	G. O. P. , Girl's Own Paper	M. A. H. , Magazine of American History	S. , Sun
Ata. , Atalanta	G. T. , Great Thoughts	M. Art. , Magazine of Art	Scots. , Scots Magazine
Au. , Author	G. W. , Good Words	M. C. , Monthly Chronicle of North Country Lore.	Scrib. , Scribner's Magazine
A. W. , Amateur Work	High M. , Highland Monthly	Mind. , Mind	S. D. , Subjects of the Day
B. , Baby	H. , Housewife	M. M. , Murray's Magazine	S. G. M. , Scottish Geographical Magazine
B. B. , Bow Bells	H. C. , Home Chimes	Mon. , Monist	S. H. , Sunday at Home
Bank. , Bankers' Magazine	H. F. , Home Friend	M. P. , Monthly Packet	S. M. , Sunday Magazine
Bel. , Belgravia	H. M. , Hand and Heart	M. N. C. , Methodist New Connection Magazine	Soc. R. , Social Review
Bk-wm. , Bookworm	Hom. M. , Homiletic Magazine	M. Q. , Manchester Quarterly	S. R. , Scottish Review
B. M. , Blackwood's Magazine	H. R. , Homiletic Review	M. R. , Missionary Review of the World	S. T. , Sword and Trowel
B. O. P. , Boy's Own Paper	H. W. , Homeopathic World	Mus. T. , Musical Times	St. , Statesman
B. T. J. , Board of Trade Journal	Home W. , Home Words	N. A. R. , North American Review	Stu. , Student
C. , Cornhill	Hy. , Hygiene	Nat. , Nationalist	Sun. R. , Sunday Review
Cent. , Centennial	I. C. B. , Illustrated Carpenter and Builder	Nat. R. , National Review	S. W. , Shipping World
C. F. M. , Cassell's Family Magazine	I. E. R. , Irish Ecclesiastical Record	N. C. , Nineteenth Century	Tim. , Time
Ch. , Churchman	Ig. , Igdrasil	N. E. M. , New England Magazine	T. B. , Temple Bar
Chaut. , Chautauquan	I. J. E. , International Journal of Ethics	N. H. , Newbury House Magazine	Th. , Theatre
Ch. M. , Church Monthly	I. M. , Irish Monthly	N. Mus. J. , Nonconformist Musical Journal	Tin. , Tinsley's Magazine
Ch. Q. , Church Quarterly	I. M. N. , Illustrated Missionary News	N. N. , Nature Notes	T. M. , Theological Monthly
Ch. R. , Church Reformer	In. E. , Indian Empire	N. R. , New Review	T. R. , Theological Review
C. J. , Chambers's Journal	I. N. M. , Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine	O. , Outing	U. R. , Universal Review
Clgy. , Clergyman's Magazine	J. E. , Journal of Education	O. D. , Our Day	U. S. M. , United Service Magazine
Cl. R. , Classical Review	J. M. M. , Jenness-Miller Magazine	P. , Portfolio	W. , Work
C. M. , Century Magazine	J. Q. R. , Jewish Quarterly Review	Pac. Q. , Pacific Quarterly	W. M. , Workers' Monthly
C. M. L. , Church Missionary Intelligence and Record	J. S. S. , Journal of the Royal Statistical Society	Pater. , Paternoster Review	W. P. M. , Wilson's Photographic Magazine
Com. , Commonwealth	Jur. R. , Juridical Review	P. E. F. , Palestine Exploration Fund	W. R. , Westminster Review
Cong. R. , Congressional Review	K. , Knowledge	P. F. , People's Friend	Y. E. , Young England
Cos. , Cosmopolitan		Photo. R. , Photographic Reporter	Y. M. , Young Man
C. P. , Contemporary Pulpit		Phren. J. , Phrenological Journal	Z. , Zoologist
Crit. R. , Critical Review			
C. S. , Cassell's Saturday Journal			

It has been found necessary to restrict this index to periodicals published in the English language. All the articles in the leading Reviews are indexed, but only the more important articles in the other magazines. Many more articles are indexed than can be noticed in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, but when they are noticed, the number of the page is added on which the notice will be found.

Aberdeen, Earl of, Premier, **P. M. M.**, Nov
Adirondack Mountains: By Stage-Coach in the Adirondacks, **N. E. M.**, Nov
Adler, Dr. H., on Irresponsible Wealth, **N. C.**, Dec
Africa: Recent African Books, **B. M.**, Dec, 578
Stanley-Emin Relief Expedition; Story of the Rear-Guard; What should the Verdict be? **C. R.**, Dec, 578; Lieut. J. Rose Troup on, **F. R.**, Dec; and Harry Quilter on, **U. R.**, Nov 578; South Central Africa, H. H. Johnston, **Pater.**, Dec; West African Magic, **L. U. C.**, Nov, 578
African Element in America, **A.**, Nov
Agriculture: Probabilities of Agriculture, **F.**, Nov, 683; Technical Agriculture Education, **Nat. R.**, Dec; Wheat Crops of the World, **Bank. Dec**
All the World, Dec 724
Alsace-Lorraine in 1890, **W. R.**, Dec
Amateur Work, Dec, 724
American Outgrowths of Continental Europe, **A. H.**, Nov
American War, 1861-5, **I. N. M.**, Dec
Americanization of Our Institutions, Joseph Chamberlain on, **N. C.**, Dec, 587
Andover Review, Nov, 583, 723

Antiquary, Dec, 724
Anti-Slave Trade Reporter, Sept-Oct, 687
d'Arc, Jeanne, **M.**, Dec
Archæology, Oriental, Latest Results, Prof. Sayce on, **C. R.**, Dec
Arena, Nov, 585, 594, 684, 723
Argosy, Dec, 724
Armies, British and Foreign; In a Garrison Instructor's Office, **C. J.**, Dec; Tactical Guides for the Formation and Leading of the Cavalry Division, **U. S. M.**, Dec; The Education of Infantry Militia Officers, **U. S. M.**, Dec; Red Tape, **U. S. M.**, Dec; Smokeless Powders, **I. N. M.**, Dec; Foreign Military Periodicals, 718
Arnold and Arnoldism, Oscar Browning on, **Ed.**, Dec
Arnold, Sir Edwin, on Japan, **Scrib.**, Dec
Art Magazines and Art in other Magazines, 584, 723
Asclepiad, Nov, 724
Assyrian and Babylonian Social Life, **S. H.**, Dec
Astrologer's Magazine, Dec, 724
Astronomy: The Evening Sky, **P. R.**, Dec
As You Like It, Andrew Lang on, **H. M.**, Dec
Atalanta, Dec, 585, 591, 724

Athens, Ancient, for Modern Readers, **A. M.**, Dec
Atlantic Ice, **C. J.**, Dec, 590, 687, 724
Atlantic Monthly, Dec
Author, Nov, 724
Autograph-Collecting for Girls, **G. O. P.**, Dec
Bahamas, **C. J.**, Dec
Bankers' Magazine, Dec, 724
Baring Crisis, **Bank.**, Dec
Barttelot, The late Major, and the Story of Stanley's Rear-Guard. See Stanley-Emin Expedition under Africa
Baths, **Hy.**, Dec
Belgian Magazines, 695
Bell, Benjamin, Biographical, **As.**, Nov
Bermuda Islands, H. C. Walsh on, **Lip.**, Dec
Birds, Sir Herbert Maxwell on, **N. C.**, Dec, 683; Big Birds, **C.**, Dec.; Sympathy of Birds with their Kind, **N. N.**, Nov
Blackwood's Magazine, Dec, 577, 578, 584, 687, 724
Blind, The, Tangible Writing of, **N. E. M.**, Nov
Booth, General, and his "In Darkest England and The Way Out," see under Salvation Army
Booth, Mrs. **S. H.**, Dec

Boots and Shoes, S.H., Dec
 Boscobel, C.J., Dec
 Boys' Own Paper, Dec, 724
 Brasse, Lord, on the Seaworthiness of our Ships, N.E.M., Dec
 Brighton Magazine, Nov, 724
 Brotherhoods, Preb. Harry Jones on, Nat. R., Dec, 685; Canon Jenkyns on, Chman., Dec
 Bulfinch, Charles, Architect, A. R. Willard on, N.E.M., Nov
 Burton, Sir Richard Francis, Commander L. Cameron on, F.R., Dec
 Caine, Hall, Biographical, G.T., Dec
 California, Life in California before Gold Discovery, C.M., Dec; Rancho and Mission Days in Alta California, C.M., Dec; Trading with Americans, C.M., Dec
 Calpe Hunt, M.M., Dec
 Cameron, Commander L., on Richard F. Burton, F.R., Dec
 Canada French Canada and the Dominion, F., Nov, 686; French-Canadian Peasantry, M.A.H., Nov; Canadian Pacific Railway, U.S.M., Dec
 Canine Fidelity, Decay of, James Sully on, L.M., Dec
 Cassell's Family Magazine, Dec, 687, 724
 Cassell's Saturday Journal, Dec, 724
 Catholic Magazine, Oct, 724
 Centenarian Pathology, As., Nov
 Century Magazine, Dec, 682, 683, 687, 724
 Chamberlain, J., on the Americanization of Our Institutions, N. C., Dec, 587
 Chambers's Journal, Dec, 587, 724
 Charities, Scots., Dec
 Chautauquan, Dec, 583, 687, 723
 Child Life Insurance, Capt. G. Marshall on, F.R., Dec
 China: Borderland of China, C.M., Dec
 Christian Colonies and Brotherhoods, Preb. Harry Jones on, Nat. R., Dec
 Christianity and the State, Sun., Dec
 Christie's, Humphry Ward on, Scrib
 Church Life, New Basis of, A., Nov
 Churchman, Dec, 724
 Church Missionary Intelligencer and Record, Nov., Dec, 587
 Church of England: Lincoln Case and Anglican Prayer-Book, M., Dec, 724
 Church of Scotland, W. E. Gladstone and, Nat. R., Dec, 6-5
 Civil Service and Civil Servants, T.B., Dec
 Clergyman's Magazine, Dec, 724
 Clint, Geo.; a Painter of Players, E.I., Dec
 Clubs for Working Men, Bishop Billing on, E.I., Dec
 Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," Ten Sonnets on, by T. G. F. Nicholson, U.R., Nov
 Colomb, Rear-Adm. P.H., on the Seaworthiness of Our Ships, N.R., Dec., on Naval Warfare, I.N.M., Dec
 Colonies: What do the Colonies want? M. M., Dec
 Colorado Politics, Com., Oct
 Commonwealth, Oct., Nov, 723
 Condition of the People: Our Labourers—How do they live? Sun., Dec
 Congregational Churches, Re-organization of, A. R., Nov
 Constantinople: Who shall inherit it? Nat. R., Dec., 685; Constantinople Revisited, by G. Shaw Lefevre, N.C., Dec, 595
 Consumption: Pulmonary Consumption, As., Nov.; Cure of Consumption of Dr. Koch (see under Dr. Koch)
 Contemporary Review, Dec, 578, 583, 682, 723
 Convent Life in England, E.J., Dec
 Cornhill, Dec, 725
 Cosmopolitan, Dec, 687, 723
 Cotopaxi, Ascent of, G.W., Dec
 Country Parsons, L.M., Dec
 Courtney, W.L., The Mask of Descartes, F.R., Dec
 Creeds: Non-Christian Creeds comparative and preparative to Christianity, C.M.I., Nov
 Cricket Curiousities in 1890, G.O.P., Dec
 Crimean War, Sir Edward Hamley on, B.M., Dec
 Cycling: Cycle Riding, W., Dec; Cycling for the Insane, As., Nov
 Debtors in Scotland in the Olden Time, Sun., Dec
 Deleue's Political Career, H. Harrison on, U.R., Nov
 Democracy and Wealth, F., Nov
 De Quincy, Thomas, Two Newly Discovered Papers by, N.R., Dec, 6-5
 Descartes, Mask of, F.D., Dec
 Dieppe, C., Dec
 Divine Drift in Human History, M.A.H., Nov

Doctrinal Teaching: Shall we give it up, H.R., Nov
 Dogma in Religion, Prof. Smyth on, A.R., Nov
 Dogs: Decay of, Canine Fidelity, by James Sully, L.M., Dec
 Dollinger, Dr., Rev. A. Plummer's Recollections of, Ex., Dec
 Drama, see under Theatres
 Dress Reform, G.O.P., Dec
 Druses of the Holy Land, B.M., Dec, 584
 Duello in France, C.
 Dutch Magazines, 689
 Education, Dec, 725
 Education: Arnold and Arnoldism, Oscar Browning on, Ed., Dec; Girtton, Ed., Dec; Articles on the Kindergarten, Kg., Nov; The French Schoolboy, M.M., Dec; University Extension, Pater., Dec, 581
 Eggleston, Dr., Autobiographical (Formative Influences), F., Nov, 686
 Eight-Hour Movement, see under Labour
 Electric Lighting from a Sanitary Point of View, Hy., Dec
 Elgin Marbles, Frederic Harrison on, N.C., Dec, 683
 Eliot, George, and her Neighbourhood, G.M., Dec, 586
 Emigration, L.H., Dec
 England under Queen Victoria, Sun., Dec
 English Illustrated Magazine, Dec, 687, 725
 Erekman-Chatrain and their Tales, L.R., Dec
 Erskine, Thomas, Miss A. M. Macher on, A.R., Nov
 Ether Drinking, Norman Kerr on, N.R., Dec, 588
 Expositor, Dec, 725
 Facar, Arcendeon, on Westminster Abbey, E.I., Dec: On Darkest England, N.R., Dec
 Faust, Translation of, W. P. Andrews on, A.M., Dec
 Fells, Mac., Dec
 Fiction: Types in Fiction, W. W. Crane on, Lip., Dec
 Filde, Father Thomas, M., Dec
 Finance: The Averted Crash in the City, W. R. Lawson on, F.R., Dec; English Bankers and the Bank of England Reserve, A. J. Wilson on, F.R., Dec: The Baring Crisis, Bank, Dec; Bankers' Business and the Price of Consols, Bank, Dec; Fall in Silver, Bank, Dec
 Fireside, Dec, 725
 Fisheries: Crown Salmon Fishings in Scotland, C.J., Dec
 Fishes, L.H., Dec
 Flies, Q., Dec
 Foreign Military Periodicals, 718
 Formative Influences, Dr. Eggleston on, F., Nov, 686
 Fortnightly Review, Dec, 687, 722
 Forum, Nov, 588, 686, 722
 France: The Outlook, by W. H. Hurlbert, F.R., Dec; Franco-Russian Alliance, A. Smith on, U.R., Nov; Rural Life in the 14th Century, Mme. James Darmesteter on, F.R., Dec
 Franco-Chinese War, Lessons from, I.N.M., Dec
 Franklin in Allegory, C. H. Hart on, C.M., Dec
 Freeborn, George, E.O.P., Dec
 Free Russia, Nov, 725
 French, Bishop, Missionary Addresses of, Clgy., Dec
 French Reviews, 582, 584, 586, 589, 591, 596, 690
 Future Punishment, New Testament Teaching on, Ex., Dec
 Gambling. A Night in a Gambling Club, C. S. J., Dec; Gambling at Monte Carlo, A. Young on, Nat. R., Dec
 Genesis, Notes on, Ex., Dec
 Gentleman's Magazine, Dec, 586, 725
 Gentlemen of the Jury, C.F.M., Dec
 German Magazines, 691
 German Pottery, C.F.M., Dec
 Gibbons, Cardinal, as next Pope, 580
 Girls' Own Paper, Dec, 725
 Glaciers, Recent Views about, F., Nov
 Gladstone, W. E., and the Church of Scotland, Nat. R., Dec, 685
 God in American History, H.R., Nov
 Goethe's Relations to Russian Writers, P.L., Nov
 Gold in the Arts, C.J., Dec
 Good Old Times, A., Nov, 685
 Good Words, Dec, 687, 725
 Gospel of Wealth (see under Wealth)
 Grahame, Rev. Jas., Scots., Dec
 Great Thought, Dec, 725
 Greece: The Truth about Greece, by Prof. A. N. Jannaris, M.M., Dec
 Gunnery, Predicted Revolution in, C.J., Dec
 Harem Life, N.C., Dec

Hares, C.J., Dec
 Harper's Magazine, Dec, 687, 725
 Harrison, Frederic, on the Elgin Marbles, N.C., Dec, 683
 Haydn, Composer, Sun., Dec
 Heredity and Responsibility, Sun., Dec
 Heroism: Black and White, G.G.P., Dec
 Heyse, Paul, Story by, "A Christmas Present," H.M., Dec
 Highland Monthly, Dec, 725
 Holmes, Oliver W., But One Talent, A.M., Dec
 Homiletic Review, Nov, 725
 Horses: Carriage Horses and Cobs, Dec
 Houses of the Poor: Rehousing the Poor of London, H. Cox on, W.R., Dec
 Housewife, Dec, 725
 Hughes, Rev. Hugh Price, on Irresponsible Wealth, N.C., Dec
 Humour at School, H. J. Barker on, C.J., Dec, 597
 Hurlbut, Capt. George, Heroism of, at Tarrytown, 1781, M.A.H., Nov
 Huxley, Prof., on the Keepers of the Herd of Swine, N.C., Dec, 683
 Hygiene, Dec
 Hypnotism, Dangers of, Dr. St. C. Thomas on, W.R., Dec
 Ibsen, Henrik, K. Parkes on, Sun., Dec
 Icebergs, L.T., Dec
 Idlesleigh, First Earl of, see under Sir Stafford Northcote
 Idealism and the Masses, R. B. Cunningham Grahame on, N.C., Dec
 Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine, Dec, 725
 Illustrating of Books, T.B., Dec
 "In Darkest England," see under Salvation Army
 Indian Infant Marriage and Enforced Widowhood, C.M.I., Dec; and H. H. Risley on, B.M., Dec, 578
 Indians, Wisdom of, by R. Garnett, U.R., Nov
 Inns and Taverns of Old London, F. Norman on, E.J., Dec
 Insurance: Child Life Insurance, Capt. P. Marshall on, F.R., Dec
 Ireland: Mr. Parnell and the Land Purchase Bill, W.R., Dec
 Irish Monthly, Dec, 725
 Italian Magazines, 694
 Japan, Sir Edwin Arnold on, Scrib., Dec
 Jews: Our Brother—The Jew, Com., Oct.; The Duty of Christendom to the Jews, Mis. R., Nov
 Johnston, H. H., on South Central Africa, Pater., Dec
 Journalism: Newspaper Work, Com., Oct
 Journal of Education, Dec, 725
 Journal of the Institute of Actuaries, Oct, 725
 Kenilworth, Warwick, and Amy Robsart, Scrib., Dec
 Khayyam, Omar, and his "Rubaiyyat," C., Dec; Nat. R., Dec
 Kindergarten, Nov, 725
 King's Own, Dec, 725
 Kingston University, Canada, N.E.M., Nov
 Kneipp Piarrer, and the Worishoten Water-Cure, B.M., Dec, 577
 Koch, Dr., Character Study of, N.R., Dec, 685; Consumption Cure of; Dr. E. Berdoe on, F.R., Dec
 Labour Questions: Labour and Capital, Com., Oct.; The Eight Hours Movement; F. Pinco on, Nat. R., Dec, 685; and L. Ramsay on, W.R., Dec; Factory Acts, Past and Present, Hy., Dec; D. Thompson's History of Labour, Lt., Oct, 590
 Ladies' Treasury, Dec, 725
 Lavoisier, C.R., Dec
 Law and the Lawyers: Origins of Common Law, Sir F. Pollock on, C.R., Dec, 682; Poor Man's Justice, A., Nov, 594
 Lecky, W. E. H., Last Volumes of; W. O'Connor Morris on, Mac., Dec
 Lefevre, G. Shaw, on Constantinople, N.C., Dec, 595
 Leisure Hour, Dec, 687, 725
 Leprosy, Lieut.-Col. H. Knollys on, B.M., Dec
 Lescher, Hermann, City Magnate, M.S., Dec
 Liddon, Canon, A.R., Nov, 583; Chaut., Dec, 583
 Life and Work, Dec
 Lincoln Ritualist Case and the Anglican Prayer-Book, M., Dec, 587
 Lippincott's Monthly, Dec, 592, 687, 725
 Little Folks, Dec, 725
 London Life, Undercurrents of, C.S.J., Dec
 Longevity: Science of Old Age, L.H., Dec; Centenarian Pathology, As., Nov

- Longman's Magazine, Dec, 592, 725
 Lucifer, Nov, 579, 725
 Lunacy: Cycling for the Insane, **As.**, Nov
 Macaulay, Lord, Boyhood of, **B.O.P.**, Dec
 McKinley Tariff, see under United States
 Macmillan's Magazine, Dec, 687, 725
 Magazine of American History, Nov, 723
 Magazine of Art, Dec
 Malbrouk, Chateau, **Nat. R.** Dec
 Manning, Cardinal, on Irresponsible Wealth, **N.C.**, Dec
 Marriage and Marriage Laws: Hindu Infant Marriage (see under India); Married Women's Property Act, **G.O.P.**, Dec
 Marsden, Kate, and her Mission to Russia and Siberia, **G.O.P.**, Dec
 Medical Teaching, Old and New, **As.**, Nov
 Meiklejohn, Prof., Ed., Dec
 Mérimée, Prosper, Walter Pater on, **F.R.**, Dec
 Merry England, Dec, 687
 Methodist New Connexion Magazine, Dec, 726
 Military Periodicals, Foreign, 591, 718
 Miller, Hugh, **P.M.M.**, Nov
 Millionaires (see under Wealth)
 Missionary Review, Nov, 726
 Missions, Comity of Missions, **C.M.I.**, Dec;
 St. Paul, Our Model of Hopeful Missionary Perseverance, **C.M.I.**, Dec; Difficulties of Modern Missions, **A.M.M.**, Dec; In Anticipation of the February Simultaneous Meetings, **C.M.I.**, Nov; China, **A.R.**, Nov; Uganda, Rev. R. H. Walker's Letters, **C.M.I.**, Nov; Madagascar, **Mis. R.**, Nov; Congo, Miss H. F. Clark on, **Mis. R.**, Nov
 Mississippi River, Sunset on, **A.**, Nov
 Missouri Valley to Omaha, **M.**, Dec
 Month, Dec, 587, 726
 Monthly Chronicle of North Country Lore, Dec, 726
 Monthly Medical Review, 580
 Monthly Observer, Nov, 726
 Monthly Packet, Dec, 726
 Moral Chemist, **C.M.**, Dec, 595
 Morelli, A. F. Jacassy on, **Scrib.**, Dec
 Moestropers, **M. C.**, Dec
 Motherhood, Talent of, **Nat. R.**, Dec, 593
 Murray's Magazine, Dec, 687, 726
 Music Magazines and Music in other Magazines, Dec
 Napoleon I., Character Study of, **L.H.**, Dec
 Nation: Can a Nation have a Religion? by Dr. Lyman Abbott, **C.M.**, Dec
 Nationalist, Nov, 726
 National Review, Dec, 593, 685, 722
 Nature Notes, Nov, 726
 Navies, British and Foreign: Are our Ships Seaworthy? by Lord Brassey, **N.R.**, Dec, 685; and by Rear-Adm. P. H. Colomb, **N.R.**, Dec, 685; Loss of the *Serpent*, Adm. Sir Geo. Elliott on, **U.S.M.**, Dec; National Insurance, Sir Geo. Tryon on, **U.S.M.**, Dec; Naval Cadets, **P.R.**, Dec; Naval Officers, with Service Information, **U.S.M.**, Dec; A Naval Episode, **I.N.M.**, Dec; Naval Warfare, Rear-Adm. P. H. Colomb on, **I.N.M.**, Dec; Naval Code of Punishment, **B.O.P.**, Dec; Foreign Military Periodicals, 718
 Negroes of the United States, see under Race
 Newbury: A Berkshire town and its Remembrances, **G.M.**, Dec, 586
 New England Magazine, Nov, 723
 Newgate of New England, **N.E.M.**, Nov
 Newman, Cardinal, **A.M.**, Dec
 New Review, Dec, 593, 685, 722
 Newspaper Work, **Com.**, Oct
 New Testament: American Revision of, **Cigy.**, Dec; New Testament Discussion: Leading Problems, **H.R.**, Nov
 Nineteenth Century, Dec, 587, 588, 683, 722
 North American Review, Nov, 581, 722
 Northcote, Sir Stafford, First Earl of Iddesleigh, **T.B.**, Dec
 Norwich, Cunningham Geikie on, **G.W.**, Dec
 Novels (see under Fiction)
 Old Testament and New Reformation, **Ex.**, Dec
 Open Spaces, Preservation of, **N.N.**, Nov
 Oriental Archaeology, Latest Results, **C.S.**, Dec
 Parents' Review, Dec, 726
 Parliament: In Peril from Parliament, by Earl Grey, **N.C.**, Dec; Parliament on Circuit, **Fater.**, Dec, 681
 Pater, Walter, on Prosper Mérimée, **F.R.**, Dec
 Paternoster Review, Dec, 581, 684, 722
 Patriotic Aids, J. Cuthbert Hadden on, **E.I.**, Dec
 Photographic Reporter, Nov
 Photography (see also Contents of Wilson's Photographic Magazine); Portrait Photography by Artificial Lights, **A.W.**, Dec
 Phrenological Journal, Nov, 726
 Post Lore, Nov, 723
 Poetry in the Magazines, 592
 Political Apostate, by James Sully, **M.M.**, Dec
 Portuguese Periodicals
 Pottery, German, **C.F.M.**, Dec
 Prayers Subjective and Objective, **A.R.**, Nov
 Preachers' Magazine, Nov, 726
 Press: Newspaper Work, **Com.**, Oct
 Primitive Methodist Magazine, Nov, 726
 Prisons: The New England Newgate, **N.E.M.**, Nov
 Professors in America, Dr. E. E. Hale on, **N.E.M.**, Nov
 Protestant Samaritan, **M.E.**, Dec
 Public Opinion, Shibboleth of, **F.**, Nov, 685
 Pulmonary Consumption, **As.**, Nov
 Puritan Birthright, **M.A.H.**, Nov
 Pushkin, **P.L.**, Nov
 Quiver, Dec, 726
 Race Problems of America: The Third Estate of the South, **N.E.M.**, Nov; A Yankee Visitor in the South, **N.E.M.**, Nov; Progress of the Negro, **F.**, Nov
 Racing: Retrospect of the Season, by Sir Geo. Chetwynd, **N.R.**, Dec
 Railways: In the Booking Office, **L.H.**, Dec;
 Zone Tariff, **Fater.**, Dec, 681
 Registration Reform, **Pater.**, Dec
 Religion: Can a Nation have a Religion? by Dr. Lyman Abbott, **C.M.**, Dec; Religion and Science, Conflict between, **A.R.**, Nov
 Religions, Two, Miss F. P. Cobbe on, **C.R.**, Dec, 682
 Revelation, W. W. McLane on, **H.R.**, Nov
 Ripon Abbey, **Ant.**, Dec
 Ritualism: The Lincoln Case Anglican and the Prayer-book, **M.**, Dec
 Robsart, Amy, Kenilworth and Warwick, **Scrib.**, Dec
 Rodney, Lord, Unpublished Letters of, **U.S.M.**, Dec
 Rogers, Prof. Theroold, H. de B. Gibbins on, **W.R.**, Dec
 Roman Customs, Popular, **III.**, Sun, Dec
 Roman Life, Scenes from, by Prof. Church, **Sun.**, Dec
 Rural Life in France in the 14th Century, **F.R.**, Dec
 Russia: The Franco-Russian Alliance, A. Smith on, **U.R.**, Nov; Russian Secret State Trial, A. Smith on, **C.R.**, Dec; Six Months with a Russian Family, **I.N.M.**, Dec; The Jewish Question, **Fater.**, Dec, 684
 Russian Magazines, 591
 Salvation Army and General Booth's Social Plans and his "In Darkest England and the Way Out," **A.R.**, Nov, **M.**, Dec; Archdeacon Farrar on, **N.R.**, Dec; F. Peck on, **C.R.**, Dec
 Samson, Poem by M. O. W., **High. M.**, Dec
 Scandinavian Magazines, 695
 Scotland: Ancient North Scotland, **High M.**, Dec; Home Rule, **Scots.**, Dec; The Church of Scotland, W. E. Gladstone on, **Nat. R.**, Dec
 Scots Magazine, Dec, 726
 Scott, Sir Walter, J. Dennis on, **G.W.**, Dec;
 Journal of, **T.B.**, Dec; Amy Robsart, Kenilworth, and Warwick, **Scrib.**, Dec
 Scribner's Magazine, Dec, 726
 Sea Belies, **C.F.M.**, Dec
 Sea Waves, **C.J.**, Dec
 Sex in Mind, **A.**, Nov
 Shakespeare: As You Like It, Andrew Lang on, **H.M.**, Nov
 Shorthand Magazines
 Slavery in British Colonies, **M.**, Dec
 Slavonic Customs, **C.J.**, Dec
 Snakes, **B.O.P.**, Dec
 Socialism, Histories of, by Prof. Flint, **G.W.**, Dec; and by Alice Oldham, **Nat. R.**, Dec;
 State Socialism and Popular Right, **C.R.**, Dec, 682
 Spanish Periodicals, 689
 Spiders, Arthur Somerset on, **L.M.**, Dec
 Sport: Frauds of Sport, **B.M.**, Dec
 Stael, M^{me}, de, **Tin.**, Dec
 Stanley-Emin Expedition, see under Africa
 Statesman, Oct, 590, 723
 Stevenson, Robert Louis, **G. T.**, Dec
 Streets of London, Morley Roberts on, **M. M.**, Dec
 Stuart, Rev. E. A., Biographical, **Cigy.**, Dec
 Sun, Dec, 726
 Sunday at Home, Dec, 726
 Sunday Magazine, Dec, 726
 Sunday Morning in Bird Fair, **C.S.J.**, Dec
 Sunset on the Mississippi, **A.**, Nov
 Switzerland, In the Ice Region, **L.T.**, Dec
 Sydney Quarterly Magazine, Sept, 580
 Tariff of the United States, see under United States
 Tarriestown, 1781, and the Heroism of Capt. G. Hurlbut, **M.A.H.**, Nov
 Taxation, Imperial and Local, Sir T. H. Farrer on, **C.R.**, Dec, 688
 Technical Agricultural Education, **Nat. R.**, Dec
 Temple Bar, Dec
 Theatres and the Drama: Mr. Tree's Monday Nights, **F.R.**, Dec; Future American Drama, D. Bonicault on, **A.**, Nov, 685
 Tinsley's Magazine, Dec, 726
 Tobacco, A Whiff of, **G.M.**, Dec
 Tokay, **C.J.**, Dec
 Tolstoi and the Kreutzer Sonata, **F.**, Nov
 Tonga: A Recent Chapter in Tongan History, **B.M.**, Dec
 Trade League against England, L. J. Jennings on, **N.C.**, Dec, 683
 Troup, Lieut. J. Rose, on Mr. Stanley's Rear-Guard, **F.R.**, Dec
 Tuberculosis and Dr. Koch's Cure (see under Dr. Koch)
 Turgenev as a Poet, **A.**, Nov, 685
 Umar of Nishapur, **Nat. R.**, Dec, **C.**, Dec
 United Service Magazine, Dec, 722
 United States (see also under Race Problems), McKinley Tariff, **Lip.**, Dec; The Six New States, **F.**, Nov; Colorado Politics, **Com.**, Oct; Western Farm Mortgages, **F.**, Nov, 686; The Embattled Farmers, **F.**, Nov, 588; the Elections and the McKinley Bill, **Fater.**, Dec
 United States Looking Outward, **A.M.**, Dec, 590
 Universal Review, Nov, 578, 726
 Universities: Universities and the Counter-Reformation, **Mac.**, Dec; Fifty Years of Kingston University, **N.E.M.**, Nov; the Professor of America, E. E. Hale on, **N.E.M.**, Nov
 University of the South Magazine, Nov, 726
 University Correspondent, Nov, 15, 726
 Vaughan, Henry, **Mac.**, Dec
 Venetian Wells, W. Scott on, **U.R.**, Nov
 Vers de Société, **G.O.P.**, Dec
 Vinet, Alexander, **C.R.**, Dec, 682
 Warwick, Kenilworth, and Amy Robsart, **Scrib.**, Dec
 Washington, George, and his Ancestral Home, **E.I.**, Dec
 Watches: Old-fashioned Watches, **L.F.**, Dec
 Water-Cure of Pfarrer Kneipp, **B. M.**, Dec, 577
 Water Supply, W. M. Torrens on, **Mac.**, Dec
 Wealth: Irresponsible Wealth; Cardinal Manning on, **N.C.**, Dec, 588; Dr. H. Adler on, **N.C.**, Dec; and Rev. H. P. Hughes on, **N.C.**, Dec
 Wells, Holy, **Ant.**, Dec
 Welsh Magazines
 Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, Nov, 726
 Westminster Abbey, Nooks and Corners, Archdeacon Farrar on, **E.I.**, Dec
 Westminster Review, Dec, 722
 Wheat Crops of the World, **Bank.**, Dec
 Whitman, Walt, Poem by, "To the Sunset Breeze," **Lip.**, Dec, 592; on Poets, **N.A.R.**, Nov, 581
 Wilson's Photographic Magazine, Nov, 1 and 15
 Women and Women's Work
 Woman Suffrage: Economic Aspects, by R. B. Haldane, **C.R.**, Dec, 682; Women as Public Servants, Louisa Twining on, **N.C.**, Dec, 683; Girtton, **Ed.**, Dec
 Words, Deprivation of, **G.M.**, Dec
 Work, Dec, 726
 Worker's Monthly, Dec, 726
 Yankee Dodges, **L.H.**, Dec
 Zone, Tariff, **Fater.**, Dec, 684

NOTICE—The SOLE AGENCY for the ADVERTISEMENTS of the "REVIEW OF REVIEWS" has been TRANSFERRED to J. HADDON & CO., 3 & 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

rica

M. M.,

De

ec

ec

United

apt. G.

Farrer

R., Dec

Monday

Drama,

History,

nnings

Rear-

under

Jemco,

x New

Com.,

Nov.,

r, 588;

ater.

c, 500

unter-

rs of

the

E.M.,

6

bsart,

Home,

ec

, 577

ec

ldinal

er on

N.C.,

arch-

ms: t

A.R.,

nd 15

. B.,

ublic

Dec,

S"

C.